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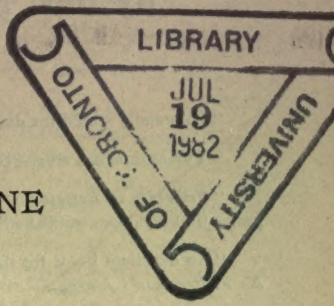

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CONTENTS.

Acton, Lord, The Late.—*Herbert Thurston, S.J.*, ... 357
Aubrey de Vere, The Poetry of.—*Katherine Brégy*, ... 788
Books, The Choice of.—*Agnes Repplier*, 48
Campbell's, Mr., New Theology.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.*, ... 764
Catholic Hierarchy, The.—*John J. Keane, D.D.*, ... 453
Catholics and the New Testament.—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 669
Christian Family Life in Pre-Reformation Days, The.—*Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.*, ... 145
Church and State, The Relations of.—*James J. Fox, D.D.*, . . 523, 774
Columbian Reading Union, The, 136, 282, 429, 576, 718, 859
Cong of Saint Fechin.—*P. G. Smyth*, . 802
Current Events, 119, 251, 388, 536, 687, 841
Dublin University in her Relation to Ireland.—*H. A. Hinkson*, . . . 36
Education in Jamaica and the Catechism Question.—*D. C. B.*, . . 213
Fogazzaro and his Trilogy.—*L. E. Lapham*, ... 240, 381, 462
Foreign Periodicals, 130, 274, 421, 568 712, 851
France, The Religious Situation in.—*Max Turmann, LL.D*, . . 6, 198
French Separation Law, The Pope and the.—*James J. Fox, D.D.*, . . 228
Great Leader, A.—*Ethelred L. Taunton*, ... 344
Hobbes, John Oliver, (Mrs. Craigie).—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 73
Irish Situation, The.—*William F. Dennehy*, ... 298
Is the Planet Mars Inhabited ?—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, ... 577
Japanese Poet, Leaves from the Scrapbook of a.—*A. Lloyd, M.A.*, . . 176
Land of the Blue Gum, In the.—*M. F. Quinlan*, ... 654
Lisheen : or, the test of the Spirits.—*Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D.*, ... 485, 607, 735
Macbeth.—*A. W. Corpe*, . . . 84
Miguel and Maria.—*Katharine Tynan*, 334
Narcissus.—*Jeanie Drake*, 21, 161, 314, 440
New Books, 99, 263, 399, 547, 698, 823
Nuns of the Visitation at Rouen, The.—*Hon. Mrs. M. M. Maxwell Scott*, . 810
Orange-Blossoms.—*M. F. Quinlan*, . 373
Prophets for Japan, A School of the.—*A. Lloyd, M.A.*, ... 679
Psychical Research, The Recent Results of.—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, 433, 721
Reinforcement of the Bond of Faith.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, 508, 591
Religion in England, The State of.—*Robert Hugh Benson*, . . . 477
Religious Controversy,—*William C. Robinson, LL.D.*, ... 647
Sacrament of Duty, The.—*Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, ... 289
Shakespeare's Enigma and Cipher.—*Neal H. Ewing*, ... 185
Spelling Reform, The Present Fad of.—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, . . 1
Theology on Inspiration, The Latest word of.—*William L. Sullivan, C.S.P.*, ... 219, 326
Undenominationalism, The Fallacy of.—*M. D. Petre*, ... 640
"What Think ye of Christ ?"—*Vincent McNabb, O.P.*, ... 807
Whimsical Man, A.—*E. Boyle O'Reilly*, 57

POETRY.

Little Sister of the Poor, The, . . 72
Vanity of Vanieties.—*I. P. D.*, . . 218
Saint Patrick, For the Feast of.—*P. J. Coleman*, ... 762

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Abyssinia of To-day, ... 408
Acton and His Circle, ... 401
Anglican Orders: Theology of Rome and of Canterbury in a Nutshell, . 399
Annual Retreat, The, ... 118
Apostles Creed, Talks with the Little Ones About the, ... 554
Benedict Joseph Labre, St., Votary of Holy Poverty and Pilgrim, . . . 556
Bible History, A Manual of. The Old Testament, ... 264
Briefs for Our Times, ... 548
By the Royal Road, ... 839
Calvinistes, Les Saint Barthélemy, . 112
Calvin, Les Victimes de, ... 112
Catholic Churchmen in Science, . . 547
Catholic, How to Become a, . . . 401
Children, The Care and Feeding of, . 840
Christian Education, ... 551
Christianisme en Hongrie, Le, . . 840
Christianity, The Principles of, . . 560
Christ, The Divinity of, ... 263

Church and the Social Problem, The, . 698
Clergé Rural sous l'Ancien Régime, Le, 840
Colette, Sainte, ... 825
Comment Rénover l'Art Chrétien, 117, 840
Concile de Trent, Le, et la Réforme du Clergé Catholique au XVIe. Siècle, . 840
Coniston, ... 115
Days of Old, In the Brave, . . . 112
Dictionnaire de Philosophie Ancienne, Moderne, et Contemporaine, . . 829
Divine Authority, ... 271, 399
Dream and the Business, The, . . 406
Early Essays and Lectures, . . . 414
Ecclesia: The Church of Christ, . . 548
Épicure et l'Épicurisme, . . . 840
Eusèbe: Histoire Ecclésiastique, . . 405
Evangeliorum Inspiratione, De, Etc., . 272
Evil: Its Nature and Cause, . . . 263
Five Famous French Women, . . 106
Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbs, Locke, Hume, and Mill, ... 564
Friends on the Shelf, ... 838
German People at the Close of the Middle Ages, History of the, . . . 566
Ghost in Hamlet, The, and other Essays in Comparative Literature, . . 103
Gospel According to St. Luke, The, . 264
Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals, The, ... 268
Hand and Soul, ... 703
Her Faith Against the World, . . 701
Higher Criticism, The, ... 263
History of England, An Elementary, . 273
Humanizing of the Brute, The, . 831
Hypothèses, La Divin Expériences et, . 561
Institutiones Juris Publici Ecclesiastici, 410
Jaricot, Pauline Marie, Foundress of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary, . 419
Jerome, Saint, ... 409
Jerusalem, Off to, ... 837
Jesus-Christ, La Divinité de, et l'Enseignment de St. Paul, . . . 840
Jesus-Christ, La Divinité de —La Catachèse Apostolique, ... 840
Lanier, Sidney, ... 101
Law of the Church, The, . . . 411
L'Église et l'Orient au Moyen Age: Les Croisades, ... 699
Life of Christ, The, ... 558
Light, In Quest of, ... 105
Little Sisters of the Poor, History of the, ... 419
Lover of Souls, The, ... 118
Madonna of the Poets, The, . . . 559
Miracles, ... 263
Miriam of Magdala, ... 835
Modern Education, The Point of View of, ... 823
Modern England, A History of, . . 829
Modern Pilgrim's Progress, A, . . 264
Moon Face, ... 833
Mother of Jesus in the First Age and Afterwards, The, ... 266
Mount St. Agnes, The Chronicle of the Canons Regular of, ... 550
My Queen and My Mother, . . . 267
Nouvelle Theologie Dogmatique. VIII. Les Sacraments. IX. Les Fins Derniers, ... 409
Old Testament, Special Introduction to the Study of the.—Didactic Books and Prophetical Writings, . . . 99
Orange Fairy Book, The, . . . 408
Orator, The Making of an, . . . 416
Oxford Movement, A Short History of the 269
Packers, The, the Private Car Lines, and the People, ... 407
Papal Commission and the Pentateuch The, ... 707
Parting of the Ways, At the, . . . 416
Pastoral Medicine, Essays in, . . 824
Persia Past and Present, . . . 415
Philosophie Catholique, Essai d'un Système de, ... 268
Philosophy, An Introduction to, . . 827
Philosophy, The God of, . . . 560
Pilate, The Court of, ... 838
Poems in Prose, ... 703
Popes of the Early Middle Ages, Lives of the, ... 413
Prælationes in Textum Juris Canonici. De Judiciis Ecclesiasticis Civilibus, . 410
Problème du Devenir et la Notion de la Matière, Le, ... 564
Profit of Love, The, ... 706
Puzzledom, A Key to, ... 567
Queen's Tragedy, The, ... 270
Questions d'Histoire et d'Archéologie Chrétienne, ... 825
Questions of the Day, ... 114
Ralé, Sebastian, ... 112
Religion of the Plain Man, The, . . 400
Religion, Some Dogmas of, . . . 563
Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe. Siècle, La, . . . 100, 702
Richard Raynal, Solitary, The History of, ... 412
Sacré-Coeur de Jésus, La Dévotion au, 700
Saints, Les, Madame Louise de France, 556
Science and Faith, ... 263
Scottish Church, The Early: Its Doctrine and Discipline, ... 270
Seint Edmund le Rei, La Vie, . . 704
Sermons for Young Men and Young Women, Outlines of, ... 547
Silas, The Training of, ... 835
Sister Mary of the Divine Heart, . . 417
Socialism, Studies in, ... 834
Soldier's Trial, A, ... 116
Southwell, Robert, S.J., Priest and Poet, ... 832
Stoic and Christian in the Second Century, ... 552
Sweet Miracle, The, ... 703
Teacher, The Making of a, . . . 823
Tertullien; De Pœnitentia; De Pudicitia, ... 405
Theology for the Laity, Manual of, . 553
Throne of the Fisherman, The, . . 413
Tolstoi on Shakespeare, . . . 836
Une Page d'Histoire Religieuse, . . 557
United States in the Twentieth Century, The, ... 107
Vérités d'Hier? 710
Vianney, The Blessed John, Curé d'Ars, Patron of Parish Priests. . . . 555
Virgo Prædicanda, ... 558
Voyage of the Pax, The, . . . 565

THE

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THE PRESENT FAD OF SPELLING REFORM.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

THERE is no doubt that much interest has been excited, and just now prevails, about the proposed changes in the spelling of quite a number of the words of our language. The principal idea of those who advocate these changes seems to be to make spelling easier to the multitude, by conforming it more closely to the pronunciation; but also the recommendation is urged of saving space and time in writing or setting up for the press.

These objects are good in themselves, certainly. But, as only a limited number of words are proposed to be thus reformed, it may be doubted whether much will be accomplished by the changes advocated. This objection will probably be answered by those who have the matter most at heart, by saying that this limited number of changes is only meant as an entering wedge; they will tell us that to do the business thoroughly at once would scare people off from it, but that when they have found the advantage of phonetic spelling in the words proposed, they will go on and ask for more.

It really does not seem to occur to our reformers that genuine and thorough phonetic spelling is impossible in our language, unless we are ready to introduce a number of new letters to adequately represent the various sounds now represented, after a fashion, by the twenty-six letters of our alphabet. The case is very different with us from that which we

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find in a really phonetic language like the Italian. The vowels have in such a language a practically unvarying sound, independent of their adjuncts or context; and it is the same with the consonants, with the exception of certain rules which are faithfully kept, and fairly easy to learn. When one sees a *g* before *a*, *o*, or *u* in Italian, one knows that it is pronounced "hard," and before *e* and *i*, "soft." We have a similar rule in English, but it is not kept. Evidently with us—for we cannot hope to change our pronunciation—we must have different characters for a "hard" *g*, and a "soft" one, if we are going to do the business thoroughly. Something, no doubt, might be done, especially with the vowels, by the use of accents or similar marks, such as are found in dictionaries; but the use of such marks is so foreign to our practice, that it would be very hard to introduce, to say nothing of its real inconvenience. Even to dot an *i* is a nuisance.

So, as has been just said, to make a thorough reform, and have real phonetic spelling, we must have a number of new letters, or their equivalents, added to our alphabet. People of this generation, so to speak, do not seem to be aware that this work was done in an absolutely thorough and perfectly logical way, about sixty years ago, in the days of our great educator, Horace Mann. He did not, so far as we are aware, invent the system, but he certainly highly approved of it; the writer, when a guest in his house at that time, easily learned the system, and there would be no difficulty in learning it for any boy of ordinary capacity; for the only real effort of memory was that of learning the letters and the sounds they stood for.

In this phonetic alphabet, there were, if we remember rightly, about forty-six characters, corresponding to all the sounds of the English language. Every illogicality or inconsistency of our spelling was remedied by it. The so-called diphthongs, such as "*au*," which really represent simple sounds, capable of indefinite prolongation, were represented by single letters; on the other hand, real diphthongs, such as our so-called "long" *a* and *i*, which require an "*ee*" sound to finish them up, were spelled by two successive letters, as they should be. When one saw a word in this "phonotypy," as it was called, one knew *exactly* how it was to be pronounced. There was only one possible way to pronounce it. Spelling was performed by simply pronouncing the successive sounds of the

word successively, with a little interval between. The whole scheme was an offshoot of Pitman's phonography, in which a similar system was followed, so that a word written out fully in it could be pronounced properly by simple inspection. The correlation of really similar sounds, such as that of "*au*" (the English pronunciation of which is always as in "Paul"), and our so-called short *o*, was also recognized.

Such was the excellent and logically developed system of "phonotypy." Mr. Mann used to take a newspaper printed entirely in it. It was the only reform really worth making, and if we were a really logical people, as logical as Italians, it probably might have been a success. But, in fact, it was a dead failure. It had a life, possibly, of two or three years.

But it was the only thing worth trying. What is the use of having some words spelled with an approximation to the way they are spoken, while others remain in their old form? You do not know, on such a basis, how to pronounce a word when you see it; it may be one which has been tinkered with, or it may not be. And the same divergency which was in vogue in English in the matter of spelling would be sure to return, if the job is not done thoroughly. People seeing some words reformed, would in all probability begin to reform others on their own ideas, and as their analytical powers with regard to vocal sounds had never been trained, their efforts would not coincide. Some, seeing the inadequacy of the changes proposed, and having no real law or universal custom having the force of law, to restrain them, would carry these changes further; some logically perhaps, others illogically or inconsiderately.

To show the absurd incompleteness of the job as it stands, take, for instance, the word "thorough," the last three letters of which are dropped by our reformers to make the spelling what they call phonetic. In fact it is no more so than it was before, for any practical purpose. As it is now, no one dreams of pronouncing these last three letters; the principal question of pronunciation would be regarding the first vowel. The only regular or recognized sounds of the letter *o*, are what we call the long *o* (which is a diphthong, being the regular European *o* with what we would describe as an *oo* or *u* to terminate it), and the short one, which is really a short form of our so-called diphthong *au*, as already noted. To indicate the pronunciation of the first vowel in "thoro" we should have to write for it an

u; and to show whether this *u* is to be what we call long or short (though our so-called long and usual short *u*, as in "*but*," have no relation to each other, the real short *u* to correspond to our long one being the *u* as in "put," or the *oo* in "book"), we should have to follow a sort of tradition requiring the repetition of the following *r*. That is, we should write the word "*thurro*." Perhaps, to make the real pronunciation of the last syllable unmistakable, we should feel inclined to add a *w*, though of course this might be objected to, as we sometimes pronounce *ow* as a real diphthong, composed of the broad *a* as in "father," and the short *u* as in "put." Note the logicality of the Italian language, which really writes this sound as *au*.

The fact, then, should be obvious, that it is absolutely impossible to make a really phonetic spelling of English with its present equipment of letters. You simply cannot put a quart into a pint pot, forty-six sounds into twenty-six letters. Either you must have a lot of what may be called accent marks, far surpassing those of Greek or French, or you must have a lot of unphonetic conventions, such as the doubling the following consonant to "shorten" a vowel; which process serves to lengthen a word rather than to shorten it.

If our reformers would shift their basis, or change their plea; if they would drop the idea of phonetic spelling in English, as unattainable except on the lines followed sixty years ago, and confess that the only real advantage of their proposals is to shorten words by dropping silent letters (though the convention, to some extent, of silent letters seems to be necessary to show how to pronounce the others), something might be said for their system. But much also remains to be said against even this.

For by this system, at any rate if ruthlessly carried out, the etymology or derivation of our words would be, to a great extent, obliterated. No one can deny that the word "monarch," for instance, might be conveniently and phonetically spelled "monarc," or "monark," and a letter thus be saved; but the very sufficient objection to such a spelling would be that the Greek origin of the word would be obscured. Our "ch" in this case represents the Greek "Chi." "Chi" (usually pronounced "ki" by us) was a letter approximately but not exactly like our *k* or hard *c*; the Germans use the real sound, but that is as near as we get to it. But by pronouncing the word as we do, and spelling it also as we do, we show its Greek

origin at once, and have a key to its meaning. Of course innumerable instances could be adduced to the same effect; the most striking are, perhaps, those coming from Greek words employing the letter *Phi*. We write *Ph* for this letter, as in the word "philosophy." Fortunately we have retained this anomaly, not substituting an *f* for the *ph*, as other modern languages usually do in such words, because they do not use the *ph* at all. It is at least probable that the sound of the letter *Phi* was not exactly the same as that of our *f*, but was, as our spelling indicates, an aspirated *p*; we then have a distinct advantage over other modern languages in that way. We have the *ph*, why throw it away, as it has such an evident etymological use? "Fotograf" for "photograph" is really a sort of ignorant barbarism, totally unnecessary in our language, though others have to submit to it.

We have here a very strong objection to the present attempt at spelling reform; that, besides being necessarily a botch, incomplete and practically useless in a phonetic way, it tends to produce a sort of ruthless ignorance of the whole structure and derivation of our language. Our words, as actually spelled, have a distinct historical and philological value; they are natural growths, having an important significance which it is eminently well to retain.

To a limited extent reforms in spelling may, no doubt, be made with advantage; no one, it may be presumed, would object to leaving off the last two letters of the word "programme," for instance. But these innocuous reforms, made with good taste and judgment, will come fast enough by the common sense and agreement of cultivated and intelligent writers generally. They are entirely different from those produced by the wild and inconsiderate, if not actually ignorant, enthusiasm of a set of people attacking a problem, the elements of which they have not carefully studied, and of the difficulties of which they have apparently not the least idea.

To put the matter in a few words, the whole spelling reform business, as now agitated, is not a scientific plan, which that of the last century was, in spite of other objections to it; moreover, it is a barbarous obliteration of history; and in every way it tends only to confusion instead of order, and is certain to do more harm than good. It is simply a wild and inconsiderate fad, not deserving, simply on its merits, any serious attention.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

III.

N May 27, 1904, after a long debate, the majority in the Chamber of Deputies approved the recall of the French Ambassador from the Vatican. The following year, on July 3, after a discussion of three months, the Bill of Separation at length passed the Chamber.

The Senate, in turn, discussed the Bill, and passed it without modification. Finally the Law of Separation was promulgated December 11, 1905.

This law may be divided into two parts, the one making for the destruction of the order of things established by the Concordat, the other, for the organization of a new *régime*.

The Concordat was a synallagmatic treaty of unlimited duration; the enacting of a French law was not sufficient to break it, and the Holy See should have been consulted. The French ministry decided to neglect any such obligation.

In the Encyclical addressed to the Catholic clergy and laity of France the Pope thus protests against this injustice:

> The ties that consecrated this union should have been doubly inviolable, from the fact that they were sanctioned by oath-bound treaties. The Concordat entered upon by the Sovereign Pontiff and the French Government was, like all treaties of the same kind concluded between States, a bilateral contract binding on both parties. . . . Hence the same rule applied to the Concordat as to all international treaties, *viz.*, the law of nations, which prescribes that it could not be annulled by one alone of the contracting parties. The Holy See has always observed with scrupulous fidelity the engagements it has made, and it has always required the same fidelity from the State. This is a truth which no impartial judge can deny. Yet to-day the State, by its sole authority, abrogates the solemn pact it signed. Thus it violates its sworn promise. . . .

> The extent of the injury inflicted on the Apostolic See by the unilateral abrogation of the Concordat is notably aggravated by the manner in which the State has effected this abrogation. It is a principle admitted without controversy, and universally observed by all nations, that the other contracting party should be previously and regularly notified, in a clear and explicit manner, of the breaking of a treaty, by the one which intends to put an end to the said treaty. Yet not only has no notification of this kind been made to the Holy See, but no indication whatever on the subject has been conveyed to it. Thus the French Government has not hesitated to treat the Apostolic See without ordinary respect and without the courtesy that is never omitted even in dealing with the smallest States. Its officials, representatives though they were of a Catholic nation, have heaped contempt on the dignity and power of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme Head of the Church, whereas they should have shown more respect to this power than to any other political power—and a respect all the greater from the fact that the Holy See is concerned with the eternal welfare of souls, and that its mission extends everywhere.

Having severed all relations with the Papacy, the French State wished next to break with the churches. Heretofore religious services have been *public*, henceforward they are to be *private affairs*. This is the outcome of Article 2 of the law: "The Republic neither recognizes, nor pays salaries to the ministers of, nor subventions any form of worship." Article 1, it is true, proclaims liberty of conscience. "The Republic," it says, "assures liberty of conscience. It guarantees the free exercise of worship under the sole restrictions set forth hereinafter in the interest of public order." But, as we shall see, these restrictions are so numerous and so eminently despotic as to limit seriously this liberty of conscience.

Having laid down the principle that worship must cease to be publicly exercised, the legislator has deduced therefrom: 1st. *The suppression of the Budget of Worship* and the *prohibition of subsidizing worship at the expense of public funds;* 2d. *The abolition of public establishments of worship.*

> . . . Consequently, from the 1st of January, after the promulgation of the present law, there will be struck out of the Budgets of the State, of the departments, and of the com-

munes, all expenses connected with the exercise of worship. However, there may be set down in the aforesaid Budgets the expenses necessary for the service of chaplains and those intended to insure the free exercise of worship in public establishments, such as lyceums, colleges, schools, hospitals, asylums, and prisons.

The public establishments of worship are suppressed under reserve of the dispositions set forth in Article 3.

This suppression of the Budget of Worship is a veritable spoliation, since that Budget is a *national debt* contracted when, under the Constituent Assembly, the property of the clergy "was put at the disposal of the nation," and, in exchange for the landed capital thus turned over to it, the State solemnly pledged itself to give the clergy a suitable salary. Therefore, the barest honesty would demand the maintenance of the Budget of Catholic Worship. It was not the Concordat that first established ecclesiastical salaries; it merely recognized them by giving them a Government guarantee. In reality they antedated the Concordat by twelve years, and, as we have said, were granted on the day when, in exchange for the goods it took, the nation promised the Church an indemnity, a perpetual rent. Let it be clearly understood, then, that ecclesiastical salaries are not paid by the State in virtue of the Concordat, but are a rent inscribed in favor of the clergy in the book of public debt and payable, in all justice, at all times, whether under the *régime* of the Concordat or that of common separation, whether the Church be united to the State or separated from it. To suppress these salaries on the plea of separation, without however restoring the property of which they represent the rent, is a spoliation committed in the name of law by the State which still remains custodian of the property. But the parliamentary majority did not take this view of the matter as, in Article 2 of the law, it decided that in future neither the State, the departments, nor the communes, should contribute anything whatever toward the expenses connected with the exercise of worship, and that neither bishops nor priests would receive a centime from the public funds. However, an exception was made in favor of chaplains of prisons, establishments of learning, and charitable institutions.

It is only just to remark that the Budget of Public Wor-

ship will not be suppressed all at once, but by degrees as, in bringing about a transition from one *régime* to another, the authors of the law have tried to avoid an extreme irritation of Catholic opinion. All ecclesiastics who at the time of the promulgation of the law (that is to say on December 11, 1905) exercised functions paid for by public funds will receive, during four years at least, all or a part of their salary. Among these ecclesiastics it will be necessary to distinguish those entitled to a *pension* from those in line for a simple *grant.*

To be entitled to an annual life pension, an ecclesiastic must have been over forty-five years old on the promulgation of the law (that is to say, he must have been born before December 11, 1860) and, at the same time, must have spent at least twenty years in the discharge of ecclesiastical functions paid for by the State. Those who can meet this twofold condition will receive an annual pension equal to half of their salary. All ecclesiastics who, on the promulgation of the law, had completed their sixtieth year, and discharged during thirty years religious functions paid for by the State, will receive a pension amounting to three-quarters of their salary, but in no case, either of bishop or priest, can these pensions exceed fifteen hundred francs.

Priests who on the promulgation of the law were exercising functions paid for by the State, but who did not fulfil all conditions required for obtaining a pension, will receive, *during four years*, a grant, which will be gradually diminished. For the first year it will be equal to their full salary; for the second, to two-thirds; for the third, to one-half; and for the fourth, to one-third. Here no condition is imposed with regard to age or length of service, as all ecclesiastics who, on promulgation of the law, were exercising religious functions paid for by the State, if indeed for only twenty-four hours, would be entitled to a grant. The law even increases the duration of the grant for ecclesiastics discharging their functions in communes of less than a thousand inhabitants. During two years these ecclesiastics may claim a grant equal to their entire salary, to two-thirds during the next two years, to half for the fifth and sixth years, and to a third for the seventh and eighth; but to be entitled to an eight-year grant, they must continue to give their services in the same commune, and if, for some reason or other, they should leave it, they would

fall under the common rule and would not receive a cent of salary for a period longer than four years.

It will be seen, therefore, that, though suppressed in principle, the Budget of Public Worship will, in point of fact, exist for a few years longer, and will be gradually reduced, until both pensions and grants disappear altogether.

According to the calculation of the administration of public worship, life-pensions will amount this year to about eleven million francs, and temporary grants to a little over eighteen million francs, a total of twenty-nine and a half millions. As the Budget of Public worship reached about thirty-seven millions, the State, beginning with this year, will economize to the extent of seven or eight million francs, though its economy is practised at the expense of genuine spoliation.

That our readers may appreciate this rather rough estimate, we shall here reproduce the items calculated upon by the Government and communicated by it to the budget commission.

I. Pensions of three-quarters for ministers of religion aged over sixty years who have exercised for over 30 years religious functions paid for by the State.

CATHOLICS.

48 archbishops and bishops,	416,250 francs.
44 vicars-general,	97,500 "
53 canons,	64,400 "
1,888 parish priests,	1,305,550 "
5,285 officiating priests,	3,900,290 "
31 curates,	13,950 "

PROTESTANTS.

109 pastors,	153,950 "

JEWS.

14 rabbis,	17,430 "
Total,	5,969,320 "

II. Pensions of half for ministers of religion aged over 45 years, and having for over 20 years exercised religious functions remunerated by the State.

CATHOLICS.

11 archbishops and bishops,	82,500	francs.
65 vicars-general,	121,875	"
23 canons,	27,400	"
1,308 parish priests,	1,079,800	"
8,583 officiating priests,	3,643,800	"
125 curates,	42,200	"

PROTESTANTS.

140 pastors,	135,900	"

JEWS.

9 rabbis,	10,550	"
Total,	5,144,025	"

III. The temporary grants will be awarded for four years to 12 archbishops and bishops; 60 vicars-general; 4 canons; 741 parish priests; 2,846 officiating priests; 4,517 curates; 290 pastors; and 31 rabbis.

They will be awarded for eight years to 120 parish priests; 1,738 officiating priests; and 1,237 curates.

The material condition of the ministers of religion being thus regulated, the legislator turned his attention to buildings set apart for purposes of worship, and to the property belonging to the ecclesiastical establishments which he had decided to abolish. To whom will the buildings go that have been devoted to religious worship, such as churches, seminaries, presbyteries, and episcopal residences?

Many, indeed, are the enemies of Catholicism who would have wished these edifices to be given over exclusively to the State, but such a course did not meet with sufficient favor.

Among buildings used for the exercise of public worship, or for the housing of its ministers and for their immovable and movable effects, the Separation Bill establishes the following distinction as to ownership, a distinction based neither on right nor fact. Where such buildings were "put at the disposal of the nation" by the revolutionists, and later, by virtue of the Concordat, restored for purposes of worship, the law declares that they are and must remain the property of the State, the

departments, and the communes.* Where such property did not antedate the Concordat, the law does not discuss the question of ownership, but, when it is contested, refers the matter to the courts.

It matters not who erected or paid for these buildings, the law leaves them *gratuitously* at the disposal of associations of worship formed to insure the exercise of public worship.

However, this gratuitous use will not be of equal length for all buildings in question. For churches it will be, in principle, perpetual; for other edifices it will cease after a short period. This period will be two years for archiepiscopal and episcopal residences, and five years for seminaries and presbyteries, on the expiration of which time the State, departments, or communes will again decide their *gratuitous* disposal.

Not satisfied with thus depriving the churches of all financial aid from the State, the legislator consummated the separation by suppressing all public ecclesiastical institutions. These institutions were civilly recognized as "legal persons" and, therefore, could acquire, possess, and manage the estates that were of use to them. According to the opinion prevailing in administrative jurisprudence, a diocese itself is not a "civil person." But in every diocese several public institutions were legally recognized, especially the episcopal revenue, having the bishop as its sole administrator, the seminary, and lastly the chapter of canons.

A parish is no more a public institution than a diocese, but within the parish are two institutions—the pastoral revenue, of which the parish priest is sole administrator, and the *fabrique*, which is administered by a special council—which were also legally recognized. All these institutions have been suppressed by the Separation Bill. What, then, is to become of the property owned by the above-mentioned "persons" until December 11, 1905?

M. Briand, reporter of the commission and one of the promoters of the law, says: "Ecclesiastical property could have been looked upon as unclaimed. In conformity with the common law, the State could have claimed it and disposed of it

*In his study on *La Séparation et les Élections* (Lecoffre, éditeur) M. Jean Guiraud refutes this declaration, which is also repeatedly contradicted in history, but we will not here enter into this historical controversy.

according to rules which would be determined upon later. A part of the property in the possession of public establishments of worship was donated by the faithful for religious purposes, and the commission, therefore, considered that, according to the natural law, its real owners were the faithful taken collectively. To-day this collection of faithful is represented by the churches; to-morrow, by associations of worship." Hence, this time the State does not claim to be the heir of the "public persons," whom it condemns to death; it agrees to leave them the faculty of transmitting their property to the associations of their choice. In principle, then, establishments of public worship may transfer their patrimony (cautiously inventoried by the State's representatives) to the associations of worship organized to replace them, and which seem to them worthy of being their successors.

Unfortunately, the legislator felt constrained to formulate two exceptions, which are entirely unjustifiable and which constitute absolute robbery.

1. "The property of ecclesiastical establishments that came from the State, and was not encumbered with a pious foundation of more recent date than the Concordat, will be reapportioned to the State." Such is Article 5 of the Separation Bill. At first sight it would appear that the State only reclaims what it had given, and, so understood, the affair shocks us less rudely; but the property in question was wrested from ecclesiastical establishments during the revolution and was restored to them by the State at the signing of the Concordat.

2. The second exception is none the less censurable; it aims at the real and personal property of ecclesiastical institutions which have received from benefactors a charitable appropriation, or indeed any other appropriation *foreign to worship properly so called.* Take, for instance, land that has been bequeathed to the *fabrique* of a parish for the erection of a school or a hospital. This real estate could not be transmitted or transferred to an association of worship; it must revert to a "public establishment" or an establishment of "recognized public utility," a charitable or educational institution—all of which means, practically, that the property will be taken by the State. It is true that to palliate the just indignation with which such a course fills honest people, donors and testators are permitted to enter an action for the reclaiming of their estates,

which action must be begun within six months. Such a measure would be acceptable if all the heirs of such donors had a like right, but the right is limited to direct heirs. As the greater number of former benefactors of schools and hospitals belonging to church property were priests, it follows that no individual could claim these bequests, which were made solely for a religious purpose and not with the intention of augmenting the patrimony of the State. Hence we understand from these few short enumerations why the Sovereign Pontiff was impelled to condemn the law "which," he declared, "trampled under foot the Church's rights of ownership."

The Law of Separation alters many other points in the *régime* established by the Concordat.

It suppresses all the prerogatives and at the same time the responsibilities which belong to ministers of religion in virtue of their office. "Ministers of religion," formally declares M. Briand, "will be totally ignored in all that concerns their ministry or proceeds therefrom." Many, indeed, are the consequences issuing from this principle.

1. The State will no longer take part in the nomination of any minister of religion to any clerical office or dignity. The State will ignore such nominations, or at least fail to recognize them, unless by the notification it will receive of them through the directors of associations of worship.

2. Heretofore, the State had certain rights of surveillance over the manner in which different ministers of religion fulfilled their ministry; bishops and parish priests were obliged to reside in their respective dioceses and parishes; the resignation of one and the other had to be accepted by the State, nor could they be replaced till after such acceptance.

3. All immunities and privileges enjoyed by ministers of religion disappear. In public ceremonies ecclesiastical dignitaries always had a special place; cardinals came immediately after the Chief Executive, and archbishops and bishops after such and such office-holders; to-day this precedence is abolished. The privilege of jurisdiction, whereby prelates could be judged by the Court of Appeals for the different offences that might be brought against them, has also been withdrawn.

The article of the Penal Code, punishing any one guilty of "having worn in public a costume that did not belong to him," no longer applies to the wearing of an ecclesiastical dress.

However, there is reason to be astonished at the fact that, despite the efforts of M. l'Abbé Lemire and M. l'Abbé Gayraud, the Law of Separation has held to Articles 199 and 200 of the Penal Code. These articles forbid priests to bless a union not previously ratified by a civil ceremony. The punishment is, at first, a simple fine, but, in case of a second offence, is from two to five years' imprisonment, or from five to twenty years' detention in a fortress.

4. Ecclesiastics possess all the rights and incur all the obligations of citizens. They have recovered the plenitude of political rights, and are eligible to municipal* and general councils, to the Chamber of Deputies, and to the Senate.

Such is, in brief, the *negative* work effected by the Law of Separation. It deprives the clergy of rights and privileges due them in their official capacity, but, reciprocally, it suppresses many obligations accruing from that capacity. To have been perfectly fair in the matter the "Separators" should have ruptured all bonds uniting Church and State, but they feared to give too much liberty to religious associations; and, although declaring the churches officially separated from the State, for the latter's benefit they have organized a system of surveillance and restraint in regard to associations of worship. We shall see this when studying the new *régime* proposed by the legislator.

This *régime* rests essentially upon the organization of the so-called *associations of worship*, that is to say, "associations formed exclusively," in the terms of Article 18 of the law, "to provide for the expenses, maintenance, and public exercise of a religion."

It would seem, as has been said, that the legislator addressed the faithful of all religions as follows:

"Form among yourselves associations that will insure the exercise of your cult. These associations will be subject to the common law of approved associations, which is that, on condition of a simple declaration at the prefecture or sub-prefecture, they will receive civil personality, may collect assess-

* There is a temporary exception: for eight years from the promulgation of the Law of Separation, ministers of religion are declared ineligible to the municipal council in the commune in which they exercise their ecclesiastical functions. It must be observed that this ineligibility refers exclusively to the municipal council, and that it will end at the expiration of the eighth year, after which time ecclesiastics, without distinction, will be eligible on the same conditions as all other citizens.

ments from their members, and accept, for a consideration, the real estate strictly necessary for attaining the end they have in view. In case of dissolution, their property will be assigned conformably to their statutes. However, as, doubtless, the assessments will hardly replace the Budget of Public Worship, I shall give the associations of worship important advantages. Hence they can live, and I, the State, may interfere in their affairs in order to superintend them closely and to arrest their development should it attain proportions which I would deem dangerous."

Such was the language heard from Protestants and Jews who, immediately on the promulgation of the law, instituted associations of worship. At the time of writing this article we are still ignorant of what course the Bishops of France and the Pope will pursue. Nevertheless, I shall here set forth in detail for the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the different methods of procedure now proposed either by prelates or Catholics of note. It will be sufficient to remark that among us there are two opinions. According to the one, having as its spokesmen Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle, MM. les Abbés Lemire, Gayraud, Klein, and Naudet, and laymen such as MM. Brunetière and d'Haussonville, it would be wise to accept the best possible part of the law, and form associations of worship to which alone our cathedrals and churches would be transferred; according to the other, in the name of which Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, and MM. de Mun, Piou, and Drumont have emphatically spoken or written, it is better to refuse to organize these associations of worship, which can only be considered schismatic, and, instead, to resist energetically the Government, since, in virtue of the Law of Separation, it wishes to seize those of our churches not claimed by any Catholic association of worship.

The law imposed on these associations of worship demands that such associations must have, as their sole object, the exercise of a cult; hence they can neither maintain a school nor defray the expenses of a hospital. Of course they may give all or part of their funds to a *grand séminaire*, because such an institution of learning has as its immediate object the education of future ministers of religion.

In addition to the assessments of their members the associations of worship may receive:

The proceeds of collections for the poor or for defraying expenses incurred by the exercise of religious worship;

Fees for religious ceremonies and services, even by endowment;

The rental of pews and sittings;

Offerings made for the furnishing of objects destined for use at funerals in religious edifices.

In return for these advantages, they must submit to a regulation from which other approved associations are free.

While other associations may, strictly speaking, be composed of only two members, the associations of worship are obliged to have at least seven, sixteen, or twenty-five members, accordingly as they are established in communes of less than one thousand or more or less than twenty thousand souls; the members constituting the minimum number must be, without distinction of sex, persons having attained their majority, and either domiciled within the fixed ecclesiastical territory or residents of it.

Once a year the administrative council of every association of worship must submit its report for the approbation of the general assembly of members. The associations must keep an account of their receipts and expenditures, draw up a yearly balance sheet, and also take an annual inventory of their property, both real and personal. Their financial transactions will be subject to the supervision of State agents, who must see to it that the funds be not turned from the exclusive object of the associations, *viz.*, the support of religion.

The law has put strange limitations upon the right of ownership of the associations of worship.

They may own the real estate required for the exercise of worship and for the housing of ecclesiastics; they may receive "pious endowments" and may have church equipment as gorgeous as they please; but, as we have said, the law will maintain a close supervision of their disposable resources. It authorizes the formation of these resources into two reserves. The first must constitute a fund to be used exclusively for the expenses and maintenance of the cult; this capital may not exceed a sum equal to three or six times the annual average of the expenditures of the association, according as the latter has more or less than five thousand francs income, said capital to be placed at nominal value. The second reserve (the maxi-

mum of which is not regulated by law), interest included, will be set aside solely for the purchase, construction, decoration, or repairs of real property or of property intended for the association, this reserve to be deposited in the *Caisse des Dépots et Consignations.*

It may be wondered at why the law, when allowing the unlimited accumulation of resources for the extraordinary expenses attending purchase, construction, or embellishment, does not permit the fund devoted to the ordinary expenses of the exercise of religion to grow large enough to cover these expenses. M. Briand, reporter for the commission, has very clearly said that it is not desirable that worship subsist merely through the liberality of the dead and without any help from the living. This expression is but a transparent shield for the hope entertained by our enemies, that one day public worship will be abandoned.

Whenever these regulations are transgressed by the administrators of the associations of worship, penalties are imposed in the way of fines, varying from sixteen to two hundred francs, and this may be doubled in case of a second offence. The court that condemns the administrators may likewise disband the association. The limitation of the fund destined to meet the ordinary expenses of worship has a special sanction; in case of certified surplus, the courts may oblige the associations to transfer this surplus to communal establishments of relief or charity.

To complete this exposition of legislation in regard to associations of worship, let us add that they may, without restraint, form unions having a central direction, and that they have the right to turn over their surplus receipts to other associations organized for the same object as theirs; it is obvious that the right to constitute unions of associations of worship will enable the bishop to gather under his direction all associations of worship organized in his diocese.

Thus organized, the association of worship is capable of receiving the property of the ecclesiastical establishment (*fabrique*, parish revenue, episcopal revenue, etc.) existing in the ecclesiastical territory in which it is formed. It is this ecclesiastical establishment that chooses for itself the particular association of worship to which it will make over its property and, according to a very important article in the Law of

Separation, the famous Article 4, these associations must be formed "*in accordance with the rules of general organization of the religion of which they are to maintain the exercise*"; that is, where there is question of Catholic associations, they must be approved by the parish priest and the bishop in communion with the Holy See.

Let us suppose then that an ecclesiastical establishment transfers to an association of worship (formed according to the rules heretofore indicated) the possession of its property. As the result of this "*dévolution*," the association of worship enters at once into the possession of this property, even though it consist of buildings belonging to the State, or to a department or a commune. In order to hold meetings for the celebration of worship, the association has to make an annual statement showing the regular, periodical, or occasional reunions that take place. The law specifies that these reunions, held in places belonging to, or put at the disposal of an association, must be public and, in the interest of public order, subject to the surveillance of the authorities. Political reunions are forbidden in places habitually used for purposes of worship. Exterior manifestations of worship (street processions and the ringing of bells) are subject to the decision of the mayor; but the law prohibits the future erection of any religious sign or emblem in a public place.

An article, which is deservedly criticized, subjects to special penalties, and to conditions which are not those of common law, ecclesiastics who, in places where religious services are held, shall provoke any opposition to the execution of laws or of legal acts of authority, or who, by means of discourses, placarding, or writing, shall endeavor to arouse or arm citizens one against another; the punishment in these cases being from three months' to a year's imprisonment. To insult or defame any citizen "charged with a public service" will be punished with a fine ranging from five hundred to three thousand francs, and imprisonment from one month to a year. Moreover, instead of being, like all other citizens accused of similar deeds, amenable to the Court of Assizes (that is the jury), ecclesiastics will be judged by the correctional court, composed of judges named by the Government. Let us add that the association of worship may be held civilly responsible and obliged to pay the fine.

Such is, in outline, the new *régime:* not only is it far from liberal but, worse still, it sanctions a most barefaced spoliation. Indeed, we heartily concur with the opinion formulated by M. Brunetière in his famous article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.** This eminent Catholic thinker says:

> They may ask wherefore we complain, and we can answer unhesitatingly: "We complain because the Concordat has been denounced without even an attempt to negotiate its amelioration: because, by the mere fact and in consequence of this denunciation, France has severed all relations with a power which, though unrecognized, is not suppressed, and, though despised, is not annihilated; because, resolutions of such a nature as to change the interior and exterior politics of a great country were made *ab irato*, by one man only, and without any consultation of opinion; because, in suppressing the forty millions of the Budget of Worship a pledge of honor publicly and solemnly taken has been violated; and, indeed, because, had a fair separation of Church from State been desired, only a single article, stipulating that from a certain day forward the churches would come under the common law of associations, would have been required.

The many grievances which we hold against this anti-liberal and grossly unjust law could not be more explicitly nor concisely expressed.

On the subject of these grievances, so solemnly set forth in the Pope's Encyclical, French Catholics are of one accord: disagreement begins only when there is question of how best to confront the new situation.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Décembre, 1905.

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

WAS very sorry for you," declared Miss Carhart to Marjorie in the privacy of their rooms, which opened into each other, "staying all the gay season in that stuffy old Martres, when you might have been at Bigorre. My dear, what a delightful place!"

"Picturesque?" suggested Marjorie.

"Oh, as for that"—indifferently—"well enough, I suppose. The usual number of trees and hills and funny little canals running through the streets; but then"—with enthusiasm—"the bands playing, and long shady alleys, and so many handsome strangers always about! The best place for flirtations, my dear, that you ever saw!"

"The proper study of 'womankind,'" said Marjorie, "'is man.'"

"Yes"; said Miss Carhart, a little doubtfully, though, for she was not always quite sure when Marjorie was laughing at her. She had been with the Flemings a week or so now during her brother's absence, and the two girls had become very friendly, Christian-naming and affiliating with each other with the rapidity common to young women. Her manners were a little pronounced, certainly, and she amazed Mrs. Fleming sometimes; but, on the whole, they all liked her, and Jack and she especially were sworn comrades and allies. For the rest, she was a tall girl with a quantity of very blond hair and a brilliant complexion.

"You know," she now continued, "they all went to Bigorre for my health, and I must say I grew strong very fast there; and had—oh, lots of fun! There was a young fellow, a Spaniard, with beautiful eyes, and he waltzed divinely!

Ah, well!"—with an exaggerated sigh—"I don't suppose I shall ever see him again! But," she went on, with unabated cheerfulness, "Evelyn met her fate there, you know. He is a clergyman, very High Church, tall and thin and stiff and awfully meek and 'goody.' I used to call him 'the Reverend Lavender Kids,' and make no end of fun of him, until one day she told me he had more wise and beautiful thoughts in one hour than I would have in the whole course of my life. Then it occurred to me that it was time to stop; and it was, for they had been engaged for a week. Curious, isn't it, how people take those fancies! Now, I do believe"—with her head on one side—"that that girl fell in love with him—such a jolly girl she was—just because he was the exact opposite of everything she had always fancied! Well, it's a pretty good match, anyhow. Excellent family, private income, distant connection with a peerage and all that, and Philip is pleased. Wasn't it too bad"—going to the glass to arrange her hair—"*quite* too bad about Philip's fiancée? It would have been such a good thing for Philip." Then, catching sight of a shocked expression on Marjorie's face, she added: "Well, my dear, you must understand that I never had met her, and only knew of her in connection with Philip's prospects. As for that, he can take care of his own career; and is sure to marry brilliantly if he marries at all. He is refreshingly free from sentiment, which *is* a foolish thing, of course." For this progressive young woman, like the pictured *sapeur*, held nothing sacred, neither love affairs nor poodle dogs. "I shouldn't mind," she proceeded irrelevantly, "I shouldn't at all mind"—impartially—"looking like you, Marjorie; and yet it's nice to be a blond. Well, let us go down," putting an arm around her companion, "but I shall make no more eyes at your cousin Will. It is powder and shot wasted, for the fortress of his heart was occupied long ago, and he has thrown away the key."

"I don't at all know what you mean," said Marjorie with calm mendacity, but her color rose.

"Where are you going to-night, girls?" asked Mrs. Fleming when the soup had been removed.

"To see dear old Jefferson," said Marjorie. "I was not intending that, for I thought Mollie might have seen him often before; but I had such a kind little note from Mr. Biggins this morning, asking us all to his box. And we have always

been prevented from accepting previous invitations of his, so it seemed best to accept, for some of us at least."

"Biggins!" cried Molly Carhart. "Biggins! What a name! How *do* you come to know such a person, Marjorie?"

"He is very nice," said Marjorie. "Of course his name is a pity, but he can't help *that*. He is a very wealthy, elderly bachelor, considered by some eccentric But I can assure you, Molly, it is *he* who will not 'know' people. He is very much sought after, and he does not like society generally and has very few favorites."

"Do not mind her, Miss Carhart," said Will, "she is an interested person. *She* is one of his pets."

"Well," protested Marjorie stoutly, "he is original and I like him. But"—looking doubtfully at Molly—"he is a little peculiar in his appearance, and must not be laughed at; and if you say little things to him he will very likely retort in kind."

"I wonder what 'little things' I am expected to say to him," cried Molly with fine scorn. If *he* says one word to *me* that I do not like, I will give him a piece of my mind, I can tell you that!"

"Considering that he will be your host," laughed Will, "I admire the provisions you are making for his comfort. But" —pacifically—"why not wait, Miss Carhart, until you *see* the enemy? He may be vanquished at once, and the first thing you know the old gentleman will be getting the rheumatism serenading you in old-time fashion these cold nights." And he began to hum:

"'I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how—
To thy chamber window, sweet.'"

"'Who knows how,' indeed!" repeated Jack. "It would be spirits in his head, and not in his feet, that would take him out serenading in *this* weather!"

"Jack!" said his mother reprovingly.

The hour arrived, and with it Mr. Biggins and his carriage. He proved to be a short, stout, florid, elderly man, with a style of dressing all his own and large and uncompromising

spectacles planted firmly on his nose. He peered through them one moment at Molly, then seemed to forget her existence in assiduous attentions to Miss Fleming. While he handed the latter carefully down the steps, Miss Carhart laid her hand on Jack's shoulder. "Come on," she said, "my pretty page. Since your brother has deserted us for that tiresome meeting, *you* shall be my attendant."

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Molly," said he in affected wrath, "if you keep on calling me 'your pretty page,' it shall be a page written all over with bloody and murderous deeds, for I'll do something desperate."

"No, don't!"—soothingly—giving him her hand, which this promising youth squeezed openly, to the delight of James, waiting to close the door.

"Well," declared Miss Carhart, as the carriage rolled on, "this will make the fifth time I have seen Jefferson in the part; and yet I know I shall cry. I always weep at that scene with Gretchen—tears, oh! as big as saucers!"

"You don't say so!" said Jack with interest, "and do they not hurt?"

"Not at all"—composedly—"they are useful as a facial shower-bath." Which made Mr. Biggins look with extreme disapproval at this young person whom he had hardly noticed before.

After the first act various acquaintances among the gilded youth began to drop in at their box, and lounge and whisper and drawl, very much to Mr. Biggins' disgust, for he did not admire the ordinary society man.

"Why do you dislike them so much, Mr. Biggins?" asked Marjorie, to whom he confided these feelings, "they are quite harmless."

"I am not even sure of that," he grumbled. "But, admitting it, why a dozen of them together would not make one real man. They all simper and drawl and dawdle through a dance in exactly the same weak way. Now, look at *that* fool, for instance," indicating a youth who had just entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Montague," said Marjorie, trying hard to look unconscious and to repress her smile.

"He is an 'Old Man of the Sea' to me," proceeded Mr. Biggins. "As ill luck will have it, I am always stumbling over him. I go nowhere that he, too, does not suddenly spring up,

and he is a trifle worse than the others. I don't object to his convict style of wearing his hair, if it is the fashion for such dudes; nor to the exaggerated British cut of his clothes; nor to the monocle he can't keep on; nor to the cudgel he carries of mornings. But to go over to London for a season, and then come back and pretend to have forgotten everything American, even the accent, that's *too* absurd, you will admit."

"He has joined the Anglomaniacs," suggested Marjorie.

"A very good name for such idiots; and I have no doubt with his polo and coaching club and four-in-hand he will 'go to the dickens' in true British style!" said the irate old gentleman. "Listen to him now!"

Indeed, at that very moment the unconscious Mr. Montague could be heard murmuring to Molly Carhart something about somebody being "a cad," and something else being "a beastly boah."

"Now, I suppose he is condescending to flatter languidly that foolish girl, for just see how she laughs and shakes her flaxen hair! False, no doubt, all of it!"

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Biggins," said Marjorie warmly, "it is every bit her own. She has beautiful hair."

"Hum! Well, she certainly has plenty of it. After all" —without taking breath—"what does it matter how idiotic the young men are? The greater fools, the better society girls like 'em."

"I think I feel a little offended," said Marjorie jestingly; "I'm a society girl myself, am I not?"

"Oh, Miss Marjorie," said Mr. Biggins earnestly, taking off his glasses to wipe them and put them on again, "you know what I think of *you?* A rose may grow and bloom even among weeds."

"Well, I may thank you for myself," laughed Marjorie, "if not for my sex."

Silence for a little while as the business of the stage proceeded, and they seemed to see, through Jefferson's perfection of art, not him, but the veritable "Rip," reckless, dissipated, and improvident, yet always lovable. The scene on the night of the storm came on, and Rip, suddenly sobered by Gretchen's reproaches and command to go forth into the night forever, sits speechlessly looking at her; a pause so utterly forlorn and ominous as to strike a chill to the heart. Marjorie's *lor-*

gnon was steadily used to conceal her moist eyes; but Miss Carhart exhibited none of the emotion she had predicted, but remained, on the contrary, quite serene and even inclined to carry on a steady whispering with Mr. Montague.

"Monstrous!" muttered Mr. Biggins, when the scene was ended. "If she *is* your friend, Miss Marjorie, that girl has no more feeling than a stick! Tongue goes like a hand-bell all the time. Clitter-clatter! Clitter-clatter!"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Biggins?" asked Miss Molly blandly, turning from Mr. Montague.

"I did not"—tartly—"but, as you inquire, I was remarking what bad taste it showed for people to talk during the performance."

"You are quite right"—seriously—"it always annoys me a great deal, and they *will* do it."

"Fellah can't be a dummy," Mr. Montague was understood to say.

"Much bettah be a mummy," gravely observed Jack, who scented the battle from afar off, and had come forward to act as free lance.

"Now that last scene," said Miss Carhart, appealing to Mr. Biggins with sweet confidingness, "was very pathetic, and yet, do you know, I think Gretchen was quite right. I don't speak especially of Rip's faults, which were aggravating, no doubt, but I think there are other things for which one would be justified in turning one's husband out of doors forever. Bad temper, for instance."

"There are *some* women," observed Mr. Biggins, who had grown red, "that would create bad temper in an angel."

"Oh"—cheerfully—"angels are not so common in either sex, are they, Marjorie? Now, Mr. Biggins," with unimpaired friendliness, "suppose you give us your idea of an angel?"

"Not in the least blond, loquacious, or flippant, Miss Carhart," that gentleman so far forgot himself as to say. Whereupon Jack chuckled and Mr. Montague swore to himself.

"Why, you disappoint me," she replied sweetly. "Do you know"—abruptly, as if struck by a sudden thought—"I should not think, Mr. Biggins, that overheated air was good for you. Any one who flushes so quickly—" But here, to Marjorie's intense relief, the curtain rose again; for she had begun to fear, from Mr. Biggins' appearance, that an apoplectic

seizure was really imminent. She took occasion to murmur reproaches in Molly's ear; but as Jack was whispering at the same time: "Go it, Miss Molly!" it was unlikely to do good.

It was evident that Mr. Horace Montague had permitted himself to be languidly amused, for he allowed Molly to talk to him exclusively for the rest of the evening, and engaged her to drive in his dog-cart; and even said at his club later, with faint enthusiasm, that, "That, aw, Miss Carhart, you know, was no end of a trump. Went for old Biggins, bah Jove, and just, aw, finished him off, you know."

When, the play ended, they reached the theatre door, the night had turned stormy.

"Heavens!" cried Miss Carhart, "it's raining, and the damp air will take every bit of curl out of my new plumes and boa."

Marjorie could just see the look of horror which Mr. Biggins wore at this ejaculation, and had much ado to refrain from open laughter. He took no notice whatever on the way home of the culprit, who seemed unaffectedly happy with Jack; but when he was taking his leave at their door, after a cool bow to her, he took Marjorie's hand with old-fashioned gallantry and said: "Miss Marjorie, *you* always remind me of that pretty description of 'Sweet Mistress Anne Page'—she has brown hair, and speaks small, '*like a woman*'"—with emphasis, and was gone.

If he had waited but a moment, he might have heard Miss Carhart chant in mockery, from some comic opera: "'I can't speak small. I must speak loud—or else, not speak at all.'"

"Well, young women," said Will coming in, "relate your experiences."

"Oh, we met a crowd!" said Molly. "I don't remember any of them except Mr. Montague, who is delightful! As for your Mr. Biggins, Marjorie—"

"*My* Mr. Biggins! I make no especial claim to him!"

"Well, your admirer, then, and my deadly foe. He"—slowly and emphatically—"is an old frump and freak!"

"You are right," declared Jack, "he called me 'boy' to-night. Let us join forces and swear war to the knife on old Big!"

"War to the knife!" she repeated darkly; while they joined hands and performed something supposed to be the war-dance of the original Tockahoopoo Indians.

CHAPTER III.

There is, perhaps, no spectacle more helpless and hopeless and altogether abject than a man presents who, through his fault or misfortune, has accompanied women on an extended shopping tour. This was forcibly impressed on Will's mind one bright day some time after the events of the preceding chapter. He had given up his morning's occupation to accompany the two girls, owing less to Miss Carhart's voluble and eloquent entreaties than to a glance he stole at Marjorie's face, where she stood waiting silently in her brown velvet and sable. So he drove from shop to shop with them, and compared himself in his thoughts to a stoic and a martyr. It had not been so bad, he remembered, going with Marjorie once or twice before, for she got through quickly, and it was rather amusing to watch her little deprecating manner when she was obliged to give trouble. But Miss Carhart was a shopper of quite another order. For instance: "Marjorie," said she, "I want a pretty gift for my aunt. What would you advise? A pin?"

"That would do nicely," said Marjorie. "Here we are at Tiffany's. Let us go in!"

"Pins," requested Will; and a bewildering array was spread out before them.

"Oh! isn't this lovely?" cried Molly, "this dove with the diamond solitaire in its beak? And that Etruscan bar with the emeralds! Beautiful! Exquisite! Gorgeous!" as she turned them over rapidly. "Well, that is the only one I like, and I don't think I will take it this morning," pushing the tray away. "Oh, Marjorie! look at those cunning little Dresden shepherdesses! They would look lovely on her chiffonier. Show me some bronze clocks, please," to the courteous attendant. She examined these minutely, required considerable explanation, then said that she thought she would wait and make up her mind later, and stepped out lightly, followed by Will and Marjorie. Dry goods and lace stores gave even greater scope to her peculiar methods; and after about the tenth experience of this sort, Will handed them into the coupé and said faintly:

"I think I will walk home now. This is worse than coal-heaving."

"Why it is fine!" declared Molly briskly.

"Stay with us, Will," said Marjorie. "We will defer the gift until some other day, and go now to Knoedler's and see what he has new in engravings; or, better, we will take Molly round to Mr. Edwards' studio."

"Well," said Will, getting in resignedly, "perhaps he will give us some lunch. Do you know what 'ausgespielt' means?"

"It means lazy," said Marjorie promptly.

"An artist, did you say?" asked Miss Carhart. "I shall enjoy that. Will you believe it? I have never been in a studio. A beautifully furnished room, I suppose, with gothic windows and quantities of old china and bronzes. And then the artist is very handsome and picturesque, like Raphael, perhaps, and wears a black velvet blouse with deep point lace collar and cuffs."

"You must have seen Mr. Edwards somewhere," said Will gravely, "for you have described him exactly."

They reached the Art Buildings, and found their way to a studio with Mr. Edwards' name over it. A tap at the door was followed by the appearance of the painter himself, palette and brush in hand, and they were invited in with cordial greetings.

"You could not have come on a better day," he declared, drawing aside the curtains to admit a fuller light. "My latest picture is finished and I am only amusing myself with a few last touches."

Will perceived with amusement that Miss Carhart had been stricken dumb at sight of the room and its occupant. If there is a point beyond which disorder ceases to be picturesque, this apartment had passed it long ago. Bronzes and marbles and bits of armor there were, but chipped and broken and discolored with age and dirt, and lying around in dark corners for the tripping-up of unwary feet. The only piece of tapestry was a worm-eaten curtain, and it was torn in places and pinned up crookedly. The rugs had not known a broom from remote ages. One would have liked to use a duster before being seated anywhere; and the sofa on which Molly deposited herself went down suddenly, and she only recovered her balance by great dexterity. "It is an heirloom in the family," observed the artist, making cheerful apologies. He was a very small man, thin to attenuation, and sallow, wearing his black

hair brushed back and rather too long. His eyes were his redeeming point, perhaps, being large and fine and brilliant, but restless. His clothes seemed to have been made for a much larger man, for they hung on him; and, alas! for Molly's black velvet and point lace, his blouse was a sort of brown linen "duster," decorated all over with variously colored daubs of paint.

"Now," said he, drawing their attention to a small picture standing on an easel, "tell me how you like this."

It represented an "interior," a fair "grande dame" in a charming boudoir, and a little negro page with salver standing near, by way of contrast. They all examined it silently for a few minutes, then Marjorie said: "I am not wise enough about paintings to be technical in praise, but I like it very much."

"That is all I care for," declared the artist, "if you really like it. Now, do, all of you, take the strongest chairs you can find—easy on that one, Fleming—while I hunt you up some lunch. Let me see"—rubbing his chin meditatively—"yes; I have some cold potatoes and a little meat, and can borrow the oil and have a salad. Ned!"—calling from the door to the negro boy, attendant-in-general on all the studios—"my compliments to Mr. Valentine, and will he lend me the oil, and come and help me make a salad, and lunch with me and some friends. Then you go down and buy some rolls and some fruit and some cream, and be back in a jiffy! Now"—briskly returning—"we shall be all right. Valentine can make a first-class salad; and sings—sings like a nest full of thrushes. You shall hear him."

Pretty soon the rolls and the fruit and the oil and Mr. Valentine arrived, and the latter, a gay little Frenchman, proceeded at once to manufacture the salad, with Will as a pupil. The girls, entering joyously into the spirit of this little affair *à l'improviste*, helped the artist lay the table.

"Have you seen my old willow-pattern china, Miss Fleming?" he asked suddenly. "No? Well, here it is," taking various pieces out of a rosewood cabinet. "Genuine, I assure, undoubted. See the little mandarins and the Chinese lady with her umbrella, and the willows and the bridge and the pavilion with bells all around the roof. And on every piece these two swallows up in the air. It ought to *mean* something, all of it."

"Why, it does!" cried Marjorie. "Don't you know Hans Christian Anderson's story about it? Two rich mandarins lived on opposite sides of the bridge and hated each other. And the son of one saw the daughter of the other across the water walking about under her umbrella, and fell in love with her. And he used, in defiance of her parents, to come over the bridge at twilight and talk to her in the little summer house with the bells. Finally, after most terrific trials and tribulations, they were married. And those two swallows told the tale; for they had watched the whole affair from mid-air and gossiped to each other about it."

"That's a famous story," said he, "and in return for it you shall eat off my willow-pattern, which no one has done before. Now"—when they were all seated, looking around at the gay young faces about the table—"this is delightful! You all look hungry and happy. Valentine, your salad is a *chef a'œuvre*. I don't believe"—helping them—"that there is a dyspeptic among us. Haven't you all found it uncomfortable when you were traveling to hear cross-looking people speculating publicly on what they might eat with safety and what they might not? I always want to tell them about that fat old Englishman who listened to such a person until he was tired, and then asked: 'Why don't you do as I do? Eat a good dinner. Eat everything you want, and then go to sleep, and let them fight it out among themselves!' Well, Fleming, how was it we did not meet last summer? Pyrenees, eh? That accounts. I was wandering with a party of fellow-daubers about the Tyrol and Bavarian Alps. Was sorry it was not the year for the Passion Play when I was at Oberammergau. Now, I hope you are enjoying your lunch." He need not have troubled, for it was evident that his little impromptu was a success. Jest and story and laugh followed each other in quick succession.

"There is a zest about this to me," he observed presently, "which the rest of you can not have in it. My neighbor, Grey, is an abnormally quiet fellow Says he can't paint with the least noise near him. Great stuff! for, in my humble opinion, an artist ought to be able to paint in a thunder storm. Well, he hears noise enough from this side on occasion. Valentine, sing for us now, my good fellow." And Mr. Valentine was induced to chant two or three songs in a very charming

voice; and afterwards Marjorie joined him in a little duo from "Geneviève de Brabant," "*En passant sous la fenêtre.*"

Here came a tapping at the door, and Ned appeared "with Mr. Grey's compliments, and would they please be a little more quiet, as he was painting?" To which Mr. Edwards, with much gravity, "returned his compliments to Mr. Grey, and as he was exceedingly intoxicated, he would probably make much more noise before he got through."

This matter disposed of, "'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'" he cried to Marjorie, "'and I will pledge with mine.' But that's all nonsense, come to think of it; for I *have* a bottle of Sauterne somewhere." And after considerable poking in dusty corners, a bottle was unearthed, from which a modest glass to each wound up the repast. "Now, what have you all been reading lately?" he asked next. "Anything fine in poetry? Some of our fellows at the 'Lotos' have been scribbling a few pretty nothings. Have any of you seen a little poem called 'In a Swing'?"

"Say it for us," said Marjorie, "and then"—reluctantly—"we must leave you."

"Um—um—of course. I shall bore you, but here goes:

IN A SWING.

He.

"'Each daisy underneath thy feet
Should count itself thrice happy, sweet;
Each purple, trodden clover head
Should thank thee, even when 'tis dead.
How blest is every twisted strand
Of rope encircled by thy hand.
Now—up a little faster—so,
As through the soft June air you go,
I wish that I might always stay
Below you, as I am to day;
Keeping you far above all care
That other women have to bear.
Then, high in air though you might be,
You always must come back to me.'

She.

"'Dear heart, if June stayed all year long,
And twisted ropes were always strong;
If daisy-bloom and clover-head
Were never brown and withered;
If every robin on the tree
Did not look down and laugh at me,
Saying: "That creature tries to fly,
But knows not how to mount on high."
If all these things might come to pass,
Then you should stand upon the grass,
And I above your head wound swing.
But life is quite another thing,
Since one of us on earth must bide,
The other should not leave his side.'"

"I think it charming," said Will, "I wish you'd give it to me, Edwards."

"Very well," said he. "And now"—as they prepared to go—"when shall we all meet again? I *must* see you soon; for, you know, Miss Fleming, a vision of you distracts me for a whole week, and I am entirely unfit for work. I become as mad as Malvolio, and hear a voice saying in the night: 'Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Thinkest thou of nothing but—a lady?'"

"If the fiend can be exorcised by another sight of Marjorie," said Will laughing, "it is easily done. Drop in to our box to-night for 'Hamlet.'"

"A bargain," said the artist, and they left him.

"Why, Molly," exclaimed Marjorie, "I never saw *you* so still before! What was the matter?"

"My dear, at first I was overcome by the unexpected; and afterwards he gave no encouragement to a meek and humble spirit. I expected to have him ask me to sit for a Hebe at least, and I intended to accept promptly. Instead of which, he amuses himself staring at *you!* Never mind, *my* Romeo is waiting at home for me this hour or more."

"Your Romeo?"

"Romeo—Montague—same thing. I am to drive with him this afternoon."

"Yes, I remember; and you are *very* late. Will, have Pratt drive faster."

"It is of no consequence," said Molly superbly. "If he is so very British, no doubt he has a heart of oak for small annoyances."

"We were detained," she said sweetly to the youth who awaited her in the drawing-room, a heavy frown darkening his manly features.

"Aw—so I—aw—perceived," he observed gloomily.

Their box that evening, as usual, was well filled with loiterers coming in and out. Mr. Edwards was there with the verses for Will, and very amusing remarks on house and stage for Marjorie's benefit. Horace Montague at Miss Carhart's elbow; and Mr. Biggins, to every one's surprise, reappeared once more, though somewhat forbidding in expression. Now the play progressed, with the great actor's fine face and figure and wonderful voice centring interest in him; and the scene began between Hamlet and Ophelia. Marjorie lost sight at once of theatre and lights and audience and companions. She was alone with those two talking.

"Lady," says the Danish Prince, "I did love you once." And Ophelia raises a sweet, pale face and looks at him a moment before she answers.

"Indeed, my lord," she says, "you made me believe so"; the sole reproach she ever utters in all her ill-starred life.

Here the slightest possible movement at Marjorie's side made her turn to see beside her Philip Carhart, who had just come in, and to look at him for an instant with a curious, far-away gaze.

"I beg your pardon," she said, smiling constrainedly, "I did not recognize you at first. I was many miles away in Elsinore."

"I have arrived only a few hours," he told her when the curtain went down. "I was at your house, found Will there writing, and persuaded him to bring me here. I am afraid I startled you," gently, and watching her face.

"Any one would have startled me just then," she assured him carelessly, waving her fan. "I hope you can stay in New York some time now, as we are anxious to keep Molly with us as long as possible."

"And not Molly's brother?" he would have liked to ask, but began to feel that he was no longer in Martres.

"I think Hamlet was a scoundrel where Ophelia was concerned," announced Mr. Biggins fiercely.

"Not exactly," objected Mr. Edwards. "It was only that

his incompetence and vacillation involved her misery as well as his own, and every one's connected with him."

"I have always thought," said Philip Carhart, "that his general weakness was something exasperating."

"Well," observed Molly, with an air of finality, "it's my opinion that Ophelia could have managed her own love affairs very much better if she had been let alone. There never was a girl so 'hectored' and bullied and interfered with on all sides."

"Ophelia might have," remarked Mr. Biggins with a sort of grunt, "but every girl is by no means the gentlewoman that she was."

"Do you not think so?" began Molly, alert at once; but her attention was diverted by Mr. Montague's asking in a whisper: "If—aw—she thought that she—aw—could manage her own love affairs?"

"I do," she replied promptly, with a very expressive glance. This her brother did not catch, for he occupied himself, as the play went on, leaning back against a curtain speculating if a girl like Marjorie Fleming could possibly care for any of these gilded, society butterflies who fluttered about her and paid her court. "That artist fellow, now, would be more natural. Though he is peculiar-looking and needs a better tailor, he has talent and is, they say, of the future great ones. She is too romantic to even think of the stout elderly one—if he has millions." Then his gaze fell upon Will, and for the first time in his life he compared another man with himself, not greatly to the other's disadvantage.

"Now," said Mr. Biggins with immense disgust, settling his spectacles during the last scene, "listen to that! Hear how he rants and raves about his love for the girl he actually killed! And that fight about her over her grave, when nothing can do her any good any more! A fearfully poor specimen of a lover, *I* think!"

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Biggins," said Will smiling, "and Laertes was an equally poor specimen of a brother. As long as he felt in his soul that his sister needed his presence and support, he should have stayed near her, whatever called him away."

"*You* have some sense," said Mr. Biggins with apparent ferocity, looking over the unconscious Mr. Montague's head. And then they all went home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY IN HER RELATION TO IRELAND.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

"THE little but excellent University of Dublin," as Jeremy Taylor called her more than two hundred and fifty years ago, would seem to have at last reached a crisis in her history. To all thoughtful observers of the trend of events in Ireland during the last twenty-five years, and more especially during the last decade, such a crisis appeared inevitable. That it ought never to have arisen, if there had been more tolerance and breadth of view on the sides of both the contending parties, is perhaps a truism, but in Ireland to disagree is to be hostile. The claims of the Catholic majority, put forward, no doubt at times, with more zeal than discretion, were met by the controlling body of the University and their supporters with equal heat, and with a contempt which refused to listen to counsels of prudence.

The day is past when a Reverend Professor can, with any show of reason, declare that there is not in Ireland a sufficient number of Catholics capable of taking advantage of the benefits of University Education. The Intermediate Education Act and the Royal University Act, unsatisfactory as they both have been in their working, have at least had the result of showing that the numbers of Catholic students who desire and are fitted for the higher education, which only a University can give, are greater than those of the Protestants, and that their keenness for such advantages is at least equal to that of their more favored fellow-countrymen. That fact is a matter of statistics into which no sentiment need enter. A comparison of the numbers of Catholic and Protestant students, who have passed examinations in the Royal University and in those held under the Intermediate Board of Education, will abundantly prove it.

One must remember the history of Dublin University from its inception up to the present time to understand the existing state of affairs, and it will be seen that while the governing

body of Trinity College has adhered to the principles of its foundation, as far as legislation did not from time to time intervene, the demands of the Catholic Hierarchy have been no less clearly defined.

On March 3, 1591, a College was incorporated by charter, as "The Mother of a University," under the style and title of "The College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin, founded by Queen Elizabeth."

Appropriately enough the site chosen for the new College was that whereon stood the ruins of the old monastery of All Hallows, which had belonged to the Augustinians. On the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the building, together with its extensive lands in the vicinity, were granted to the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin as a reward for their loyalty and assistance during the rebellion of Silken Thomas. Fifty years later, in response to the appeal of Archbishop Loftus, the Mayor and Aldermen of the City granted the site of the monastery for the intended College.

The object of the foundation, as stated in the charter, was "for the education, training, and instruction of youths and students . . . that they may be better assisted in the study of the liberal Arts and in the cultivation of virtue and *religion*."

The religion was, of course, to be that of the Reformed Church. If there should be any doubt on that particular, the letter which Queen Elizabeth wrote to her Deputy, Sir William Fitz-William, under the date December 29, 1592, may dispel it. In that letter she gives as a reason for the granting of the site of the Abbey of All Hallows for the founding of a college for learning.

> Whereby knowledge and civility might be increased by the instruction of our people there, whereof many have usually heretofore used to travaile into France, Italy, and Spaine to gett learning in such foreigne universities, whereby they have been infected with *poperie* and other ill qualities, and soe became evill subjects.

The "many" referred to must be those who, before the suppression of the monasteries, obtained their education at the monastery of All Hallows and other such seats of learning.

This is partly borne out by the petition of the Catholic

Prelates of Ireland, which was presented to James II. in 1689.

It is quoted in Dr. Stubb's "History of the University of Dublin," from the *Dublin Magazine* for August, 1762, and without alteration might stand as representing the claims of the Catholic Hierarchy to-day. It runs as follows:

> Humbly sheweth
>
> That the Royal College of Dublin is the only University of this Kingdom, and now wholly at your Majesty's disposal, the teachers and scholars having deserted it.
>
> That before the Reformation it was common to all the natives of this country, as the other most famous Universities of Europe to theirs, respectively, and the ablest Scholars of this Nation preferred to be professors and teachers therein, without any distinction of orders, congregations, or politic bodies, other than that of true merit, as the competent judges of learning and piety, after a careful and just scrutiny did approve.
>
> That your petitioners being bred in foreign Colleges and Universities, and acquainted with many of this nation, who in the said Universities purchased the credit and renown of very able men in learning, do humbly conceive themselves to be qualified for being competent and proper judges of the fittest to be impartially presented to your Majesty, and employed as such directors and teachers (whether secular or regular clergymen) as may best deserve it, which as is the practice of other Catholic Universities, so it will undoubtedly prove a great encouragement to learning and very advantageous to this Nation entirely devoted to your Majesty's interest.
>
> Your petitioners, therefore, do most humbly pray that your Majesty may be graciously pleased to let your Irish Catholic subjects make use of the said College for the instruction of their youth, and that it may be a general seminary for the Clergy of this Kingdom, and that either all the bishops, or such of them as your Majesty will think fit (by your Royal authority and commission), present the most deserving persons to be directors and teachers in the said College, and to oversee it, to the end it may be well ruled and truly governed, and pure orthodox doctrine, piety, and virtue be taught and practised therein, to the honor and glory of God, propagation of his true religion, and general good of your Majesty's subjects in this realm, as in duty bound they will ever pray, etc.§

Such a petition is, after all, not very remarkable as coming from the representatives of a people overwhelmingly Catholic to a Catholic Sovereign.

On what he calls the "astonishing preamble" to this petition, Dr. Mahaffy has the following characteristic note in the *Book of Trinity College*, 1892: "This golden age of Irish University education may well be relegated to the other golden ages of mythology."

It seems strange that a historian of some repute, like Dr. Mahaffy, should ignore the evidences of pre-Reformation learning in Ireland which foreign scholars have found in such abundance in the Library of Trinity College.

James II. had little opportunity of making changes. He appointed a Catholic priest, Dr. Michael Moore, as Provost, and it is interesting to learn that to his efforts and to those of another priest, Teague MacCarthy, Chaplain to the King, the Library and Manuscripts were saved in the general disorder.

Perhaps it is due to this circumstance that Dr. Moore's successors have sometimes treated with a sceptical indifference these evidences of Irish industry and learning belonging to a time when the Protestant College had not been thought of.

From its inception, then, Trinity College was a Society for the propagation of the Reformed Faith, and none save those who conformed, outwardly at least, to the new profession, were allowed to participate in her benefits.

A Catholic priest, one Thaddaeus O'Farrihy, in the reign of James I., entered the College. The confession he made afterwards is as follows:

> I entered the College of Heretics, in the City of Dublin, in Ireland, on account of poverty; and I was received, because I signified to the Head of that College that I would follow their Sect or Religion; saying also that I was a Catholic priest. Wherefore they received me kindly, and supported me, so that I was in want of nothing; and they instructed me in the doctrine of a certain author Ramus, in the science of Logic, which author is a heretic; and I used to be present at their sermons and prayers; and in all respects I lived outwardly according to their custom; and I continued in the said College during the space of about ten months, eating flesh on every day without distinction, neither celebrating Mass nor hearing it, and not confessing my sins sacramentally.

As a penance for his temporary lapse from the observances of the faith in which he had been brought up, Father O'Farrihy was condemned to fast every Friday for three years with only bread and water for his sustenance, to recite the Seven Penitential Psalms once a week, and to visit seven Privileged Altars, which does not appear to be a very heavy punishment for his offence.

Until the year 1793, or just two hundred years after the foundation, Catholics were not eligible for degrees in the University, since every candidate for a degree was required to make a declaration against Popery, which was prescribed by Act of Parliament, and also take an oath to the same effect as prescribed by the College Statutes.

Before this date certain Catholics and other Nonconformists had been from time to time students of the College, but only with the connivance of the authorities who did not require them to attend religious services.

An Act of the Irish Parliament, followed by a Royal Statute of the College, in 1794 removed this disability, but it was nearly eighty years later that Catholics or other dissenters from the established religion were eligible for fellowships or scholarships on the foundation of the College.

In 1854 non-foundation scholarships were established for those who were not members of the Established Church, and at length, in 1873, the late Mr. Fawcett succeeded in having an Act of Parliament passed whereby all religious tests were abolished and all offices and appointments in the College, with the exception of professorships and lectureships in theology, were thrown open to every one, irrespective of his religious beliefs.

But, so far as Catholics were concerned, these concessions came too late, even if they might at any time have been accepted, and all Catholics who sought their education in Trinity College were subjected to an ecclesiastical censure, which varied according to the social position of the delinquent and his courage to set it at naught.

An attempt was made later to effect a compromise, and the then Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin was approached with a view to obtaining his approval of the appointment of a Catholic Dean, who should reside within the College and safeguard the religious interests of the members of his church. But this suggestion was met by a direct negative from the Cardinal.

As the political power of the Catholic Hierarchy increased through the Irish Parliamentary Party, as consolidated and led by the genius of the late Mr. Parnell, the Bishops became less inclined to accept a compromise. They were on the winning side; Home Rule was but a question not of years but of months; they could afford to wait until then. The bitterness of the controversy was intense. A distinguished Professor of Dublin University, himself a Catholic, in answering a clerical opponent, declared that three-fourths of the intellect and education in Ireland was on the side of the Protestants. This statement was greeted with intense anger. The present Archbishop of Dublin declared that the Catholics would be satisfied with nothing less than a Catholic University, endowed and equipped in every particular equal with Trinity College. The question had now passed quite beyond the sphere of reason and argument.

Among certain of the religious orders there was a feeling that the hierarchy had been ill-advised in not accepting the compromise, and as Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, had suggested long before, endeavoring to capture Trinity College by the peaceful means of flooding it with the clever Catholic youths of the country.

In 1873 Mr. Gladstone had introduced a bill into the House of Commons, which, although in many particulars necessarily incomplete and unsatisfactory, yet contained the germ of what may be a final settlement. Roughly speaking, the aim of the measure was to establish a number of colleges in Ireland, affiliated to Trinity College, and all under the one University of Dublin. Mental and Moral Science and History were to be excluded from the University examinations, and the Professorships in these branches were to be abolished. The provisions for endowment were hopelessly inadequate, and, if the Bill had become law, it is to be feared that Trinity College would have been financially ruined without a step being advanced nearer to a truly National University. Neither was there any provision for the endowment of a Catholic College, and so the Bishops, as might be expected, strongly opposed the Bill, which was, on a division, defeated by a small majority.

By the Irish Church Act, 1869, the College lost, not however without compensation, the right of presentation to a number of benefices in its gift. These livings were usually given

to Fellows who, by reason of age or inclination, were desirous of the less laborious life of a country parish, and they afforded a useful expedient for supplying the places of the aged with younger men. This is now no longer possible, and the consequence is that the College must still support the Fellows whether they are capable of work or not.

There are at present, besides the Provost, seven Senior Fellows and twenty-four Junior Fellows—one of the latter being elected every year. There are also some thirty-eight Professors of the University.

In 1886, when I entered the College, there were 1,308 students on the books. In 1903 that number had fallen by 372 to 936. How is this alarming decrease to be accounted for? It is true that about 75 per cent of the Irish people decline to avail themselves of the educational system to which the College had adhered, but, as at least an equal proportion has always done so, the decrease cannot be attributed to this cause. A small and, as I think, negligible number of students has, no doubt, been attracted by the facilities which the Royal University affords for obtaining degrees with small pecuniary expense. But most of the Protestant students who enter the Royal University in preference to Trinity come from Ulster; and from that part of Ireland, and more especially from Belfast, comparatively few students seek their education from the University of Dublin.

The real reason of the falling off in the number of the students and the consequent financial crisis which Trinity College has now to face, is to be sought, not in the hostility of the Catholics, which has always existed, but in the lack of patriotism and of loyalty which its nominal friends have shown towards the University.

For many years the Irish nobility and great landlords of the country have, almost without exception, boycotted Trinity College, and yet now, when a scheme of reform is mooted, they cry out with one voice that no change will be tolerated which will make Trinity College less purely Protestant than it has ever been, or will admit under the University of Dublin any college wherein the religion of the bulk of the population shall be observed.

Let us see upon what grounds these gentlemen claim to speak with so much authority. Loyalty to the Union has al-

ways been a passion with the governing body of the College and with the students also. But in pre-Union days the Irish Parliament was the most generous patron and benefactor of the Dublin College, and vast sums of money were voted to its building and equipment.

A considerable number of the nobility were satisfied with the education to be obtained in Dublin.

Between the years 1725 and 1734 I find that the Lords Mount Cashel, Tullamore, Strangford, and Massarene were members of the College. So also was Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an example that might well have been imitated by subsequent Viceroys. There were also in those years nearly a hundred Fellow Commoners on the books. From the point of view of revenue these two classes were very important, since the Fellow Commoners paid double and the *Filii Nobilium* four times the fees of the Pensioners. In 1895 there were *five* Fellow Commoners. Since 1887 I find less than half a dozen sons of hereditary peers on the College books. One of them is the present Lord Plunket, eldest son of the late Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. The second son, however, went to Harrow and Corpus Christi, Cambridge. Lord Muskerry's heir is also a member of Trinity College.

Of the twenty-eight Irish representative peers I cannot discover that any one of them, with the exception of the Earl of Rosse, has had any connection with Trinity College.

The Earl of Rosse is Chancellor of the University of Dublin, of which he is a graduate, but his eldest son and heir, Lord Oxmantown, went to Eton and Oxford.

Was it not worth some little sacrifice on the part of these noble lords to keep the fire of Protestantism burning purely in Elizabeth's old College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity?

Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh, both first Barons, were educated at Trinity College, and have proved most generous benefactors of the Society. But Lord Ardilaun has no son and Lord Iveagh's heir went to Eton and Cambridge.

Even Professor Mahaffy, who might have been expected to have some loyalty to the University in which he lectured, sent both his sons to English Universities, the elder, it is true, after a brief sojourn at Dublin.

Is it to be wondered at that as many as could afford it fol-

lowed so influential a lead as that given them by the Irish nobility?

Moreover, the governing body of the College, in their devotion to the Union, taught the desirability of drawing closer to England, and ignored the logical outcome of such teaching, which was to engender in the minds of their students the desire to be educated in England.

The result has been that the University of Dublin has lost the loyalty of them she sought to serve, without making any effort to gain the loyalty of them that might serve her, if given the opportunity so to do.

Much has been written from time to time of the "atmosphere" of Trinity College. What that atmosphere is may be best understood by a knowledge of the *personnel* of the students and the class from which they come. They come from nearly every class, since the desire for University education is common to all Irishmen to an extent that, to my mind, militates seriously against their success in business. Of course, in saying this, I am leaving out Belfast as being more a Scotch than an Irish city.

The Protestant professional men and Castle officials, civil servants, well-to-do business men, and clergy in the city, probably supply the largest number of students. The same class comes from the country towns, though in smaller numbers, and, in addition, the sons of farmers and shopkeepers, if they have ability enough to win sizarships and exhibitions which will help them to obtain a profession.

No other means of livelihood is, outside Belfast, considered to be at all comparable with that of a learned profession.

A minority of the students is composed of the sons of the smaller landowners and of land agents, often themselves small landlords, who from patriotic motives, or because they are unable to bear the greater expense of an English University, send their sons to Dublin.

They are largely responsible for the political and social tone of the College, and their views are perhaps necessarily somewhat narrow and intolerant.

The national question has been so closely connected with the land question, that the one has involved the other. This accounts, to a large extent, for the bitter hostility of the members of Trinity against Nationalism of any sort. If any preju-

dice is shown against Catholics, it is not so much because of their religious, as because of their political, creed. So far as religion is concerned, the "atmosphere" is negative, and a religious discussion outside the Divinity School is of the rarest occurrence. Indeed, I know of one case where a student spent four years in Trinity College, and at the end of that time found that several of his intimate friends were unaware of what religion he professed.

As most of the students are the sons of comparatively poor men, the winning of prizes is a matter of no small moment to them, and from this it may be imagined that there is a good deal of the mill and the grindstone about the educational life. The decay of the Protestant schools, especially during the last fifty years, also has had the effect of making the tutorial work more difficult, since the lecturers have often to combine the duties of a Public School form master with those of a College lecturer.

Even with substantial endowments, the Protestant schools, with a few exceptions, only contrive to exist, for the simple reason that the wealthier Protestants prefer to send their sons to England to be educated. The salary for a schoolmaster with the highest qualifications in Ireland is about that of an ordinary London clerk, and the Protestant schoolmaster, taking rank according to his means, has not the compensation of personal admiration and respect which the Catholic obtains under like conditions.

It is true that the Catholic lay teacher is, so far as regards pecuniary reward, in even a worse plight than his Protestant colleague, since most, if indeed not all, of the Catholic Colleges are officered by clerical teachers, belonging to Religious Orders, who receive, of course, no salary for their work. Of that question, which is, however, outside the scope of this article, much will doubtless be heard later on.

Of the few Catholics who do become students at Trinity College, there need not much be said. They are, almost to a man, the sons of well-to-do parents who have disregarded ecclesiastical censure and who, as a rule, profess an anti-Nationalist creed. They often excel in the games, but their names are rarely found in the Honors' lists.

In answer to the question put by Ford Robertson, Chairman of the Royal Commission on University Education in Ire-

land, 1901, as to whether any virtue was to be attached to the provision that the contemplated Catholic University should not exclude Protestant students from its Arts or professional classes, Mr. H. S. McIntosh, M.A., Headmaster, Methodist College, Belfast, Representative of the Protestant Schoolmasters' Association, and one of the most experienced and successful educationalists in Ireland, answered:

> I attach the very greatest importance to it. I believe what is usually spoken of as antipathy between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland is not antipathy but aloofness. I think it a most deplorable thing that they do not mix more. The more they mix the better. I believe, if my idea was carried out, it would be extremely desirable that the Catholic University should open its doors to Protestant students who chose to go there, and I call your attention to the fact that the Catholic teaching bodies have never shown themselves in the least bit averse to have Protestants on their staff. . . . I am a Methodist, and therefore a dissenter. In the south of Ireland, if you examine the statistics of the population, you will find that the farming classes are mostly Catholic, the country gentry mostly Episcopalians, while in the country towns the shopkeepers are Nonconformists of some kind. There is either no Protestant school, or at least a very feeble one . . . and *I don't see any hope for the Protestants of the south of Ireland unless they avail themselves of the Catholic schools.* . . . I know cases where Protestant boys have been sent to Catholic schools (Sec. 3,033. Minutes of Evidence before the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland, 1901).

Such evidence, coming from the head of a great Nonconformist Protestant College in Ireland, needs no comment.

Oxford has been called the home of lost causes. Trinity College, Dublin, might, with equal aptness, be called the home of lost ideals. It is, indeed, a very matter-of-fact place, with a cynical contempt for tradition or romance, especially for the romance which belongs to Irish history. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Trinity College is the only place in Ireland where its former scholars, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and Thomas Davis, are forgotten or remembered vaguely with indifference. But the majority of the people have forgiven Elizabeth's University for their sakes, and for the sakes, less worthy, of Grattan, of Flood, of Curran, and of other members

of the University, who, whatever their motives, represented in a more or less loyal manner the aspirations of the majority of the Irish people.

But for all its imperfections, its lack of sympathy, Trinity College remains the one successful English institution in Ireland. Of scholars, statesmen, soldiers, and Empire builders, Dublin University has supplied more than her share. Her motto has been "success," and who shall say that that aim has not been achieved, or that she may not claim, despite everything, despite the circumstances which have excluded three-fourths of the people from participating in her work, "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris*"?

A still more glorious future is before her when once the barriers, which stand in the way of her development, are removed and she has become a National University in deed and in truth. From a new College, so constituted as to be acceptable to the majority of the people, the older College would have nothing to fear, but much to gain by the stimulus of healthy rivalry. From such a Society, composed chiefly of the more quick-witted "natives," the University would derive as much advantage as, by her prestige, she could confer, and might at length go far towards realizing Newman's dream as recorded by Lord Blanchford, "of an intellectual supremacy, which shall make Dublin the Athens of modern civilization, the centre of mind and letters to all who speak the great English language which is overspreading the world."

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THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his charming essay on Eugénie de Guérin—an essay which may be said to have presented the French diarist to English readers—lays stress on the two great influences which moulded her mind, and made her the intellectual companion of her far abler brother. These influences were first, the austere beauty of her surroundings, and secondly, the fewness and excellence of her books. She lived a life of patriarchal and patrician simplicity in her lonely Languedoc chateau, taking part in all the household work, spending hours in the vast old kitchen amid the shining pots and pans; but none the less a grande demoiselle, bearing a noble name, whom the peasants held in reverence as well as in affection. Her mind was both receptive and critical, her vivid fancy being held down to orderly processes by a trained intelligence, and a singularly clear understanding. Books were the delight of her heart, the coveted recreation of her leisure hours; yet in the forty-three years of her life she probably read fewer than the average American girl, living within a stone's throw of a public library, skims over in a couple of summers. On her own little book shelves were some two score volumes (Montaigne, it will be remembered, had only twice as many); and the acquisition of a new treasure was a rare and memorable event. When her father brought her back from Clairac *Ivanhoe*, and a volume of French history, she was enchanted to think what provision they would make for the long silent winter nights.

But of what character were the few books which played so important a part in the life of this recluse, this intelligent and spiritual young Frenchwoman, who has won for herself a narrow but enduring place in letters? At least one-half of them, the half best loved, were devotional: Bossuet's *Meditations;* the *Imitation of Christ;* the *Introduction to a Devout Life* of St. Francis de Sales. When she was but fourteen she read—with little understanding, she confesses, yet with infinite de-

light—Bossuet's beautiful *Funeral Orations*, which her brother Erembert had brought back from college; and the piercing eloquence, the majestic cadences of this great master of style penetrated her childish heart. When one reads Bossuet at fourteen, one does not lightly stoop to the vulgar and the trivial; and Mlle. de Guérin's fastidious taste instinctively rejected the meretricious. Especially was this the case with fiction, that stumbling block of youth. She read *Waverly* in a passion of sustained interest, and with many tears; but when chance threw in her path a foolish historical novel called *The Chamber of Poisons*, the kind of story which our public libraries furnish by the score, and which our young people vastly prefer to Scott, she laid it aside with contempt. Yet her longing for books finds constant expression in her diary, and would be pathetic did we not know that it is this longing—now almost unknown—which gives to literature its just value and its enduring charm. She writes patiently:

> I want St. Theresa's letters. I saw them in the hands of a poor servant girl. But who knows? Holy things come within the reach of the heart, and of every pious mind. I have often observed that a person who seems simple and ignorant in the eyes of the world is marvelously well-versed in the things of God.

If sincere piety and unselfish devotion purified and elevated Mlle. de Guérin's soul, the books she read stamped her mind with the seal of distinction. Their influence is everywhere discernible, lending color and delicacy to the simplest actions of her life. When she lays out the family linen to dry and bleach on the grass, she thinks of Homer's Nausicaa, and of those biblical princesses who washed their brothers' tunics. When she spends a whole day in the kitchen, and is disposed to be wearied thereby, she remembers that St. Catherine of Siena took delight in cooking, and found it gave her subjects in plenty for meditation. "I should think so," comments Mlle. de Guérin whimsically; "if it were only the sight of the fire, and the little burns one gets, which makes one ponder on Purgatory." When she lifts down a heavy cauldron, and her father tells her he does not like to see her so employed, she reminds him that St. Bonaventure was scrubbing the convent pans when an envoy arrived, bringing him the Cardinal's hat. Whether she be reading Plato, or *Les Pré-*

cieuses Ridicules, or the legend of St. Nicaise who sent a young disciple, armed only with his stole, to subdue and bind a dragon that was devastating Gaul, there is always the quality of imagination and of distinction to vivify her mind. It is this quality which gives the journal its delicate grace, and it is this quality which Mr. Arnold unhesitatingly ascribes to the religious atmosphere which surrounded her from childhood, to the nobleness and amplitude of Catholicism. I can quote but one paragraph of the many, in which, while rejecting Catholic dogma and Catholic discipline, he lays peculiar stress on the beautiful accessories of Catholic life.

> While I was reading the journal of Mlle. de Guérin there came into my hands the memoir and poems of a young Englishwoman, Miss Emma Tatham; and one could not but be struck with the singular contrast which the two lives —in their setting rather than in their inherent quality— present. Miss Tatham had not, certainly, Mlle. de Guérin's talent; but she had a sincere vein of poetic feeling, a genuine aptitude for composition. Both were fervent Christians, and, so far, the two lives have a real resemblance; but, in the setting of them, what a difference! The Frenchwoman is a Catholic in Languedoc; the Englishwoman is a Protestant at Margate; Margate, that brick-and-water image of English Protestantism, representing it in all its prose, all its uncomeliness, let me add, all its salubrity. Between the external form and fashion of these two lives, between the Catholic Mlle. de Guérin's *nadalet* at the Languedoc Christmas, her chapel of moss at Easter-time, her daily reading of the life of a saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples, her quoting, when she wants to fix her mind upon the staunchness which the religious aspirant needs, the words of St. Macedonius to a hunter whom he met in the mountains: "I pursue after God, as you pursue after game";—her quoting, when she wants to break a village girl of disobedience to her mother, the story of the ten disobedient children whom at Hippo St. Augustine saw palsied;—between all this and the bare, blank, narrowly English setting of Miss Tatham's Protestantism, her "union in church fellowship with the worshippers at Hawley Square Chapel, Margate"; her "young female teachers belonging to the Sunday-school," and her "Mr. Thomas Rowe, a venerable class-leader,"—what a dissimilarity! In the ground of the two lives a likeness; in all their circumstance, what unlikeness! An unlikeness, it will

be said, in that which is non-essential and indifferent. Non-essential,—yes; indifferent,—no. The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter; it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*

That the beauty and distinction of Catholicism are lost to a great many Catholics is a fact which Mr. Arnold naturally failed to take into consideration. He was writing of a cultivated Frenchwoman, to whom the note of universality made its just appeal; to whom the figures of St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure were as familiar as the figures of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin. The Church which

"plants a cross on every pine-girt ledge,
A chancel by each river's lilied edge,"

is the Church that gave Eugénie de Guérin, not only strength and consolation for her soul, but the necessary stimulus for her intellect, and an abiding principle of taste. It might do the same for many Catholics in our own country and generation, were their cultivation wide enough and deep enough to permit them to discern this note of universality, were they able to escape from the cramping influence of an imperfect and one-sided education.

In the first place, the whole trend of English letters has been for two hundred years either Protestant or rationalistic. After we leave Shakespeare, whose plays are steeped in the spirit and sentiment of Catholicism, of a wide sunlit creed, accessible to men of all races and of all conditions, we lose (save for a by-path here and there) the trace of Catholic thought, or of direct Catholic inspiration. Indirectly, indeed, it softens and humanizes every page of Scott's historical novels; but Sir Walter was probably not so fully aware of this fact as we are. He meant to be a good Protestant throughout. For many years after the triumphant establishment of the Church of England, no Popish book or pamphlet, published on the Continent, might be imported by English Catholics without an especial license from the Archbishop of Canterbury; and even when this license had been given, it was the duty of the Archbishop or of some member of the privy council to examine the book, and decide if the importer should be permitted to have it. When we think what a tone was given to a nation's reading by so stern a restriction as this, we can understand what Cardinal Newman

meant when he said that the English Catholics of his day were but striving to create a current in the direction of Catholic truth, while the great tide of English literature was flowing, and had long been flowing, in another direction. English historians, and American historians after them, have been so determinedly Protestant that it is well-nigh impossible for the average school child, the average student, the average reader to be wholly uninfluenced by them.

I say "average" advisedly, and without contempt. What if German historians, learned, accurate, unimpassioned, have patiently sifted that curious medley of truth and fiction which the English call history, and have dissipated, in so doing, a host of cherished illusions. The grammar school graduate, the normal school graduate, and very often the college graduate of the United States know nothing of such researches. They read Macaulay and Froude and Green, Prescott and Parkman and Motley; and the impression left by these special advocates of Protestantism is that the Catholic Church has been the opponent of religious liberty and of intellectual growth; that she has habitually condoned evil for her own aggrandizement; and that the nations whom she controls are fated to lose ground in the keen struggle for priority. School histories follow the same general trend. They devote much space and much eloquence to denouncing ecclesiastical abuses, and they give an air of liberality to their pages by saying a few patronizing words about monkish scholarship, and the gentle art of illuminating. Of that great humanizing element in the world's life, a common faith, a sovereign Church, they take but little heed. It is not sufficiently important in their eyes.

> "In God's name, then, what plague befell us,
> To fight for such a thing?"

the Catholic may well ask. It has been wisely observed that if the power of the State, the development of civic government, had been treated by historians with as little understanding as they have treated the power of the Church, we might all confess the comprehensive character of our ignorance.

When we leave history for the well-trodden field of fiction, the outlook is even more disheartening. There is less of open hostility to the Catholic Church, but there is little or nothing to illustrate her sweetness and her grace. Of historical novels it is hardly possible to speak with patience. They are, for the

most part, a tissue of cheap absurdities, betraying only the commonest point of view, and an easy acquiescence in long discredited traditions. The wide sympathy, the patient and profound insight into human nature, which made it possible for Scott to draw his immortal picture of Louis XI. in *Quentin Durward*, are qualities unknown and unestimated by the historical novelists of to-day. Mr. Marion Crawford had his opportunity to do for Philip II. of Spain what Scott did for Louis, and it is hard to forgive so able, so cultivated, and so sympathetic a writer for languidly refusing the task. Philip, with his stern fanaticism, his seething passions and iron self-control, his steadfastness of principle and contempt for opportunism, his mistakes, his atonements, and his heroic fortitude, is one of the most complex and interesting characters in history. That Mr. Crawford, of all novelists, should have been content to portray him in *The Palace of the King* as a cheap stage villain, a mere foil for the shining stage virtues of Don John, is inexplicable. We are—or should be—accustomed by this time to such obvious treatment of a difficult subject; but not from the pen of a scholarly and fastidious writer—the author of *Ave Roma* and *The Rulers of the South*.

Pure travesties, like Mr. Hall Caine's *Eternal City*, cannot be seriously criticised. A novel which confines a modern political prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, and describes the Pope as dropping around in the afternoons for a friendly chat, and —apparently—a cup of tea with the captive, had best be left where it belongs, on the shelves of the circulating library. Neither should French fiction, like M. Zola's *Rome* and *Lourdes*, come within the scope of this paper, were it not for the fact that translations of these books are also among the attractions offered by libraries to young Catholic readers, who are too ignorant to resist their influence. The forcefulness of M. Zola's work beats down feeble convictions. His off-hand treatment of the Church and all she represents, his frank assumption that a six weeks' residence in Rome suffices for an absolute mastery of the Eternal City and her eternal mission, his easy reduction of things spiritual to the level of a school chemistry, dazzle the untrained mind. True that, as a keen English critic reminds us, "it is not possible for any one who has come into vital contact with the great current of Christian thought to fall back on an elementary manual of physics as the long-sought-for key to the universe." The trouble is that the aver-

age American Catholic has *not* come into vital contact with the great current of Christian thought, and that consequently he or she is more liable to errors of the understanding. True also that Mr. Henry James has expressed in one remarkable sentence the natural aversion of the fastidious and cultivated mind for the excesses of M. Zola's art.

> When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste; and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like *Rome*, which are without intellectual modesty, books like *Fécundité*, which are without a sense of the ridiculous, books like *Vérité*, which are without the finer vision of human experience.

The trouble is again that the average American Catholic lacks delicacy of taste, which is by no means nature's free gift to the well-intentioned. It took an inheritance of refinement, an austere beauty of life, solitude, meditation, and familiarity with a few great writers to give Eugénie de Guérin her rare distinction of mind.

We must all, however, be limited, as well as assisted, by circumstance, we must find our way as best we can with the help of our own intelligence, and our own imperfect sympathies. They need not lead us very far astray. There are a great many good books in the world, and some of them must be within our reach. When I was a little girl, Catholic schools placed in the hands of Catholic children a certain number of feeble and flavorless stories, which were so permeated with religious discussion that we skipped five pages out of seven. They were in effect light-armored controversies, and not real stories at all, every incident and every conversation being so arranged and circumscribed as to lead up to the inevitable conversion of the particularly obdurate Protestant who was introduced to us in the first chapter. We read these books because we had little else to read, but they left in our minds a decisive though uncatalogued distaste for pious fiction. There were few of them that could bear comparison with such a novel as *One Poor Scruple*, by Mrs. Wilfred Ward,—a bad title, but a charming tale, and not too incredible for acceptance. Religious heroism remains a visible trait of the Church which "has always had within her a fountain of redeeming vitality to save her from the consequences of invading worldliness." They were still further removed (these playthings of contro-

versy) from the powerful realism of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, in which we see the clash of hereditary Catholicism and hereditary disbelief, of the intellect trained to submission to authority, and the intellect trained to revolt. Laura's painful, fruitless effort to readjust her mind, her helpless incapacity for self-surrender, her forlorn courage and tragic death strike stern conviction to the reader's heart. This is what it means to wither the soul with unbelief. This is the paralysis of inborn, inbred scepticism. And this is what education, barren of grace, does for the responsive child.

When we leave the field of controversy, and turn with relief to Mr. Henry Harland's three admirable stories, we realize at once the charm of a Catholic atmosphere, unfretted by dispute. To what but Catholicism do these stories owe their inspiration? What else gives them their grace and sweetness? Yet they are guiltless of argument, and wholly unconcerned with the theological convictions of their Protestant readers. Rather do they seem to take for granted that the reading world is as Catholic as themselves; and it is this intimate directness of speech, this smiling disavowal of complications, which makes them so perfect of their kind. It is the attitude of the old chroniclers, Froissart and Philip de Commines, who are never hostile and argumentative like modern historians, because they take no count of opposition. When Mr. Harland suddenly observes: "You know the hidden and unutterable sweetness of the Mass"; we smile to think how easily he—an Englishman writing for Englishmen—takes it for granted that they do know anything of the kind. And when, in *The Lady Paramount*, he describes Susanna and Anthony hearing Mass together, it is with a perfect sureness of touch, a serene certainty that admits no shadow of disaffection.

> They were offering the Holy Sacrifice side by side, they were sharing the Sacred Mysteries. It seemed to Anthony that by this they were drawn close to each other, and placed in a new relation, a relation that was far beyond the mere acquaintanceship of yesterday, that in a very special and beautiful manner was intimate. . . . In spirit, for the time, were they not one, united in the awe and the wonder, the worship and the love of the Presence that had come, that was filling the dim and silent little chapel with a light eyes were not needed to see, with music ears were not needed to hear?

It was said, perhaps with truth, that England lost a poet when Father Faber became a priest. She certainly gained a novelist when Mr. Harland became a Catholic.

It is the same serenity of touch which lends charm and *vraisemblance* to Father Sheehan's best stories, notably *My New Curate*, which differs from the pious fiction of my childhood, as only reality can differ from nullity. It clears Mr. Yeats' plays of rancor, and steeps them in an atmosphere of poetry. It gives grace and finish to Mrs. Meynell's essays, which are the work of a *précieuse*, wedded to steadfast things. It makes Mr. Aubrey de Vere's verse pellucid as running water, and of a delicate and ennobling gravity. If the list of English Catholic writers be still a very small one, it is enlarging with every generation; while the list of English writers whose sympathy with Catholic ideals makes them peculiarly welcome to Catholic readers is already so large that we seem to be entering upon a new area of thought. Fancy an English secular newspaper printing in our grandfather's day such a sentiment as this:

> Newman was really the first English cleric since the Reformation to look over the garden wall of Anglicanism, and to contrast with the trim lawns of the Establishment—artificial, sheltered, at once confined and spacious—the incomparable luxuriance of nature, and the depth and breadth of the religious spirit, as he caught its echoes sounding from the days of the catacombs, through the long forests of Mediæval wanderings, into the broad champaign of the modern world.

I held my breath when I read that sentence in the *Spectator*, not only on account of its length, but because of its amazing profession of faith. Surely the time has come when an educated Catholic may hope, by a discreet avoidance of acute rationalism on the one side, and of vapid frivolity on the other, by limiting her demands upon the circulating library, and by cultivating an honest refinement of taste, to gain some of that mental distinction which won for Eugénie de Guérin the admiration of the great prince critic of England.

A WHIMSICAL MAN.

BY E. BOYLE O'REILLY.

THERE is an old traveler I sometimes picture, who went over Europe on horseback three hundred years ago, who never journeyed in a straight line, but let every whim sway him as to the route. If the road were bad to the right, he took that to the left, if he found he had passed what he wished to see, he turned back; and I fancy this old Frenchman has lighted on the secret of all good travelers.

It is a far cry from his time to ours, and a bicycle may be a poor substitute for a horse, but with it even in these days one may loiter at ease through Europe.

When, after many visits to the pictures of the Mauritshuis, I at length decided that nothing was so exhausting as a gallery, I sought the nearby woods. I seated myself on a bench, and congratulated the thrifty nation that has preserved this forest of beauty within a minute's reach of the heart of a city. For a peaceful hour the wilderness belonged to me alone. Then an interloper came wandering down the pathway.

She was slight and tall, and strolled leisurely along. Unconscious of another worshipper in the old count's enclosure, she was smiling slightly to herself in absolute contentment. When I came within her line of vision she did not start. But she still half smiled as, for a second, her eyes passed over mine. Intuitively she may have felt that here was no alien, no disturbing unbelief, but a friend united with her for a moment's time by a bond of sympathy and kindred tastes. My eyes followed her down the pathway, till she was hidden from sight. Then I sat on and dreamed.

Some days later I journeyed on my wheel to Leiden. There, at the inn, I was greeted by fellow-travelers, a father and mother and their child of ten from the city of Chicago. Next day the child and I planned a trip on the Zuyder Zee.

So bright and early was our start that we were the first to reach the steamer. As the other tourists gathered, Adela

amused me by her grave fashion of looking them well over, as if she fancied they were eventually to be her friends.

We were on the point of starting, when five or six belated travelers were seen hurrying toward the wharf, and once more Adela sat erect. My own flagging interest received a sudden impetus. I, too, straightened myself, for, among them, now no longer in a revery but laughing gayly, came the lady of the Hague woods!

The only remaining chairs on the deck were those facing us, and this trivial circumstance gave me, in some unaccountable way that should have warned me whither I was drifting, a keener satisfaction than had been mine for years.

"They are the nicest of all," said Adela, and I warmly echoed her.

"But which is the very nicest of them?" I whispered, and her answer made me draw her closer when it came, without a moment's hesitation: "The tall lady, of course!"

There was a distinguished looking Englishman who, I fancied, was a military man. With him was a pleasing but not very striking girl, whom I put down as his daughter. But the nationality or relationship of the "tall lady" was not so obvious. The two remaining members of the party were Dutch; one a woman who apparently played the part of hostess; the other a man, not closely related to her, I decided, since his attentions to my lady of the wood were too marked.

I turned again to Adela.

"The tall lady is wondering if you are my papa," she told me slyly.

"How do you know that, little wizard?"

"Because she looks at me and then at you, but at you most," she answered, not wholly pleased.

"How old do you think she is?" I whispered.

Adela looked at her critically. "About fifty?" she hazarded.

"Oh, genuine daughter of Eve!" I cried.

"Younger?" asked the little girl, with honest, guileless eyes.

"Divide it by half," I answered.

In the course of that river trip I told, and I scarce know why, this little child Adela about the Aunt who had been as a mother to me, who, though long passed the age Adela has given the

"tall lady," had soft, white hair, and cheeks as pink as roses. I told her how a great many years ago, before Adela was born, when my Aunt was staying in the mountains, she had grown to love a beautiful American child whom a father, too selfish to assume responsibility, had sent to live in Switzerland. There, when she had gained sufficient knowledge of French and German, she was to be a governess. I told how my Aunt had taken her traveling with us that summer, and how it had almost broken her heart to leave the lonely little girl behind in a dreary home with strangers. And then the following spring my Aunt and I had been drawn irresistibly across the ocean again, and had found ourselves at the door of the Pension-School in Thun, asking for our little friend. Adela looked up at me with exquisite sympathy. She understood why I found it hard to go on.

"And she wasn't there?" she said softly.

"No; she had died during the winter," I answered.

"What was her name?" asked my interested listener.

"Not half so fine as Adela," I acknowledged. "It's a plain name, but sometimes I think it the sweetest name in the world. She was called Jane."

"Did she love you as much as me?" she asked, kind, if not grammatical.

"We were great chums, my Adela. We used to study flowers together, and I taught her how to draw. Perhaps it's because of Jane that I'm rather fond of little girls." And then Adela pursued her own trend of thought.

At length we steamed back to the city through the Zuyder Zee, and the travelers, somewhat jaded with the long day's expedition, gathered in the stern out of reach of the freshened wind. Adela and I were again close to them. Before long a drowsy little head nodded on my shoulder.

"She must he his daughter," I heard some one behind me say.

"I'm quite certain she's not," answered a low but distinct voice, whose quality haunted me.

"Still, Jeanne, he seems very fond of her," the English girl demurred.

"Some men are naturally fond of children," the first speaker said.

I was conscious of a conceited feeling of satisfaction that

covert observations and surmises lay not wholly on one side. Then self-conceit faded before the strangely moving knowledge that I now knew her name!

Three days have passed. Cologne is my stopping-place. And I miss Adela. I am uncommonly changed from the man who could never long tolerate a fellow-traveler. Companionship is a thought that now attracts me. To see these familiar places with another mind, to second and stimulate another mind, independent and equal, but attuned to one's own by sympathy. Where is she to be found, this compeer? Desire mocks me, till finally I am comforted by the vision of a tall fair woman, whose eyes glow at the recital of some golden deed, whose mouth softens into noble lines as she gazes on the beautiful and rare things of the earth, a woman whose voice is low and clear, and who answers to the name—Jeanne.

I have written it at last—Jeanne. It is not Adela I miss, alas! it is the disquieting lady of the Hague woods. Through these weeks past she has pursued me relentlessly. Through all that influences or moves my mind turns to her. I can fancy telling this dear companion thoughts forever dumb to a New England reserve. Jeanne would not misunderstand.

My sketching progressed but slowly, and, on returning to the church, I found that two ladies had invaded my chosen pew, and were examining the painting I had left there. A great wave of hope engulfed me as I recognized them—the slight, drooping English girl and her more stately friend. With my brain in a happy whirl that the long planned meeting was now an immediate certainty, since here at length lay a legitimate excuse for approaching, I rushed forward blindly.

The shock of a sudden collision with a decrepit worshipper brought me ignobly back to earth. With the hope that the warmth of my apologies would atone for their brevity, I quickly turned to escape, but I found that the poor soul held a firm clutch on my arm to steady herself. I threw a desperate glance at the two friends; my heart failed me—they seemed about to turn away.

Probably the poignant concern in my face was wrongly interpreted, for the old woman now set me free, and bravely declared she was not seriously shaken, a kindness that came too late; when I reached my sketch the pew was empty.

Another day and still another have been passed in the

church, from the morning service to the last office of evening. My sketch is no nearer completion.

The only conclusion reached is that, since she has not again come to the great church, she can be in the city no longer. To-morrow I think I shall start up the Rhine.

For me Coblentz has become a disturbing name. In her charming gardens beside the river I noticed the announcement of a military concert for the evening, and eight o'clock found me on the terrace.

My immediate neighbor on this occasion was a young man who found my Yankee visage as taking as I did his good-humored face, so that before long we were chatting together. His true, poetical appreciation of the scene before us—the huge fortress faintly outlined across the water, the spanning bridges, and the gleaming lights—was apparently not incompatible with a boisterous laugh that rang out on the slightest cause.

After a time the direction of my companion's eyes told me that he had found some attraction at a near-by table. His attentions had become too marked for good taste before I decided to leave my comfortable seat. As I was rising, I turned to see the cause of his breach of manners, and a cold shudder seized me, when I found myself face to face with her who had led me like a will-o'-the-wisp from Cologne.

She, too, was rising from the table, with a severe, cold face that resented the young boor's impertinence. The Englishman's back had been turned to the offender, but when his daughter spoke to him, his coleric British eye fell full upon me, as if I were the guilty one.

I looked piteously at the two ladies as they passed me. For a second it seemed permissible to follow and explain my false position; to be classed as an unmannerly fellow was a thought intolerable to bear. Then the absurdity of such a course came home to me. I cursed my fatal facility of speaking to strangers, as the boisterous laugh again echoed in my ears.

Unsettled and dissatisfied, I loitered in the gardens, and once plucked up enough courage to draw near them, but the non-seeing glance with which their eyes passed me over, told me clearly I was held guilty. Should such another chance as that of Cologne now offer, I could not seize it; no longer was I a fellow-traveler, to whom they might extend their acquaint-

ance. The old days of serenity, before I had fallen into this weak infatuation, rose invitingly before me, and I shook the dust of stupid little Coblentz from my feet.

A woman, who is ever ready to take an insult, I bravely told myself, has long been a pet aversion—why discard old theories for a stranger? I turned my back on the beaten track and its tourists hoards, and bicycled leisurely up the river, with jaunts into its side valleys as the mood led me; then through the fragrant pine forest of Darmstadt. Quite in the old spirit of self-sufficiency, uneventful, satisfying days followed each other, and day by day I tore down the palace I had reared to her in my soul.

Baden-Baden is hardly the chosen spot for a literary recluse, with a roll of proof sheets that must be gone over, but in Baden I am settled for a month.

Few walks equal these Black Forest ones, with the solemn gloom under their great trees, their brooks and sudden dells of flowers. For miles in all directions they stretch, not through rough unopened woods, like those of our native mountains, but far easier of access, yet none the less impressive.

Alas for human constancy! The cherished intimate "Jeanne" of a short time past has ceased to exist. She is no longer the lady of the wood, nor even Adela's "tall lady"; step by step, she has been banished to the cool secure region of the English girl's friendship, and my feeble burst of sentiment has ended.

A week of physical idleness at length drove me up the hillside to the castle. There I was placidly sipping beer in the ever-present "Restauration," when I heard my name sung out in a familiar home voice.

"Montgomery, you here!" cried my friend.

"What are *you* doing in this part of the world?" I demanded, with a hearty handshake, pleased at the encounter, for where Robert was, Elinor was likely to be.

"What are you doing yourself?" he returned.

"Working," I answered.

"It looks like it," he laughed. "Baden is just the place for work! Here are mother and Elinor dying with impatience to greet you."

"Have you been up in the ruins yet?" my fair countrywoman asked me as she gave me her hand; and, learning that I had not, continued: "When you're rested we will take the climb."

"We've been loafing in this place for hours," her brother told me. "Elinor is smitten with two English girls behind you."

"The tall one is *not* English," Elinor insisted as she looked over my shoulder.

"Pray—what do you think she is?" I asked, with an unmoved face, but a galloping heart that set at defiance my well-drilled apathy.

"She might almost be a girl at home," said Elinor, "if it were not for her voice."

"Is she pleasing to look upon?" I asked with assumed lightness.

Elinor surveyed me critically for a moment. "I imagine you know her," she said.

"Robert, is it worth my while turning to see?" I demanded frivolously; I, whom no power on earth could have induced to face again the displeased cold look of Coblentz.

"I must confess," he answered, "much as I hate to enlarge your big bump of conceit, Phil, that you've made an impression."

"When Robert so outrageously shouted your name," Elinor told me, "the tall girl started as if she knew it."

"She and her friend are devouring you with their eyes," her brother added.

"Why don't you turn around?" Elinor insisted.

"Because I know who she is already," I said, driven to stand at bay.

"Is she a great friend of yours?" she asked, with a slight note of displeasure. One of Elinor's charming failings, I found out long ago, was a certain intimate familiarity with her friends.

"You forget we're not in our native land," I returned. "Away from home one does not claim 'great friends,' as you put it, among young women."

"Philip is as insufferable as ever," she told her brother, and then turned to me point blank.

"Who is she?" she asked.

"She is a witch," I evaded. "Come up to the ruins."

As Robert and his mother did not attempt to climb to the top, my companion and I found ourselves alone on the upper gallery. We looked out over the forest trees at the hot, level plains that stretched away on the right to the distant Rhine; on our left rolled a green wilderness of hills.

I asked when she had left home.

"A month ago. We went through Holland first; and I found it on the whole rather stupid—we didn't meet a soul we knew."

"What would you say," I answered, "should I tell you that far from finding Holland commonplace, it seemed as full of marvels as the land east of the sun, west of the moon—if I should confide to you that I've had long hours of conversation with some one to whom I never spoke a word—if—"

"I should say you were strangely bewitched," Elinor interrupted.

"I sometimes think so myself. She was a spirit in a wood; and she's haunted me ever since."

"I wish you would talk sense, Philip," my companion begged. "You treat me as if I were a child."

"Alas, Elinor, how blind you are!" I said. "I was treating you as if you were a woman who might understand; and, by the way, my choicest behavior is given to children."

"I know it is," she said. "You were twice as pleasant to me years ago—when I was young. Do you remember how jealous I was when you and Aunt Hilda used to speak so much of the child you met abroad? Do you ever think of her now, Philip?"

"Since you must be treated as a woman of the world," I returned lightly, "my answer can't be given with its customary candor. Why, yes; now that you remind me, I once was rather amused by a lonely youngster somewhere in Switzerland. Ah! was it Thun? Haven't thought of her for a long time."

Not knowing how to take such dull persiflage, Elinor changed the conversation to my stay in Baden, my reasons for being there, etc. Then it turned to the subject of fellow-travelers, desirable and undesirable ones.

"For instance," said Elinor, "I should like immensely to know those two nice girls below. By the way, they climbed up here after us, and are in the next window recess, probably hearing every word we say. Philip, what *is* the matter with you, you're as nervous as a girl?"

"Can you recall what we've talked about?" I asked piteously, as my mind flew back over our conversation.

"You whet my curiosity, and then leave me in the dark,"

she said. "But I shall find my own way out. I shall speak to them myself"—an impulsive decision which was acted on instantly. My fair, audacious companion had left me, and I watched her accost the strangers with the gracious tact I have so often admired in her. It is hard to withstand Elinor's charm of manner when she is urged by a desire to please; nevertheless, I thought the English girl would be proof against it, till I heard her, evidently flattered and pleased, answering the beautiful young American. My brave Elinor! I thought; and, borrowing courage from her, I, too, drew near.

I stood beside the lady of the woods and she looked at me gently. It was not in the least awkward. It was as if she understood what this meeting meant to me, as if she read in my trembling glance the thoughts and conjectures she had raised, as if she knew but forgave the presumption that for two weeks of dreaming she had been "Jeanne" to me.

Elinor was looking at us with an expression of such mischievous amusement, that I broke the silence at hazard.

"Do you stay long in Baden?" I asked.

"We leave to-morrow," she answered.

"It's a lovely enough spot to stay in longer," I suggested, crestfallen. "The wood walks are idyllic—and you are happy among trees," I hazarded.

She flushed at my temerity. "Colonel Alford is anxious to get to Switzerland," she said. "I, too, I confess. It is home to me."

"You are Swiss?" I cried, not conscious of my unwarrantable surprise till I heard my own voice.

"I passed my childhood there, but I am not Swiss," she said.

I sat down on the stone ledge beside her; Elinor and the English girl had strolled to the end of the gallery. I watched her arrange some flowers, odd ones she had evidently plucked to analyze. The thought pierced me that she was to leave to-morrow, that fate might not yield another meeting, and the temptation rose to throw discretion to the winds, and let free the words that thronged for utterance. But I spoke calmly.

"I, too, am an old lover of Switzerland," I said. "What part is it that you know best?"

She hesitated somewhat, and I frowned in my effort to unravel the meaning of the amusement in her eyes.

"Around the lake of Thun," she answered.

"I wonder did you play as a child along the river in Thun. It's a spot I'm fond of. I've often sat there sketching."

"And often when playing there," she took me up, and her smile seemed to touch a far-off memory, "I've stopped to peer over the shoulder of some artist. Perhaps you were one of them," she said lightly.

"Then we may be old acquaintances?" I said, and her answering look again baffled me.

"I have a slight knowledge of what it may mean to be among the happy number of your friends," I continued, the thought of the morrow's departure lending me hardihood. "I have envied Miss Alford. Is she also as fond of Thun?"

"It is rather a sad place for her," she said. "Her mother is buried in the churchyard there." Then she added shyly: "It was in Thun we first knew each other."

"Won't you let me know how it was?" I begged, with an intense desire to have her talk to me. "Her mother died—"

"And Miss Alford was very ill. There were few in the town who spoke English, so I sometimes went to see her. I was teaching in a school there. When she left, she asked me to be her companion, and since then we have been together." She blushed, as if ashamed to have told this intimate bit of her life to a stranger.

"You but sketch it," I said. "Your friend would tell me she had grown so to love you, you had become dearer than any sister could be, and so she begged you not to go out of her life."

"When one has few to care for," she answered, with exquisite feeling, as she looked down into the trees, "perhaps it makes one feel more keenly for the few."

A wild desire seized me to kneel down there in the old ruin, to put her slender hand on my head as if in blessing, to beg humbly, ardently, irresistibly, to be added to those cherished few.

My strenuous silence made her look at me.

"And you?" she asked gently, meaning was I rich in friends, or, like herself, could I claim but few. No word of mine can convey the lingering charm of her little phrase, for one who had dreamt of telling her his dumbest thoughts, and who found that far-off, unattainable dream a sudden reality.

"A man leads so different a life," I said. "So many more enter it. But looking back and choosing those who—who have really counted, I find but two—the dear woman who has been as a mother to me, and a child who is dead."

"Who is dead?" she faltered. "They are the only ones?"

"It's a meagre list," I confessed.

"Death is not the hardest thing to bear," she said, as she again looked out at the hills. "I once knew a child," she added, "to whom some one—much older—opened his mind and heart as if she had been his equal. And I think his confidence helped to make her, in a measure, his equal. He taught her many things, things this child—now a woman—can never do to-day without her thoughts going back to that happy time. There are moments when she feels the touch of her friend's hand. She can never look out on a scene such as this without a feeling of gratitude to the one who first opened her eyes to the fairness of the earth; she can never take a pencil in her fingers, she cannot pluck a flower, without a pang—"

"A pang?" I said. "Did he, too, die?"

"No; that is why I told you death was not the hardest part to bear. He merely forgot. He went away, and the lonely child waited through a long winter with the happy thought of his return. But he never came."

She rose to meet the English girl and Elinor, who were returning.

"What became of her—the child you speak of?" I asked with a wretched feeling that we were separating in this inadequate way—that to-morrow she was leaving Baden—that Elinor was looking at us in amusement.

"We must go, Jeanne," said her friend. "Father is waving to us from below."

"What became of her, you ask?" and her eyes as they met mine had in them a meaning I could not read, nor have I found the answer to it since. "To-day he barely recalls her," she said. "She has learnt that she meant nothing in his life." Then she turned away with her friends.

Haggard after a sleepless night, I willingly agreed to Robert's proposal to go for a few days' tramping, back in the forest.

We were returning to Baden by way of the waterfall, and knowing that our jaunt had neared its end, we had slackened our pace to stroll beside the rushing stream, when a number

of tourists approached. We, rough trampers with knapsacks on our backs, stepped aside from the narrow path to make room for them. Only when a foot away did I recognize her, so firmly had I fancied her among the Swiss Mountains. She had stopped in Baden, and I—blind fool—had gone! Almost as if in reproach she looked at me, so I took a step toward her. For a second she, too, half halted, but with Robert at my side, and the English colonel close behind her, the impulse was checked, and she passed on with her friends.

I decided that a return to Baden would be fruitless, so took leave of my American friends, and started in the direction of snow mountains.

The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, an old favorite, tempted me to again pitch my tent, and I am settled in a chalet on a mountain side, with an elderly Fraulein, my landlady, so anxious to keep her eccentric guest that she feeds him on rose leaves and honey. Peace is mine own once more; restlessness has quitted me; I have gone back to my work with vigor.

Last night the mountains were illuminated for a festival. Happy little nation, that can set its bonfires on stupendous mountains, not on puny hills.

A line of fire, like a serpent, ran up the Stanserhorn, the whole top of Pilatus glowed with sulphur; on different peaks of the Rigi great flames were fed; and down on the lake the peasants yodled.

"Monsieur—the mountains—the mountains!" cried the Fraulein and her *mädchen* below, in fear lest I should miss the sight, and their cries of pleasure and affection as they called the well-known names, gave me a glimmer of what the home-longing of a Swiss mountaineer must be.

At length all was dark, but for a faint glow on Pilatus. "When I meet her again," I said with a glad confidence not to be explained, "I shall ask her if she, too, kept the shooting feast."

This morning, on taking leave of the chalet and its aged Fraulein, she said: "Monsieur admires my house? Ah, then —Monsieur must return here when he is spending his *lune de-miel*"—words that sent a sudden shock to my heart, and left me blushing before her like a girl.

I do not know whether or not my kind landlady's advice undid the days of rest spent beneath her roof, but, at any rate,

I had passed Interlaken and was half-way around the lake of Thun when, on hearing a stranger say that the English colony at Mürren was exceptionally large this season, I weakly turned back in the direction I had come. At daybreak I started to climb the five kilos up to Mürren.

In Mürren I found no familiar face, and I came to the grumbling conclusion that the Jungfrau was not to be seen at such close range without a sad disenchantment; its snow was no longer untouched and radiant, as in the Alpine glow of last evening, when I had gazed up in awe from the valley.

An irrepressible hope led me over the Wengern Alps, over the debris of the Grindelwald glacier, even into the show booth of a false ice grotto. Then, since I knew it was to be some day, I let myself be glad that fate had not willed it to be here —fancy painted the meeting in a different setting.

Once more after months of absence I was settled in the Thuner Hof. The very air of Thun clamors for one's paint box. As in the old times, I sat sketching by the river, and the children gathered round to watch. Were it not for the memory of a little absent comrade, these fifteen years might seem a trick of the imagination, so natural is it to drift back into the habits of past days. The sun had almost lost its warming heat, and I was putting by my brushes, when a gentleman and his daughter stopped beside me.

The English girl held out her hand in cordial recognition. "You have not forgotten us?" she said.

"It is you who are generous to remember me," I cried.

"Papa, this is Mr. Montgomery, whom we met in Baden."

The gracious old colonel bowed. "I remember seeing you in Holland, Sir," he said to the culprit who stood expecting an irascible: "What—the insolent fellow of Coblentz!"

As I walked back to the town with these, her friends, I was conscious only of the glad spirits of a boy.

"Have you been in Thun long?" I asked, as we parted.

"We have just come on from Lucerne," she returned.

"But you do not leave to-morrow?" I cried in sudden panic.

"Not for weeks," she answered with an amused smile.

I could have shouted for joy; all things seemed possible. Across the road lay her hotel—and we were to be here for weeks together.

To day I strolled through the woods above the town, with no trace of the restless impatience that has been my companion of late; an expectancy that has peace in her train went with me. Two young lovers went by, with softened faces and shining eyes, but I let them pass unenvied; perhaps this very day, came the moving thought, I too will walk a joyous lover by her side.

Leaving the woods I sought the graveyard by the church, and as I loitered through it the memory of a little compatriot lying there among strangers made me stoop to read the inscriptions.

At the end of a pathway I found her who had led me such a weary way—my lady of the Hague wood, and she smiled unstartled as I drew near. Hardly did I dare harbor the thought that she also to-day might be in a happy ferment of expectation.

She had been sketching, and she did not rise from the low stool when I came up to her. It seemed a natural thing to half kneel when I took her slender hand, and as I, a reverent Galahad, whose quest was ended here, raised it to my lips, her sweet eyes looked away over the lake at the snow-topped mountains. There was small need of words.

"I sought for you at Mürren," I said.

"You were not at Lucerne," she answered with noble simplicity. And we looked at each other with the sincere smile of childhood, without a question or a doubt of what had gone before; only the present was real, a present that yet startled her.

"Let me sit here beside you while you finish your picture," I said. I took out my own drawing pad, and, scarcely conscious what I did, plucked a flower growing near, and, as Jane and I had done in the old Tyrol days, I drew it first, then dismembered it, to put beside the finished picture each separate part in its order—calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistil.

"My sketch is done," she said, after a pause. I arose to examine it.

"Put a little more snow on the Blümlisalp," I suggested.

"I should like to paint in the house on the Niesen," she confessed. "Of course it is too small really to show, but the other day we climbed to it, and I've a weakness for a personal touch in my pictures."

"I've known the failing in another," I returned. "Some one I once knew would perch a skeleton of herself on the top of every hill she drew, and precipices proved so irresistible to her, that she'd hang her best friend over their edge."

"You have a wonderful memory," she said in a strange voice, and then added: "You were looking for a special grave?"

"I did not find it."

"You could not," she returned nervously, "for it is not here."

"But you cannot know whose grave I sought," I said, bewildered.

"Let me guess," she answered. "Was it not that of the child you spoke of in Baden?"

I looked at her in amazement. "You think me a sorceress," she said. "But, after all, it's very simple. You see, I know the Frenchwoman here in Thun with whom your little friend lived."

I waited for her to unravel the coil, my mind too engrossed to reason clearly what was the meaning of it all.

"She has confessed something to me that may interest you," she continued. "When the child, your friend, wrote to her strange father of the new friends she had made, he sent orders to forbid further intercourse—patronage he called it. He, who had no affection to give himself, would not let it come from others. And the Frenchwoman, with the false sense of politeness that so appalls any one of an English-speaking race, rather than tell you an unpleasant truth, glossed it over, and said her charge was dead."

I shook my head in perplexity. "It isn't in the least clear to me why you know all this," I said at length.

"The child has misjudged you for years," she said tremulously, "for of course she did not know that you came back."

For a moment I sat in revery.

"And so Jane is somewhere in the world to-day!" I said. "It's hard to grow used to it all at once. What is she like—I wonder!"

"Jane may make me jealous," she said, with an adorable smile, that yet failed to enlighten. I drank in only the subtle flattery.

"Let us search for her," I cried warmly. "Let us find her and bring her back to my Aunt who still loves her. Poor, lonely little one!"

"But she is a child no longer," she reminded me in a low voice.

"Then all the more reason," I said. "No doubt a tired, faded young governess, with all life and happiness well drilled out of her."

She gave me so rare a look, let her chaste soul look out at me with so warm a glow, that I could endure restraint no longer. But her slightly raised hand held back the eager words.

"You, too, must finish your sketch," she said in a tone I had no power to gainsay. And when, in hasty confusion, I was dashing in the pistil before the stamens, she leaned toward me with a little happy laugh.

"The pupil will have to teach the master," she said in a voice that, echoing clearly from the past, threw off the strangeness with which the years had weighted it. "Do you forget how we used to do it, Philip?"

With a glad, a wildly joyous "Jane, Jane, Jane!" I found my comrade.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR.

With the wand of a prayer, her fairy sponsor Faith
  Rears her a palace where the hovel dark
And squalid stands, makes bloom in the lair of death,
  In alley and reeking court a royal park,
Makes Age the beetle-brows that lightly mask
  The loveliness of Love divine and young,
And Wretchedness—to lift it her dear task—
  The tattered robe o'er Christ's torn shoulders flung.

Ah! happier than our laughter are her tears;
  And wiser than our wisdom ruinous,
The folly that begets her dreams like these,
  That keeps still hers the secret lost to us,
Alas for us! that strive in vain to ease
  The intolerable burden of the years.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
(MRS. CRAIGIE.)

AN APPRECIATION.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

IT is to that suggestive thinker and eminent man of affairs, Mr. John Morley, we believe, that modern criticism owes the convenient distinction between an author's influence and his books. That "abstract" or "general" personality which we detect clearly enough, not only behind the creations, but even beneath the unconsidered sentences and half-utterances of a writer like Fielding, say, or Scott, Robert Browning, or George Eliot, is an actual, if not easily definable force; never to be confounded with the real personality, to know which is frequently such a trial in disillusionment to the soul of the pragmatist. It is a force, too, which the "born reader" comes to feel familiarly in time—often, indeed, in an amazingly short time—and between which and himself there are inevitably established mysterious conduits of sympathy or repulsion that determine residually, in ways not readily to be appraised, the author's claim to canonization in the general regard of the brotherhood of letters. Self, we are beginning to learn, is distractingly manifold. Even in its sanest and most obvious moods it betrays a capacity for *alienation* scarcely imagined by our philosophic forbears. It is in this direction, among others less recondite perhaps, that we shall find the best working explanation of a phenomenon which, if it is both mysterious and trite, must nevertheless be borne constantly in mind by the student of letters.

When the news of Mrs. Craigie's death was flashed round the English-speaking world the other day, thousands who had never read more than one or two of her books realized that a woman of undoubted genius had been suddenly cut off before her contemporaries had had the opportunity to test the full

extent of her powers. That those powers were of no negligible order was evident from the journalistic comment, critical or biographical, which the sad circumstances of her end called forth. Her candlestick has been removed just at the moment when a slowly discriminating public was beginning to have joy in her work. She had had her own fastidious following almost from the outset, and through that parlous medium had gradually secured the attention of a wider, if somewhat less analytical, world. Never at any time what might be called a popular writer, and excelling in none of the arts by which buyers are "drawn" and sales quickened, she was yet a mentionable personality in a generation which accounts it a distinction above godliness to have oneself and one's achievements enshrined in the spurious amber of each fresh edition of *Who's Who;* and it could be said of her, at least, that to profess not to know her was inadvertently to define oneself as not perspicaciously unread.

Now that her work is beyond the reach of growth or change, it may not be amiss to attempt an appreciation of that "abstract" or "general" personality whereof we have hinted, and in virtue of which her woman's soul spoke with such engaging hardihood to the tale-ridden sinners of our time. As might have been expected in the case of one whose untimely taking-off occasioned such general regret, rumor had from the beginning been busy with her literary reputation. The thin, uncertain kind of lore that trickles deviously through the book-columns of the weekly and daily press, had described her and her methods of craftsmanship from time to time through a period of at least fifteen years; and there had grown up accordingly in the mind of the public a certain impression of her, which, like most popular impressions similarly engendered, was both partly true and partly, and most grotesquely, false.

First of all, there was her pseudonym. The uncouth style of *John Oliver Hobbes* was said to mask the identity of a young girl-wife—she was scarcely as yet turned three and twenty when she began to publish—of rare attractiveness of mind and person, who had sought escape from a great sorrow in a career of letters. She was said to be the daughter of a rich American who had lived mostly abroad; she had her own share of wealth; was brilliant, witty, widely and profoundly read; a great conversationalist, and gifted beyond her sex with

powers as a semi-public lecturer. She knew everybody and consorted only with the highest: the more serious minded princesses of the English court were said to be "interested in her." Then there were her novels, which bore titles and raised problems as challenging, and in some instances as disconcerting, as her own too ruthless *nom-de-guerre*.

Her earliest published story, *Some Emotions and a Moral*, appeared in 1891; and from that year down to her untimely death she held the growing regard of a small but steadily widening circle of readers, not only by the uncompromising brilliancy of her style, compelling as that was in many delightful ways, but also by the deep seriousness which underlay her view of life, and the curious power of rapid portraiture she was able to bring to bear upon human nature as conditioned by the over-refinements of wealth and society. The modest but promising success achieved by her first venture in fiction was followed by a steady, some would say an almost too abundant, output of work, diversified during her riper period by quiet but gravely tentative excursions into drama.

The Sinner's Comedy (1892); *A Study in Temptations* (1893); *A Bundle of Life* (1894); *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Twickenham* (1895); *The Herb Moon* (1896); *The School for Saints* (1897); *Robert Orange* (1900); *A Serious Wooing* (1901; *Love and the Soul Hunters* (1902); *Tales about Temperaments* (1902); *The Vineyard* (1904); *The Flute of Pan* (1905);—these, with plays like "The Ambassadors"; "Osberne and Ursyne"; and "A Repentance"; which were brought out before distinguished and highly critical audiences at the St. James and the Garrick in London, between 1898 and 1901, represented her genius in its most prevalent and characteristic moods. Those moods were not many; neither were they greatly diversified; but they were deep; and, save for certain superficial aspects and an occasional note of flippancy which distracted attention from their real drift, they might be described as austerely and uncompromisingly spiritual. From first to last this author was a student in temperament. She was also a disciple, though by no means an imitator, of Balzac. That much was plain. Amid all her emotional preoccupations—and because she was a born artist they were neither few nor frivolous—this was the one that attracted her most. She never wearied of its infinite variety; she was ever absorbed in it—obsessed by it, one might

almost say. She noted its influence everywhere in that gilded world which she seems, woman-like, to have loved, even when she ruthlessly laid all its follies bare for moralists to mourn over. It was for her a strangely plastic potency, shaping human nature to issues graceful or grotesque; a highly complex and mysterious resultant of many forces; the outcome of heredity, of resisted passion, of creed, of early education, of social environment. And nowhere did she behold it more fatefully at work than in that one field wherein our latter-day civilization has persuasively legislated for its suppression, the world of fashionable intercourse, where men hunt smoothly from night unto night for souls, and where women intrigue without pity or honor for the mastery.

That is the one veiled prepossession that lends dignity as well as interest to a story like *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Twickenham*. In the hands of a less effectual artist, say a cynic like Mr. Bernard Shaw, it would rightly be characterized as unpleasant. Even as it stands, it is not a story *pour les jeunes filles;* and we have heard certain elderly admirers of Mrs. Craigie, men not altogether prudish in their outlook upon life, who have asserted that it is hardly wholesome reading, even *pour les vieilles filles*. The plot is of the slenderest possible kind; and of action there is almost none; yet the dramatic interest is sustained to an absorbing degree throughout. Simon Warre was an enthusiastic and handsome young physician; a student of nervous disease, and a specialist in paralysis. By sheer devotion to work, and by an exercise of the scientific instinct which amounted almost to genius, he had come rapidly to the front of his profession, when, in a moment of pique with destiny, because, forsooth, Allegra Vendramini was apparently unresponsive to his altogether too stupidly shy advances, he proposed marriage to Anne, the impecunious daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Delaware. Anne had one dower, however, that promised to serve her better than either lands or money. She was distractingly beautiful; but she had no heart and was almost absolutely devoid of conscience. Under a superbly healthful exterior of the most delightful girlish innocence, joined to the radiant self-possession of an accomplished woman of the world, she concealed a soul of wantonness that would have put any of the painted sinners of the Old Testament to the blush. Warre did not really love

the girl; but he was attracted by her air of unspoiled goodness, her guilelessness, her religiosity; and he believed that in time he could grow to care for her. He had proposed to her in a moment of folly; and, because he was a man of honor, he kept his word. The ill-omened union takes place. On the very day of her marriage Anne is shocked by a sudden accident into an hysterical but sufficiently plain-spoken confession which betrays her real character. The device by which this curiously premature ἀναγνώρισις is worked into the tale is unimportant to our present purpose; but the understanding reader will admit that it is accomplished with some show of plausibility and with great literary skill.

The young bride is unexpectedly confronted with the bleeding body of the man whose paid mistress she had been up to within a few weeks of her marriage. The tragic spectacle proves too much for the girl's nerves, and she breaks down, telling her husband the awful tale about her past. Objection might be offered on purely artistic grounds against the verisimilitude of such a turn in events. Would a woman of Anne's temperament, it might be asked, who had played the *rôle* of the *ingénue* so successfully up to that crisis in her soul's fortunes, quail at the sight of a dead man's face? She had never loved this Algernon Dane; and since her engagement with Warre she had hated him because he might possibly stand between her and the social success she meant to win. The author has evidently anticipated the likelihood of such criticism, for her account of Anne's subsequent career is pitched in the key of the pathologist rather than in that of the divinely tolerant historian of souls. We are moved to tears rather than to laughter as we see the helpless woman thenceforward moving inevitably to her doom. Her end comes sordidly and appropriately enough during a brilliant night at Lord Twickenham's, when she makes her exit by eloping with a vulgar plutocrat from Australia. The man dies within a year and leaves her unprovided for. Rumor briefly tells her after-story when report describes her as carrying her body's assets for recognition upon the stage, where she secures "the protection of a Worshipful Cheese-monger." Warre, on his side, is a less disputable creation. He goes out to South Africa, where he soon works himself to death. Allegra and Twickenham are left to enjoy a pale twilight glow of happiness in the endeavor to

glorify his worth while they account variously for the essential triumph of his defeat. We feel that Allegra's is undoubtedly the truer version. She knew him best because "she loved him best."

We have dwelt upon this story at some length; not because it is by any means the best or even the most brilliant of Mrs. Craigie's performances, but because by the defects of its architectonic qualities it most aptly shows the sources of her inspiration and familiarizes us with the types she delights to create. Mrs. Craigie was no believer in types as such. Deliberate artificiality of presentation she accepted; for in no other way could life as she understood it be set forth, whether through the literary machinery of a stage comedy or in the chapters of a society novel. But the instinct to create mere types she rejected as alien to the concrete spirit of her art. In a carefully written preface, which was also an *Apologia pro Arte Sua*, prefixed to "The Ambassadors," she insists very sanely upon this principle of individualism. "No two creatures," she writes, "are precisely, or even within any degree of approximation, the same. There may be schools of people, just as there are schools of thought; but types—the typical stage diplomatist, the typical young girl, the typical widow, the typical stage foreigner, the type, in fact, of any sort—are not to be found in Almighty God's creation or man's society. They are nothing in the world and there is no speculation in their eyes" ("The Ambassadors." Second edition. P. vii. Preface).

In this sense the characters of Anne and Warre are more than typical; they are strongly and convincingly individual; but none the less they suggest the class, too, as well as the idea. They do this, curiously enough, not so much by any trait as by the common uncommonness of their environment. They move, like all of Mrs. Craigie's characters, whether titled or plebeian, in a bright, super-rarified atmosphere of decadent aristocracy and refinement. It would be easy, of course, to pour ridicule on this somewhat feminine preference of hers; but, in doing so, we should be more than likely to miss the engaging point of it all. If it is a kind of belated Watteau world of gilded drawing-rooms and Louis Quinze furniture, a moving phantasmagoria of bare shoulders and ambassadorial stars, a welter of dazzling gowns of silk or velvet, or "some

diaphanous clinging material giving off faint familiar scents of patchouli that deaden the male conscience and quicken the female mind into epigram," it is a world, too, of frustrated souls, each of them an unwitting actor in a drama, because each of them is looking for more than life has to offer.

"There is not a character more plebeian than a footman in the entire book," said a *Times*' reviewer when *The School for Saints* appeared in 1897. The observation was probably more far-reaching than its author conceived it to be. For just as Mrs. Craigie's characters are never dull—dullness being the deadliest of the seven capital sins which her good society abhors—so, too, are they never common, never wholly trivial, never altogether contemptible, because the reader is never allowed to lose sight of their relations with eternity.

And this brings us to another and perhaps more individual quality which distinguishes Mrs. Craigie as a novelist. She is not merely a dramatic artist with a predilection for the wonderfulness of temperament as offering a congenial field for the exercise of her gifts, but she is a religious artist as well, with something of the soul of a prophetess in her. She might even be described, and not too grotesquely, as a more effective, because more worldly-wise, *Dinah Morris*, with epigrams for texts and tales in lieu of parables, holding up a remorseless but exquisitely graceful mirror—we should not like to say a woman's hand mirror—to the mortals of Vanity Fair. For, unlike Balzac, of whom she was so indefatigable a student, her powers of observation though controlled by, are never altogether derived from, her art. They are the outcome, in a great measure, of an unproselytizing but sincerely held religious creed.

If she were alive at this hour, and were challenged to throw her artistic creed into a convenient formula, she would doubtless say, correcting the great Frenchman who first gave utterance to the thought, that not passion but temperament was the truest interpreter of life;—temperament which is lightly held to furnish so much of the raw material of comedy in the case of the majority of mankind, but which turns bitterly tragic for not a few of us when tested by the possibilities that religion reveals. If the whole of Balzac's view of his art is in that phrase of his about passion, the whole of Mrs. Craigie's may be said to lie in her attitude towards the deeper problem which

betrays her, in spite of the genuineness and thoroughness of her conversion to Catholicism, as a pathetically incorrigible Calvinist at heart. In this she was, no doubt, an unconscious sinner; but the quality of her offense gives her, like others of her bias in other walks of the spirit, a right, nevertheless, to move in some very orthodox company. Few writers of her calibre have been less "preachy" in note; though she can cap texts with Thackeray in his most characteristic moods, and can out-moralize that mournful critic of human inconsistency with whole pages of commentary in which the superficies of her sparkling epigram is but the thin frost-work of her tears. With the great spiritual crisis, which resulted in her admission to the Catholic Church in 1892, the literary critic is obviously no more concerned than the novel-reading public is, save in so far as the consequences of so significant a step first clearly manifested themselves in the changed outlook, the less petulent note of the novel known as *The School for Saints*, and its sequel, *Robert Orange*. It is in this most finished and artistically satisfying piece of work that her remarkable powers show themselves at their best; and she never afterwards, even in her most venturesome moods, reached an equal level of achievement.

If the religious quality is more marked, more coherent in its implications, less pessimistic in tone, the artistic elements are still more satisfyingly dominant. It reveals her as a master of portraiture and a rare delineator of manners. It proves how sure and delicate was her feeling for that most difficult of all things to reproduce, whether in a picture, a play, or a novel, the effect of atmosphere and the suggestion of moral environment. The old problems are there; but they are approached in a new spirit. The theme deals with the subtle play, not of temperament simple and unconditioned, but of religious temperament under the sway of a great passion like love. It is a story compact of many influences, and it carries the average reader (who is usually, we are constrained, not ill-naturedly, to say, an average Protestant) into a somewhat unexplored world; —the world of English and Continental higher life, where Catholicism often reigns, even if it does not rule, and where its votaries and their sacramentalisms are accepted as a matter of course without hint of challenge or the least suggestion on either side of the need of explanation or apology. Robert

Orange, the hero of both books, is the son of a priest, a de Haussée, in whom for one brief episode in his life the cleric too lightly overlay the cavalier. This child of sin and romantic penitence grows up in mystery; but is safely and becomingly launched upon the great world at last with the incomparable Disraeli as his guide in the arts of diplomacy and his philosopher in the theory of life. Success seems to be within his grasp from the outset; love and a career lie before him; but, by one of those tricks of heredity which enable the modern novelist to emphasize the psychological inversions of inherited temperament, the highborn bastard soon gives evidence that in his case the cleric will only too infallibly overcome the cavalier. The man's soul has been fashioned for sacrifice; renunciation burns like the flame of a sanctuary lamp in his blood.

The exacting reader will probably find that there are too many people in the story, and, as inevitably happens in a crowded canvas, that some of them are inadequately drawn. This is not necessarily to say that the art of the book is bad art; but it is unsatisfying art; art attempting the technically impossible. *Non omnia possumus omnes* either in the world of ideas or in the world of life. This tendency to ignore the limitations of art is one of the penalties that we moderns pay for the greater complexities and variousness of our environment; but the Greeks were wiser and happier in their generation. Temperament, patriotism, hereditary belief, and the uncertainties of existence must have made the world as tragic for the idealists among them as it is felt to be for the same rare class among ourselves; but they instinctively shrank from introducing a mob of characters upon the stage to enforce so sobering a lesson. It is significant to have to remark that Orange's personality is less firmly and definitely drawn than Brigit Parflete's, with whom he is in love, or than Disraeli's or Lady Fitz Rewes', who is, each of them, a necessary but scarcely primary participant in the action of the tale. There is a distracting vagueness and inscrutability about him. Like so many of Mrs. Craigie's heroes, like Warre, for example, or Robsart, or Feldershey, he lacks the capacity to speak out, and is somewhat of a woman's man rather than a man's man; an enigma, in spite of the author's too elaborate display of his various virilities, because religious emotion, rather than

reason or conscience, is the only discoverable clue to the remoter centres of his unworldly and over-refined soul. If, when we have finished his strange life-story, we are tempted to dismiss him as too provokingly quixotic on the whole, we may temper our impatience with the reflection that, after all, the author only intended to describe a modern saint *at school.* There are other characters in other tales of hers more humanly satisfying and—critically speaking—more admirably drawn; and it gives one a further insight into Mrs. Craigie's gifts as an artist to observe that they are nearly always women. Jennie Sussex, whose bewildering experiences we follow with such absorbing interest in *The Vineyard;* Rose Arden, the fading little beauty of *The Herb Moon,* whose hibernating graces of soul and body wake to life again at the touch of love; Margaret, the whimsical Princess of Siguria in *The Flute of Pan;* Clem Gloucester, in *Love and the Soul-Hunters,* "who had been taught to use her reasoning faculties," and who "wanted to be loved recklessly while she was loved, and when she was not loved to die"—any one of these is a thousand times more convincing, because we feel that their creator has described them understandingly from within, and not merely peered at them as through some puzzling peep-hole of sex from without. Creations of their stamp prove that Mrs. Craigie is akin to the great masters; they establish her right to some kind of recognition at the hands of a generation that has not yet forgotten Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronté; and that moves delightedly still through the problem-tortured worlds of Thomas Hardy, of George Meredith, and of Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

In one important respect, as we have been more than once reminded of late years, too many of the great novel-writers of the present generation are curiously deficient. Not all of them are masters of plot; and some of them are strangely deficient in what, for the majority of mankind, will ever be a matter of supreme concern when the promise of a tale draws us from our preoccupations with the irking realities of life. All the world still loves a lover; and love, therefore, remains the one victorious interest out of which the born writer will construct his proper theme. But there are those who tell us that passion is more satisfyingly studied by a method of introspection than by letting it be seen in action; that the fragment of a boor-lover's dialogue, duly analyzed, will serve a true master's

purpose as completely as a career; that incident and action are not really half so vital as temperament and emotion; and that plot, therefore, is not quite the indispensable thing the old-fashioned story-teller made it. Not what men and women do, or even what they think, but what they *feel*—it is this that greatly matters. Feeling is the true clue to character. A good deal, we imagine, can always be said for what is at best an esoteric and sectarian, rather than a genuinely Catholic, theory of art. But psychology is a poor substitute at best for the concrete facts of life; and plot that moves minutely and with teutonic absorption about a mood or an idea may lead to the production of gracefully mounted microscopic slides of romance. It will not produce great tales; and it is the great tale alone that lives. In saying this we would not imply that Mrs. Craigie belongs to the clinical or pathological school of art; but her plots, though never bad, are the least effective elements in her stories. With the exception of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, we believe it is impossible to name a single extended novel of hers that is entirely convincing on this score, or that does not betray signs of flagging towards the close. Her genius had that pathetic suggestion of failure in it; but she kept it learnedly out of sight by the seriousness of her interests and by the sparkling vivacity of her style. Of the qualities of that style it seems hardly necessary to speak at length after what we have said in the course of this article. It is a pleasantly quotable style; almost gnomic, one might say, in its wealth of epigram. It is also, in spite of its apparent hardness and glitter, and its curious Corinthianisms of figure and phrase, a singularly learned style; learned in its choice of words, while it pulses with those more subtle cadences that fall persuasively upon the reader's inner ear, keeping him harmoniously in tune with the author's ever-shifting varieties of mood. In virtue of this single quality, of musical suggestiveness, even if there were no other, her books have more than earned the right to live.

MACBETH.

BY A. W. CORPE.

IN a previous sketch we had under consideration the character of the last of the Plantagenets, a cold-blooded, deliberate villain, in whom ambition was scarcely more the moving force, than love of evil for its own sake. In Macbeth we have a character of a very different order; equally ambitious, equally brave, with Richard, his natural disposition is kindly and humane. Perhaps in no other of the plays have we the gradual deterioration of character so forcibly drawn.

The key-note is set by the opening scene, which represents a trio of witches, intent upon a meeting with Macbeth, after he shall have won the battle he is now engaged in with Macdonwald. It has been suggested, by a certain class of critics, that the witches are not real beings, but only an embodiment of Macbeth's thoughts, as in like manner they explain away the ghost of Hamlet's father as a materialization, so to call it, of his prophetic soul; but there seems no reason to doubt that Shakespeare intended to represent the witches as real beings possessed, through association with evil spirits, of preternatural knowledge and power. This is evident from Banquo's exclamation on the title of "Cawdor," with which the witches had addressed Macbeth, being confirmed, attributing the witches' prophetic utterance to the devil. Macbeth also, in his letter to his wife, says that he has learned, by the perfectest report, that they have more than mortal knowledge, and Lady Macbeth refers to their prediction as the result of metaphysical aid. The belief in witchcraft was common in Shakespeare's day: Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale may be quoted as holding it; a prosecution for witchcraft took place in Scotland so recently as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The King is informed of Macbeth and Banquo's victory—how Macbeth had, with his single arm, slain Macdonwald, and how the King of Norway, who had been aided by the thane of

Cawdor, was vanquished. The King directs Ross to pronounce Cawdor's doom and to greet Macbeth with his title. The witches meet Macbeth and Banquo; they severally hail Macbeth thane of Glamis, thane of Cawdor, and as king to be: Banquo also they hail as lesser than Macbeth, and greater; not so happy, yet much happier; and as the father of kings, though he should be none.

> But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
> A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
> Stands not within the prospect of belief,
> No more than Cawdor.

The witches vouchsafe no answer and vanish.

> Would they had stay'd,

says he; then his thought turns, perhaps with a feeling of envy, to Banquo:

> Your children shall be kings.

Ross meets them and greets Macbeth, as he was directed, as thane of Cawdor. Banquo says:

> What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth, informed of the fate of Cawdor, and of the grant of the title to himself, soliloquises:

> Glamis and thane of Cawdor!
> The greatest is behind. . . .

Then addressing Banquo:

> Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
> When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
> Promis'd no less to them?

Banquo says:

> That trusted home
> Might yet entitle you unto the crown,
> Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
> And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequence.

Macbeth again soliloquises, deep in thought:

> Two truths are told,
> As happy prologues to the swelling act
> Of the imperial theme. . . .
> This supernatural soliciting
> Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
> Why hath it given me earnest of success,
> Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
> If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature? . . .
> My thought, whose murder is yet but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single state of man, that function
> Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
> But what is not. . . .
> If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me,
> Without my stir.

The scene changes to the King's palace; Duncan expresses his obligations to his generals, and a certain coolness and formality, indicative perhaps of waning fealty, in Macbeth's reply is noticeable.

> The service and the loyalty I owe,
> In doing it, pays itself, etc.

The King then announces his intention regarding the kingdom:

> We will establish our estate upon
> Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
> The Prince of Cumberland.

Hollingshead may be quoted here as showing the situation: "Duncan, having two sonnes, he made the elder of them, called Malcolme, Prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Mackbeth, sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him, should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdome by

force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime which he might in time to come pretend unto the crowne."

Macbeth reflects:

> The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
> Let not light see my black and deep desires:
> The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

We are now introduced to Lady Macbeth at their castle at Inverness; she is reading a letter, in which Macbeth tells her of the witches and their prophetic speeches, and the partial fulfilment of them. Her reception of the news clearly enough reveals her mind:

> Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
> What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
> It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
> That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
> But yet wouldst wrongly win; . . .
> . . . Hie thee hither,
> That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
> And chastise with the valor of my tongue
> All that impedes thee from the golden round,
> Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
> To have thee crown'd withal.

We may again refer to the Chronicler: "The words of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brewing in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queene."

It has seemed desirable to refer to this part of the play rather minutely, in order to see what light Shakespeare gives us on the attitude of Macbeth and his wife.

Macbeth obviously had the knowledge of his position with regard to Duncan, but there is no suggestion that he had any injurious intention or thought until he heard the witches' salutation. When the second vaticination is fulfilled by Ross' address, he says to himself: "The greatest is behind." He asks himself whether the supernatural "soliciting" is for ill or good; if ill, why has it given an earnest of success? If good, why does its "suggestion" terrify him? Duncan's intimation as to Malcolm confirms him. Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, appears to have already nursed the project of ambition, Macbeth's letter, though it mentions the promise of the crown. contains no hint of foul play; but his wife understands it in that light at once.

We now trace Macbeth on his downward course.

Duncan has intimated his intention of paying Macbeth a visit at his castle. Lady Macbeth receives the news, brought by her husband's messenger, with all the extravagance of unlooked-for delight, and invokes the powers of evil to aid her:

> Thou'rt mad to say it.
> . . . The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
> And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty! . . .
> . . . Come to my woman's breasts,
> And take my milk for gall, . . .
> . . . Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.

She greets Macbeth on his arrival:

> Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
> Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
> . . . I feel now
> The future in the instant.

The contrast between the hesitation of Macbeth and the determination of Lady Macbeth is very remarkable: his hesitation proceeds, not like Hamlet's, from a procrastinating disposition, but from real promptings of nobility and honor; her

firmness has nothing of the heroic in it, but is simply the product of ambition and insensibility. Macbeth says:

> Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth suggests:

> And when goes hence?

Macbeth answers:

> To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth says:

> O, never
> Shall sun that morrow see!
> Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
> May read strange matters. . . .
> . . . He that's coming
> Must be provided for.

Macbeth interposes:

> We will speak further.

And Lady Macbeth says:

> Only look up clear;
> To alter favor ever is to fear:
> Leave all the rest to me!

Macbeth's famous soliloquy beginning

> If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly,

which may perhaps remind us of Hamlet's "To be or not to be," is the prelude of hesitation to the fatal scene. Macbeth doubts whether the assassination of Duncan would lead to a peaceful reign for himself; if so, he might risk the penalty in a future life—but such deeds are attended with their consequences here. Besides, Duncan is not only his King, but his guest; and Duncan's rule has been gracious and free from offence; so that such a deed would move universal pity; while he, Macbeth, has no motive but ambition, which is apt to prove its own ruin. He presently says to his wife:

> We will proceed no further in this business:
> He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
> That should be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon.

It is unnecessary to quote the fierce invective with which Lady Macbeth urges him—was the hope drunk that animated him? Will he live a coward in his own esteem? He cries:

> Prithie, peace:
> I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more is none.

She says:

> When you durst do it, then you were a man.

And twits him with breaking his oath with an illustration, probably unparalleled in its callous ferocity. He urges:

> If we should fail?

And she answers:

> But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
> And we'll not fail.

Macbeth cannot resist admiration for her courage:

> Bring forth men-children only;
> For thy undaunted metal should compose
> Nothing but males.

He is at length resolved.

Banquo and Fleance enter; Banquo says he had dreamt of the weird sisters.

> To you they have show'd some truth,

he adds, addressing Macbeth.

Macbeth replies:

> I think not of them.

And presently gives a covert hint to Banquo that he would find it to his interest to consider the matter; to which Banquo gives a qualified assent. According to the dry light of history, Banquo was an accomplice with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan; the modification in the play was doubtless made in complaisance to James the First, who was Banquo's lineal descendant.

We now come to the murder of Duncan: the scene is a court within the castle; Macbeth dismisses his attendant with:

> Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
> She strike upon the bell.

Suddenly he sees the "air-drawn" dagger; he tries to seize it.

> Come, let me clutch thee.
> I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
> . . . . . .
> I see thee yet, in form as palpable
> As this which now I draw.
> Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
> And such an instrument I was to use.
> . . . I see thee still,
> And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
> Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
> It is the bloody business which informs
> Thus to mine eyes. . . .
> . . . Thou sure and firm-set earth
> Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
> The very stones prate of my whereabout,
> . . . . . .
> I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
> Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
> Which summons thee to heaven or to hell.

This wonderfully dramatic scene almost seems to court the danger of an anticlimax; but, perhaps, what follows is even more powerful. Lady Macbeth appears in the courtyard; she has drugged the drink of the King's attendants, and that which had made them drunk has made her bold, she says. Macbeth is "about it." She hears him calling within:

> Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
> And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
> Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
> He could not miss 'em.

Then the one only touch of tenderness she shows:

> Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done't.

Macbeth returns:

> I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Then Macbeth, looking on his hands, says:

This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth says:

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

He tells how one of the grooms laughed in his sleep, and one cried, "Murder!" and how, waking up, one said: "God bless us!" and the other: "Amen."

. . . I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
. . . . . .
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

How he had heard a voice crying aloud again and again:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefor Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.

His wife bids him wash his hands and carry back the daggers, which, in his abstraction of mind, he has brought away with him; he dares not look upon the scene. She cries:

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.

There is a knocking. Macbeth cries:

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
. . . . . .
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?

The knocking continues. Lady Macbeth tells him a little water will clear them of the matter, and bids him retire to his chamber and get on his nightgown, and not be lost so poorly in his thoughts. Macbeth but answers:

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

Macduff and Lennox come in, and Macbeth enters a moment later. Macduff goes to wake the King, that being his special office, and presently returns horror-stricken with the news. Macbeth and his wife, of course, affect ignorance; but, as Warburton has pointed out, there is a fine stroke in Lady Macbeth's exclamation:

What, in our house?

If she had been innocent, the murder itself, not any circumstance affecting her personally, would have occupied her mind. Macbeth himself is more on his guard:

> Had I but died an hour before this chance,
> I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
> There's nothing serious in mortality.
> . . . Renown and grace is dead.

But, in his rhetorical reply to Macduff's question, Wherefore did he kill the grooms? he seems, by his forced and unnatural metaphors, to be trying to gain time.

We now hear that Macbeth is nominated King, and is gone to Scone to be invested. He has now attained the object of his ambition; it remains to trace his progress in crime to his final ruin.

Banquo is at the palace at Forres. He is alone:

> Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
> As the weird women promised; and, much I fear,
> Thou play'dst most foully for't: Yet it was said
> It should not stand in thy posterity,
> But that myself should be the root and father
> Of many kings.

Macbeth and his Queen and others enter; Macbeth invites Banquo to a feast in the evening, having learnt that he and Fleance, his son, are riding till nightfall. They leave. Macbeth has suborned a couple of cutthroats, whom he directs to be brought before him. Pending their appearance, he muses:

> To be thus is nothing;
> But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
> Stick deep; . . . There is none but he
> Whose being I do fear.

He recalls how the weird sisters had hailed him "Father to a line of kings," while upon his own head they had placed "a fruitless crown." He cries:

> If't be so,
> For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
> For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
> Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
> Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
> Given to the common enemy of man,
> To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
> Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
> And champion me to the utterance!

And a little while after:

> We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
> . . . Better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
> Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
> Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> Can touch him further!

Macbeth has instructed the murderers to waylay and kill both Banquo and his son. They succeed in killing Banquo, but Fleance escapes, of which Macbeth is informed just as the feast is about to commence. He has elected "to mingle with society," while the Queen sits in state. While the guests beg Macbeth to take his seat, he makes a speech, professing regret at Banquo's absence, and then, as he is about to sit down, is horror-struck at the sight of the ghost of Banquo occupying his seat: He cries:

> Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
> Thy gory locks at me.

The Queen excuses him to the company:

> My lord is often thus;

And taunts him:

> Are you a man?

He says:

> Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
> Which might appal the devil.
> . . . . . .
> Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
> Why, what care I! If thou canst nod, speak too.
> . . . The times have been
> That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
> And there an end; but now they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools.

The ghost disappears, and Macbeth drinks to the general company:

> And to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we miss;
> Would he were here!

Again the ghost rises.

> Avaunt! And quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with!
> . . . Hence, horrible shadow!
> Unreal mockery, hence!

Again the ghost disappears.

> Why, so: being gone,
> I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

But the company's mirth is spoilt; and the Queen hastily dismisses them.

> You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Lady Macbeth tells him: words which would recall, if it needed recalling, the voice that rang in Macbeth's ear on the night of the murder.

Macbeth learns from his spies—for he has sunk to employing feed servants in all the nobles' houses—that Macduff absents himself at his bidding. He will send to him, he says.

Becoming desperate, he determines to consult the weird sisters; he accordingly seeks them out; he finds them engaged upon

> A deed without a name.

In answer to his questions, he is bid beware Macduff, the thane of Fife; to laugh to scorn the power of man, for that none of woman born should harm him; and that he should never be vanquished until Birnam wood should move to Dunsinane hill. He asks as to Banquo's issue reigning, and is shown a vision of a long succession of them, including the king who was on the throne of England at the time of Shakespeare writing this play, indicated by two-fold balls and treble sceptres.

He presently learns that Macduff has fled to England; he will surprise his castle and put to death his wife and children. He says:

> No boasting like a fool;
> This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
> But no more sights!

Truly, the witches had given him enough!

Macbeth executes his purpose, and Ross tells Macduff how his castle had been surprised and his wife and children savagely slaughtered. A few lines may be quoted from the touching passage in which Macduff receives the news:

> He has no children. All my pretty ones?
> Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
> What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
> At one fell swoop?

We are approaching the end. The scene is at Dunsinane: we see Lady Macbeth in a condition, that, as the physician says, is beyond his practice and more fit for the divine than him, exhibiting itself in somnambulism, in which state she continually goes through the scene of Duncan's murder; she makes as if washing her hands:

> Out, damned spot. Out, I say. . . .
> Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? . . .
> Who would have thought the old man
> To have had so much blood in him? . . .
> Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of
> Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Well may the physician say she has known what she should not.

Macbeth is in the castle. He is informed of the approach of the English force. He says to his officer:

> I am sick at heart. . . .
> . . . . This push
> Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
> I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
> And all that should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

How intimately does this beautiful passage, perhaps more so than any other of his reflections, inform us of Macbeth's true character.

The physician tells Macbeth of the state of the Queen. He says:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart?

The enemy is approaching. He cries:

> Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
> . . . Our castle's strength
> Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
> Till famine and the ague eat them up

He hears the cry of women and learns that the Queen is dead:

> Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

One of those interesting reminiscences of the dyer's hand we occasionally meet with.

He is told of the moving wood, and he begins to doubt the equivocation, "which lies like truth."

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Macduff takes from him his last refuge, and Macbeth cries:

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff says:

Then yield thee, coward.

Macbeth answers:

. . . I will not yield,
. . . . . .
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

They fight and Macbeth is slain.

Thus perishes a man, whose bravery we cannot but admire; whom, though we execrate his ambition, we cannot help pitying; who, but for the circumstances in which he was placed, might have lived a noble life.

As the poet has elsewhere said:

O opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason.

New Books.

INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT.
By Dr. Gigot.

The second volume of Dr. Gigot's *Special Introduction to the Old Testament* deals with the didactic and prophetical writings of the old covenant.* The method followed is the same as in the author's two earlier volumes; that is to say, it is what we may call the method of comparative evidence. Dr. Gigot carefully and conscientiously gives the arguments brought forward by all participants in the controversies as to the date of a book, its integrity, or its interpretation, and leaves his readers free to form their own judgment. Sometimes, it is true, he puts down his own opinion in very plain black and white; and, oftener still, furnishes indirect testimony as to what his opinion is; but for the most part he is content with the function of an expert witness, and prefers that his readers should pronounce sentence themselves. In many respects this is an admirable method. It stimulates the student's personal initiative; it puts upon him the burden, which besides being a burden is a high privilege, of sifting evidence for himself and coming to a decision which is really his own. Let us hope that the teachers who may use Dr. Gigot's books as class-manuals will imitate him in this exhibition of pedagogic insight, and give his full measure of legitimate freedom to the young minds which they cultivate and instruct.

So much for Dr. Gigot's general method. How capably he follows it we hardly need to say; since, by this time, his reputation is fixed and sure, as a biblical scholar of extensive reading, of painstaking accuracy, of enlightened breadth of view, and of the best Catholic spirit. These qualities he has an unusual opportunity of displaying in this present volume, treating as it does of some of the gravest and most vigorously contested problems in the entire field of Scripture-study. Take, for example, such points as these: the authorship and meaning of Ecclesiastes, of the Song of Solomon, or Job; the formation of the Psalter, and to what extent it is Davidic; the nature and scope of prophecy; the composition of Isaias; the date and purpose of Daniel; the meaning of Jonah. What questions can be of greater interest, or call for a more

* *Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament.* Part II. *Didactic Books and Prophetical Writings.* By Francis E. Gigot, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

erudite and judicious guide than these? And in discussing them, and many other cognate matters, Dr. Gigot introduces us to the views of modern critical scholars, not forgetting first to set down the more venerable opinions of past ages, and puts before us a summary of evidence not to be found in any other single work that we know of in English. We trust, therefore, that this important volume will have an even greater success than that which its predecessors in the series have happily achieved. It is a favorable omen of such a success that it has already been adopted as a text-book by the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE.
By Thureau-Dangin.

The third and final volume * of M. Paul Thureau-Dangin's splendid work, on the Catholic Renaissance in England during the nineteenth century, gives the history of the momentous years between the death of Wiseman and the death of Manning. It is especially full on the closing years of Manning and Newman; and the latter half of the book is taken up with a highly valuable historical account of Ritualism in the Anglican Church. The brilliant Frenchman, to whom we are indebted for this new account of a period and a movement which never can grow old, has admirably caught the spirit of his subject, and writes of it with so warm a sympathy, that the great figures of that day move before us as if in the flesh again, and as if speaking to ourselves for the first time the words that agitated a departed generation. Manning and Newman stand out from these pages with remarkable vividness. With a keenness of insight which is natural to his race, our author unfolds the story of Manning's change of views as his life drew to a close; so that the world wondered that a man such as Manning had been at the Vatican Council could have written twenty years afterward the "nine obstacles" to the progress of Catholicity in England. And with equal penetration M. Thureau-Dangin tells how the clouds of distrust and misunderstanding, which had long lowered over the head of Newman, cleared away at last, leaving the pure splendor of that spotless genius to shine undimmed and glorious upon the world, ere it set in death.

* *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe. Siècle.* 3ième partie. 1865-1892. Par Paul Thureau-Dangin, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

There is so much to learn from the lives of these two men, so much that our times critically need, that we wish a wide circulation to this book. Manning in his later years pointed out a method of practical action, and Newman during half a century outlined a method of intellectual defence, which, as time goes on, are seen to be more and more necessary for the well-being and the growth of Catholicity. So far as we can discern, the hope of the Church lies largely in the appearance of Newman-like apologists and Manning-like rulers, for the guiding of religion in the crisis that is even now upon us. The first step toward the creating of such men, is to teach us types and models like the two Cardinals of England; and because this has been so well done by M. Thureau-Dangin, he has done religion a great service, and he has put us under obligations not soon to be forgotten.

SIDNEY LANIER.
By Mims.

As the author informs us, this is rather a biography of the man than a critical appreciation of the poet.* Even the single chapter devoted to Lanier's literary achievement is more concerned with a psychological study of the writer than with a critical appreciation of his works. Mr. Mims, however, has admirably accomplished the task he undertook, of setting before us a living picture of his friend's charming personality. Sidney Lanier traced his lineage back to an old Huguenot family; one would fain believe that, had genealogical records been ample enough, the line of descent might be pursued further, till it would have reached back to some brave and courtly knight of the palmy days of chivalry. Soldier, poet, musician, tried by adversity, and, like many another gallant soldier of a lost cause, reduced to earn for himself and his loved ones a precarious and scanty income by teaching, Sidney Lanier was ever the same lofty, humble, chivalrous, brave, and tender soul, who bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. Mr. Mims has been fortunate enough to have at his disposal a good deal of the correspondence of Lanier and his friends, as well as the poet's personal notes and diaries; so that he allows his hero very frequently to speak for himself. And Lanier's letters and diaries are of the spontaneous, simple, straightforward kind which reveal the character of their author.

* *Sidney Lanier.* By Edwin Mims. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The reviewer is tempted to reproduce some passages from his delightful letters. One must suffice; it is taken from a letter written when, after a protracted experience of very straitened resources, he managed to secure a very modest home of his own in Baltimore. After humorously recounting the litany of the tradesmen, carmen, and other indespensable tyrants he had employed and paid, he continues: "I have, moreover, hired a colored gentlewoman who is willing to wear out my carpets, burn out my range, freeze out my water-pipes, and be generally useful. . . . Maria's cards were duly distributed, and we were all touched with her charming little remembrances. With how much pleasure do I look forward to the time when I may kiss her hand in my own house! We are in a state of supreme content with our new home; it really seems to me as incredible that myriads of people have been living in their own homes heretofore, as to the young people with a first baby it seems impossible that a great many other couples have had similar prodigies. It is simply too delightful. Good heavens, how I wish that the whole world had a home! I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas bills, which must come in in the course of time, and there are the water rates, and several other imposts and taxes; but then the dignity of being liable for such things (!) is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water rates and a street tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room—*my* dining-room!—I find the wish grow stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again. There was a knight of old times who built the dining-room of his castle across the highway, so that every wayfarer must perforce pass through; there the traveler, rich or poor, found always a trencher and wherewithal to fill it. Three times a day, in my own chair at my own table, do I envy that knight, and wish that I might do as he did."

Mr. Mims offers some judiciously selected examples of Lanier's literary criticisms; and, although he shows himself a sympathetic judge of his friend's poetry, he acknowledges Lanier's limitations: "With the spiritual endowment of a poet and an unusual sense of melody, where was he lacking in what makes a great poet? In power of expression. He never at-

tained, except in a few poems, that union of sense and sound, which is the characteristic of the best poetry. The touch of finality is not in his words; the subtle charm of verse outside of the melody and the meaning is not his—he failed to get the last touches of 'vitalizing force.'"

HAMLET AND OTHER ESSAYS.
By Dr. Egan.

All, or most of these essays,* ten in number, have already appeared in some leading periodicals. In presenting them in book-form Dr. Egan has conferred a benefit on all who are conscious of the need of some judicious guide to teach them how to read good literature with true appreciation and profit. And if we might, without impertinence, venture a conjecture concerning the motives of the doctor, we should say that he aimed at inspiring and helping to a fuller realization of their task, professors of English literature in many of our colleges, where the subject is taught in a fashion that, judging from results, leaves something to be desired. Though Dr. Egan does not pretend to the genius of St. Beuve, the originality of Taine, or even to the brilliant talent of Saintsbury, he has a felicitous knack of presenting, in an original manner, established judgments of first-class criticism. And he has the gift of the born teacher, which is to know how to present his ideas luminously to his readers and his audience. His habitual method of comparing an author under discussion with other writers—a process which, frequently, in a single page allows him to present to his readers a crowd of names scattered over the whole field of literature—has a stimulating effect on the intelligent reader who will pursue the subject for himself.

Most of the essays of this collection deal with Shakespearean subjects: The Ghost in Hamlet; Some Phases in Shakespearean Interpretation; Some Pedagogical Uses of Shakespeare; Lyrism in Shakespeare's Comedies; The Puzzle in Hamlet. One, entitled Some Imitators of Shakespeare, consists chiefly of a very interesting criticism of Tennyson's "Becket" and Aubrey Thomas De Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury." Another is "The Comparative Method in Lit-

* *The Ghost in Hamlet and other Essays in Comparative Literature.* By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., Professor of English Literature, Catholic University of America. Chicago A. C. McClurg & Co.

erature"; a method, by the way, of which the entire volume is an object-lesson. Dr. Egan's exposition of the value of Shakespeare in the classroom will, or ought to, commend itself above all the others, to the teacher; while those who are concerned, in the question, Was Shakespeare a Catholic? will find a special interest in Some Phases of Shakespearean Interpretation. Dr. Egan enters the lists against Father Bowden, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Wilkes, who have contended that the Reformed Creed, from its negative and materialistic tendencies, was unfitted to give birth to a poet—consequently Shakespeare must have been a Catholic. Against this conclusion Dr. Egan protests: "Writers like Father Bowden, Mr. Simpson, and, certainly, most of the men who make Shakespeare's genius depend on his religion, seem unwilling to leave much to God. They do not realize that what we call genius is beyond all explanation; but their reading of great poets, particularly of this great poet, ought to have taught them that the more universal a poet is, the easier it is for lesser minds to put what they like into his works. And they seem to forget, too, that history, seen from the modern point of view, is an illusion, as far as it may be supposed to be a guide to the meaning of the past." There can be no question, Dr. Egan continues, that Shakespeare was out of sympathy with the gloomy character of Puritanism; but, he rightly insists, Puritanism was not, in Shakespeare's day, the religion of the English people, among whom, despite the official establishment of Protestantism, Catholic ways of thought and feeling still survived. The doctor reprobates the widespread tendency to take for granted that every time Shakespeare wrote a line he had some didactic purpose. On the contrary, he wrote as a poet, not as a moralist or a polemist. He aimed to please and entertain, not to preach: "He is in love with truth and beauty like all poets; and the higher the quality of the poet, the more he is in love with truth and beauty."

Dr. Egan's pages are full of good things; and the chief merit of his criticisms is that they commend themselves by their plain good sense, which is not cowed by popular hero-worship. Take, for example, the following remark upon "In Memoriam": "There is more pathos in King David's few words over the body of Absalom than in all the noble falls and swells of 'In Memoriam.' I doubt whether any heart in

affliction has received genuine consolation from this decorous and superbly measured flow of grief. It is not a poem of faith, nor is it a poem of doubt; but faith and doubt tread upon each other's footsteps. Instead of the divine certitude of Dante, we have a doubting half-belief. Tennyson loves the village church, the holly-wreathed baptismal font, the peaceful vicarage, because they represent serenity and order. He detests revolution. If he had lived before the coming of Christ, in the vales of Sicily, he would probably have hated to see the rural sports of the pagans disturbed by the disciples of a less picturesque and less natural religion."

Though the author seldom strays out of the jurisdiction of strict literature, he occasionally drops a philosophic reflection that is worth remembering, as, for example, the following: "Few writers on Christianity have acknowledged its debt to the imagination. They have tried, following the lead of the reformers, to support it by common sense, when the fact is that the highest form of religion has as little to do with common sense as it has with the stock market. The apostle who made himself 'a fool for Christ's sake,' was as much beyond the understanding of the average man of common sense, as the ordinary reader of cheap magazines is below the poet of the Apocalypse."

This excellent little volume is replete with suggestion and information for those who, without some commentator, are not always equipped to extract a full share of profit and pleasure from the mines of literature.

IN QUEST OF LIGHT.
By Goldwin Smith.

This volume* consists of a series of contributions, chiefly in the form of letters to the New York *Sun*, whose editor Mr. Smith praises for his courage and courtesy. Many readers of that newspaper have noticed that the editor's courtesy to Mr. Smith exhibited itself more than once in putting a peremptory cloture on a discussion when Mr. Smith was showing signs of embarrassment under the fire of his opponents. The letters deal with fundamental religious questions: Immortality; The value of religion; Dogmatic Christianity; and The religious situation to-day. The title given to the book is scarcely

* *In Quest of Light.* By Goldwin Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company.

a happy one; for Mr. Smith is mainly engaged in sustaining the thesis that on the great questions of human destiny there prevails not light but darkness. And the outcome of his treatment of a question is usually to intensify the Cimmerian gloom in which agnosticism endeavors to shroud religious truth. On two points—and those all-important ones—Mr. Smith is constructive. He maintains that the denial of free will undermines the basis of all morality; and that the denial of immortality deprives life of all significance; though each of these truths he puts forward only in a tentative, wavering fashion. "Immortality," he writes, in a typical passage, "is an idea which my mind fails to grasp, as it fails to grasp the ideas of eternity, infinity, omnipotence, or first cause. But if this life ends all, I do not see how conscience can retain its authority. The authority of conscience, it seems to me, is religious. The sanction of its awards appears to be something above and beyond temporal interest, utility, or the dictates of society and law. In the absence of such a sanction what can there be to prevent a man from following his own inclinations, good or bad, beneficent or murderous, so long as he keeps within the pale of law or manages to escape the police?"

Mr. Smith's attitude of mind is one that claims commiseration. He represents thousands of others who have made proof of the truth of Newman's remark that we must start by believing somewhere, otherwise everything goes down before the universal solvent of reason, and we may destroy, one after the other, every first principle, till we find our bark totally wrecked upon the rocks of scepticism.

FAMOUS WOMEN.
By Fawcett.

The personages who have occupied Mrs. Fawcett's pen* are Joan of Arc; Louise of Savoy, and her daughter, Margaret of Angoulême, Duchess of Alençon and afterwards Queen of Navarre; Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre; and Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara. With the exception of the first, who has but little in common with her company, these women figure in the stormy period of the Huguenot struggle in France. As Mrs. Fawcett's standpoint is a non-Catholic one, she expresses some

* *Five Famous French Women.* By Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. New York: Cassell & Co.

opinions with which we cannot agree; and she hardly applies the same weights and measures to the Catholic and the Huguenot. In this respect she suffers by comparison with Miss Edith Sichel, whose *Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation* covers nearly the same ground as does this volume. Mrs. Fawcett, of course, is obliged to mention the persecutions inflicted by Huguenots on Catholics. But she would leave the impression that such cases were rare, and at variance with the Protestant policy. Miss Sichel points out that, when they were able, the French Huguenots exercised towards Catholics the same intolerance against which they rebelled when it was displayed towards themselves.

Again, Mrs. Fawcett fails to draw her readers' attention to the fact that, as in the case of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and many other dark and atrocious episodes of this period, political antagonism assumed the mask of religious conviction; and Catholicism is made responsible for wickedness that was perpetrated in its name by men whose aims and purposes never rose beyond the interests of themselves, their friends, or the triumph of their own political party. Mrs. Fawcett's book is an example of that reprehensible way of writing history in which, while facts are adhered to, yet by telling always what redounds to the credit of one side and saying as little as possible of what is derogatory, while the other party is treated in just the opposite way, a very unfair and distorted picture of truth is drawn. This traditional method is rapidly falling out of favor; and we are surprised that a writer so well-informed and intelligent as Mrs. Fawcett should retain it.

THE UNITED STATES.
By Leroy-Beaulieu.

Since the publication of Bryce's *American Commonwealth* no work on American conditions has appeared that can be compared with this one.* The eminent fame of the author assured it, beforehand, the close attention of the world interested in the study of affairs political and economic. It has proved worthy of its author. It may be described as a scientific analysis of the immense mass of statistical information comprised in the ten great quarto volumes, of one thousand pages each, which con-

* *The United States in the Twentieth Century.* By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Authorized translation by H. Addington Bruce. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

stitute the Report of the Tenth Census. Great as is the quantity of data afforded by this Report, it was not sufficient for the thorough, systematic, exhaustive methods of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. On some points, where the Census returns were not sufficiently comprehensive or specific, he has drawn from other reliable, and semi-authoritative, sources. In the case of the mineral industry, for example, where the Report is incomplete, he has had recourse to *The Mineral Industry*, published by the staff of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, of New York. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's attitude towards this country is one of strong sympathy and generous admiration. When he ventures, as he occasionally does, a criticism, he offers it in so friendly a spirit, and gives so many solid reasons for his opinion, that not even prejudice itself could find cause for resentment. His intelligent grasp of American affairs, his careful avoidance of the error of twisting everything American to make it fit a foreign point of view, are in pleasing contrast to the methods displayed by some Europeans, who, on the strength of a flying visit to this country, or even a haphazard perusal of newspapers, have undertaken to enlighten the world on the condition of the United States, industrial, social, moral, and religious.

The scope of the work, which contains about four hundred good sized, closely printed pages, may be briefly indicated by an enumeration of its parts. Part One, the Country and the People, consists of a description of the great natural geographical divisions of the country; the origin and characteristics of the people; the composition and division of the white population; the negro question; the natural increase of the people; and the birth rate. Commenting on the recent change in the origin of the stream of immigration, the author considers that the American view of the ultimate result is too pessimistic: "Among the new arrivals there are some—the Italians, for instance—who are by no means devoid of good qualities, however defective they may be in certain respects. Besides which, the population of the United States is now so numerous, that immigration cannot modify it to the extent once possible. But it is not to be denied that the introduction of these new and heterogeneous elements may, in some degree, affect native characteristics. And should it exercise any marked influence on the American race-type, that influence can hardly be other

than harmful." His conclusion regarding the negro question is not encouraging: "At the present time the race problem, which has become complicated with political issues, is more acute than ever. To tell the truth, it would seem to be insoluble. And, if only for the reason that they keep white colonists out of one of the finest sections of the country, the negroes must be regarded as handicapping the future of the United States."

The Second Part, dealing with rural America, discusses the natural conditions, the systems of ownership and operation to be met with throughout Agricultural America; the value and distributions of the various products. For the produce of American farms he sees a brilliant future, especially for cotton. He warns European Powers, that boast semi-tropical possessions, that they must take vigorous steps to promote the cultivation of cotton, if they do not wish to see the United States monopolize the production of this most important textile. He does not see any similar danger to European interests in the development of American viticulture: "It does not seem probable—although I have tasted some most agreeable California wine—that the United States will ever compete seriously with us as a wine exporter. Unluckily, it does not seem any more probable that, except for champagne, it will ever become one of our best customers."

The prosperity of American agriculture is attributed in a great measure, as is, indeed, the progress made in every other line of production, to the qualities of the people, which M. Leroy-Beaulieu never tires of admiring: "Added to the immense riches of a still virginal soil and subsoil, there exists a two-fold spirit permeating all classes of the American people—a spirit, on the one hand, of association and organization; on the other, of individual progress, energy, and activity. The success of the great majority of American agriculturists is due in no small measure to the possession of these virile qualities. And we shall see their powerful effects even more clearly when we turn to examine the prodigious industrial development now taking place in the United States."

The Third Part discusses the general characteristics of American industry, its organization, the *rôle* played by capital, the motive forces at play, the relative importance and distribution of the various great industries. He sees in the general situa-

tion an immediate danger of over-production, resulting chiefly from over-stimulation by the trust system. There will, however, be no permanent halt in the path of expansion, and Europe, not America, will be the immediate sufferer: "No matter what may happen, the American iron and steel industry, in particular, will remain the first, the most powerful, and the most progressive of all iron and steel industries in the world. But it cannot be questioned that the extravagances of the 'trustomaniacs' will have far-reaching effects. We shall feel the reaction in Europe in different ways, but, in all likelihood, chiefly under the form of an invasion of American goods. Home consumption will be insufficient to keep their enormously increased machinery in operation, and consequently the Americans will seek to sell in foreign markets a considerable quantity of iron, of steel, and, probably, of many other articles. Europe, therefore, will not only be hard pressed to defend herself at home, but will have to meet increased competition in the markets to which she exports, and some of which she will be in danger of losing altogether. In a word, Europe should carefully prepare herself against a time when the industrial competition of the United States will be found as formidable as has been the agricultural competition."

The last section of this exceedingly able and instructive work deals with the railways and the shipping, and other commercial interests. The American railway system he shows to be, on the whole, superior to those of Europe. One of the reasons that he gives for this superiority might afford ammunition for the next presidential campaign, in case Mr. Bryan should be a candidate: "All in all, the prosperity of the American railway system is undeniable. If, therefore, one were in search of model railroading methods, it would be wise to turn to those practised under the free American system, not to those illustrated by a system operated under the debilitating control of the State."

The author closes his study with an analysis of the conditions of the merchant marine. He sets forth the causes which have operated to reduce its importance during the last forty years; and he gives reasons for believing that this decline is but temporary: "We are perfectly justified in believing," so concludes the volume, "that the United States will eventually regain its old-time prominence among maritime nations. The

day—doubtless still far distant—when it does regain it will mark the extension of its economic influence over a very large portion of the world, if not over the entire world."

PROTESTANT PERSECUTORS.

Educated Protestants are well aware of the crushing *tu quoque* to which they expose themselves if they advance against the Catholic Church the old charge of being a bloody persecutor which their forefathers urged so vociferously and so long. Catholic writers, for two hundred years, pointed out, in vain, that if Catholicism had its Inquisition, and if Catholic rulers did not hesitate to employ the sword against heretics, the reformers and their followers, with less excuse and in defiance of their own special principles and professions of tolerance and the right of private judgment, in practice equalled, if they did not better, the example which they reprobated in words. As the critical spirit has asserted itself in the study of history, and diminished, if not quite expelled, the polemical, truth on this point has at length prevailed. Since the publication of Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe*, no writer worthy of notice could attempt to clear Protestant churches of the stain of blood. "What shall we say of a religion," that author, in a passage full of indignation, writes, "which comprised at most but a fourth part of the Christian world, and which the first explosion of private judgment had shivered into countless sects, which was, nevertheless, so pervaded by the spirit of dogmatism, that each of these sects asserted its distinctive doctrines with the same confidence, and persecuted with the same unhesitating virulence as a Church that was venerable with the homage of more than twelve centuries? What shall we say of men who, in the name of religious liberty, deluged their land with blood, trampled on the very first principles of patriotism, calling in strangers to their assistance, and openly rejoicing in the disasters of their country, and who, when they at last obtained their object, immediately established a religious tyranny as absolute as that which they had subverted?" "Persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine, digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive, as against the most formidable sects."

Although the true estimate of the matter is accepted among persons of education, the old error is still sufficiently strong in the popular mind to confer a controversial value on histories relating the sufferings of Catholic victims of intolerance. Besides, such works, when written in a worthy manner, possess the higher value of being powerful instruments of edification. For this reason, we are glad to see a second edition of Dom Camm's charming little volume,* containing nine historical sketches of persons who suffered imprisonment or death in the later years of Elizabeth. The narratives are written in an easy, picturesque fashion, which make them as attractive as a story of adventure; though, it is scarcely necessary to add, the author, with a respect for truth which some of his fellow-workers might not disdain to imitate, has "refrained from embroidering the facts with imaginary details, which, though they might possibly add color and life to the narratives, would do so at the cost of fidelity to historical accuracy."

The two volumes† before us, marked with the same conciseness, compression of much information into small space, and scholarly accuracy, which mark almost every number of the *Science et Religion* series, are, as their sub-title, *L'Inquisition Protestante*, indicates, more distinctly controversal in their purpose. The first volume, after an introductory chapter on the character of Calvin's legislation, recounts the stories of the poet, Gruet, the patriot, Berthelier, the theologian, Servetus, and several other less conspicuous victims of the bloodthirsty intolerance of the Genevan reformer. The second volume sets forth some of the outrages perpetrated by the Huguenots—chiefly those carried out at Gaillac, Béziers, Montpellier, and in the Cevennes—which are so gently passed over by many non-Catholic historians, who give amplest range to their powers of description and denunciation when they come to tell of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the medal struck in commemoration of this event by order of Pope Gregory XIII.

To affirm without qualification that Sebastian Ralé,‡ whom Parkman calls "the most conspicuous and most interesting

* *In the Brave Days of Old.* Historical Sketches of the Elizabethan Persecution. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Science et Religion. Les Victimes de Calvin. Les Saint Barthélemy Calvinistes.* Par J. Rouquette. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

‡ *Sebastian Ralé.* A Maine Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century. By John Francis Sprague. Boston: The Heintzman Press.

figure among the later French American Jesuits," was a victim of purely religious persecution, might be to go too far. Certainly political and racial antagonisms were as prominent as religious strife in the great conflict in which his violent death was a minor incident. But, just as certainly, religious prejudices have long contributed to distort the portrait and obscure the pure fame of the Jesuit missionary who paid with his life for his devotion to the little flock of Indians among whom he labored and suffered for over thirty years on the banks of the Kennebec. It is very gratifying and significative to see that the grand old Jesuit apostle, hero, and gentleman, has found an apologist in an American, who himself declares that he writes "from the Protestant point of view, and in no wise from that of the Roman Catholic Church."

If the author will permit, we should rather say that he writes from neither the Roman Catholic nor the Protestant standpoint, but from that of objective truth. Briefly told, the story of Father Ralé's death is that the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1700, having passed an act to expel the Jesuits from the colony, on the grounds that they were stirring up the Indians against the English settlers and intriguing with the French government, Father Ralé, conscious of his innocence, refused to quit his Indians, whose sole protector he was. After some futile attempts to capture the Jesuit, in 1724 a force was sent to kill Ralé, and exterminate his little Indian settlement of Norridgewock. The work was carried out under circumstances of great atrocity.

Having recounted the facts of the case, and, incidentally, contrasted favorably the manner in which the Jesuits dealt with the Indians and the way in which the Protestant colonists treated them, Mr. Sprague examines all the evidence, and finds that the colonists had wantonly murdered the Jesuit missionary. We may sincerely congratulate Mr. Sprague, from the literary point of view, on having produced a monograph which is an excellent piece of historical work. We congratulate him still more warmly on the possession of the broad-minded spirit, and the courage to manifest it, reflected in the following passage as in the entire tenor of his work: "However widely we may differ from the Jesuits in some matters, one fact is certainly firmly established, and that is that in their intercourse with the Indians of Maine and Canada they displayed not only

a more Christian and fraternizing spirit, but far superior wisdom, judgment, and discretion than did the English colonists. They first studied their traits of character, habits, and peculiarities, and gained their confidence and esteem, before attempting to convert them. Had the English pursued such a policy, a century of untold suffering, horror, torture, and cruelty endured by innocent settlers might have been averted."

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By Dr. MacDonald.

The literary activity displayed by Dr. MacDonald ought to be an inspiration to many of the clergy who, too readily perhaps, excuse themselves for burying their talent in a napkin, on the plea that the labors and responsibilities of active pastoral life do not allow sufficient leisure for the prosecution of any serious literary work. The present* is, we believe, the fifth volume which witnesses to the learning and zeal of Dr. MacDonald. It comprises five papers or essays on subjects, most of which, though they treat of widely disparate topics, may, without much violence to the phrase, be fairly enough designated questions of the day. The one which best deserves the title is on the ethical aspects of bribery. It discusses the question whether a man who has sold his vote may retain the money he has received for it. The doctor's solution is that he may not retain the ill-gotten lucre. Writing on the Imagination, and its play in poetry and religion, the author displays a fine taste and a wide acquaintance with purely secular literature. He devotes another chapter to a running criticism on a book which made a great sensation in its day—Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*—but which has been attacked and defended, praised and blamed, dissected and refuted, too, so many times, during the twenty odd years of its existence, that a critique of it now can scarcely be considered a contribution to questions of the day.

The part of his work which, probably, cost the doctor most labor is the essays on "The Symbol in the New Testament," and on "The Discipline of the Secret." Students fairly familiar with contemporary writers, Catholic and non-Catholic, will not have read very far in the first dissertation without

* *Questions of the Day.* By Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D., V.G. Vol. II. New York: The Christian Press Association.

coming to the conclusion that the doctor assumes towards his thesis the attitude of the dogmatic theologian rather than that of the historical critic, and that he has too rigorously deprived himself of the advantages he might have drawn from a study of the works of recent writers bearing on his chosen subjects. We may give an example of a kind of argument, very frequently encountered in the doctor's pages, which carries little or no weight with critical scholars to-day who look coldly upon the *à priori* method when introduced into historical investigation. Having laid down the fact that a Baptismal Form or Creed was used from the beginning in the administration of the sacrament, the doctor argues that this formula *must* have contained three divisions; that it *must* have spoken of God the Father in the first; and, consequently, it *must* have spoken of Jesus Christ in the second, as the Lord Jesus who rose from the dead; that, as no reference to his Resurrection would be intelligible without reference to his death and burial, and, in turn, the death implies birth from a woman, "we may reasonably assume that the second main division of the Apostolic Creed contained at least the articles about the Virgin Birth, the Crucifixion, and Burial and Resurrection." And in a similar strain, offering purely personal conjecture as solid argument, the doctor concludes that the third part of the Baptismal Form contained, categorically stated, the articles on the Holy Ghost, the remission of sins through the Church, and the resurrection of the body. More than once, in perusing this essay, we were reminded of the advice which an eminent jurist gave to a young lawyer: Be very sure of your logic; the facts are always at your disposal.

CONISTON.
By Churchill.

Though this novel* is hardly deserving of the boundless encomiums that have been lavished upon it in the review columns and advertising pages of the daily press, it is of better quality than the average fiction of to-day. It exhibits far less than the author's former story, *The Crisis*, indications of having been made to catch the taste of that portion of the public which is somewhat given to a boundless appetite for weak, maudlin sentiment and patriotic claptrap. It has a purpose;

* *Coniston.* By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

it aims at exposing the methods by which the political boss builds up the power which is fast turning the suffrage into a mockery. Mr. Churchill has chosen a New England state as the scene of his story. There, by means of money-lending and shrewd business methods, Jethro Bass, an illiterate man of forceful personality, manages to get himself elected chairman of the selectmen; and gradually extends his grip, till he controls the legislature of his state. Mr. Churchill, fortunately for himself, but unfortunately for his story, had not behind him personal experiences from which to draw materials to illustrate, in convincing fullness, the dark and devious means by which the political boss climbs to irresponsible power. Two or three examples that are related in the story stand out in isolation; and the reader's imagination will be obliged to supply for the meagreness of the details furnished by the author concerning the successive steps by which Jethro rose to the dictatorship. Apart from the didactic interest, the story will hold the reader's attention. The human side of Jethro, as evinced in his devoted friendship for Cynthia Worthington, the daughter of a woman whom in his early years he had loved and lost; the love story of Cynthia herself; the shrewd, kindly character of the New England farmer, the humors of life in the petty village and the small town; the weak spots in the character of the independent voter, and his legislative representative, are described, if not quite with genius, with that painstaking care which, we are told, is the best substitute for genius.

A SOLDIER'S TRIAL.
By King.

General King's vivid realistic stories of post and camp, with his types of fighting men, officers, enlisted soldiers, Indian braves, intrepid scouts, have long been favorites with those readers who love a stirring tale of adventure and peril. His pictures of army life are drawn by one familiar, through a long career, with the life of the American army; and the author has the gift of story-telling well developed. The present novel,* though it contains some chapters and many instances of fight and peril, is, rather more than its predecessors, taken up with the play of social and domestic interests and rivalries. It is,

* *A Soldier's Trial.* An Episode of the Canteen Crusade. By General Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

besides, a contribution to the discussion of that vexed question, the existence of the army canteen. The title-page bears a quotation which sufficiently indicates the position of an experienced officer on that problem: "Brigadier-Gen. Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., says: 'It is distressing that the prosperity of the keepers of vile resorts is due to the activity of good and worthy though misguided citizens, who have succeeded in abolishing the canteen in the army.'"

General King's readers, if desirous of information upon the comparative merits of canteen, or no canteen, will be well rewarded by a perusal of the book; while those who want only a good novel, with plenty of action, a little intrigue, ending in the triumph of worth and the detection of villiany, will not be disappointed.

RENOVATION OF CHRISTIAN ART. By Germain.

After indicating in this volume,* by a synthetic exposé, the various forms of Christian art which have succeeded each other from the era of the catacombs to our own day, Alphonse Germain, the well-known art critic and Catholic writer, shows that all periods of exhaustion of the religious arts, and especially the latter day period, are due mainly to the insufficient æsthetic and artistic education of the artists, and to their ignorance of the true signs of spirituality. How to remedy this state of affairs, how to teach artists what they ought to know in order to interpret intelligently sacred subjects and to render religious feeling, are the objects of this pregnant little work. Regeneration can come only from education conducted according to the quite practicable lines indicated by the author. He likewise outlines a programme for the cultivation of the æsthetic sense in clergy and faithful alike, whereby both might contribute much to the improvement of religious art.

In view of M. Germain's special competence in matters of art, a careful reading of his little book is much to be recommended in these times, when it is highly desirable that art should do its share in gaining sympathy for Catholicism.

* *Comment Rénover l'Art Chrétien.* Caractères de l'art chrétien. Causes de sa dégénerescence et moyens de le relever. Par Alphonse Germain, Lauréat de l'Académie Française. (Collection Science et Religion.) Paris: Librarie Bloud et Cie.

This volume * consists of nineteen conferences of solid instruction animated by a spirit of fervent piety. The style is correct and sufficiently elegant, without any rhetorical affectatations. Some of the conferences, and some of the best, might be more appropriately designated as conferences on the Divine Personality of Jesus and the mysteries connected with it.

This book † is a real boon to the large number of religious communities whose members are unable, for one reason or another, to enjoy the advantage of a director or preacher for their annual retreat. It offers a full programme for a retreat of eight days. Besides an introductory conference and meditation for the eve, along with instructions for the day after the retreat, it provides for each day four solid, suggestive meditations, a spiritual conference, and some useful notes of a practical character, such as a director is accustomed to give as a sort of relaxation from the strain of the more solemn exercises. The author is an experienced director, as every page of his book testifies; and he blends in his instructions the spirit of St. Teresa with that of St. Ignatius. It is needless to add that Madame Cecilia's translation leaves nothing to be desired.

* *The Lover of Souls.* Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Annual Retreat.* Meditations and Spiritual Conferences for the Use of Religiou who make their annual retreat privately. By the Rev. Gabriel Bouffier, S.J. Translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Current Events.

Russia.

Current events in Russia have not excited such continuous attention during the past month as heretofore; although occasional outbreaks, such as the attempt on the life of M. Stolypin, have served to revive the interest of the public. This is not, however, a sign that all is well, that the revolutionary movement has been suppressed. On the contrary, the number of outrages is so great that the record of them would be monotonous. The most striking was the attempt on the life of M. Stolypin, which resulted in the killing of twenty-four innocent persons and the wounding of twenty-two, while the object of the attempt escaped unhurt. Perhaps a still more striking example of the state to which bad government has reduced Russia may be found in the assassination of General Minn, Commander of the famous Semenosky regiment. This was effected by a young girl, a school teacher, in the presence of the General's wife and daughter, at a railway station, and in the full light of day. The girl remained all the time cool and self-possessed. The justification of the crime was sought in the fact that in Moscow the murdered man had commanded the soldiers not to take prisoners, but to shoot all suspected persons. In the same week the acting Governor of Moscow, General Vouliarlarsky, was shot and killed while driving in a cab.

Throughout the whole of Russia sporadic outbreaks and outrages have taken place, and rumors abound of mutiny in the Navy and in the Army. Of the sixty Provinces or Governments only five are now administered under the ordinary law. Poland, however, is the scene of the greatest disturbance. A true reign of terror exists. This is due to the action of the Socialists, and to the refusal of the Poles as a body to co-operate in the maintenance of order—a refusal which is due to their long-cherished hatred of the government. The Socialists have declared war upon the police, and what may be called wholesale murders of them have taken place.

Bad as is the actual condition of things, still worse is the state of dread into which the whole country is thrown. The revolutionaries openly declare that it is within their power to

take the life of any one whom they think it worth while to remove, that they have willing agents ready when ordered to sacrifice themselves in the attempt, and this declaration is believed. In fact, it is said by a correspondent who has every right to be considered as well informed, that it is a real cause of discontent to the Tsar that no attempt has been made upon his life, for he knows that he is spared, not because he is so securely guarded that an attempt would necessarily fail, but because he is not considered to be of sufficient importance.

And what is the government doing to deal with this state of things? Its action is twofold. On the one hand, there have been wholesale arrests, the suppression of newspapers, the execution of mutineers. On the other hand, it is to be noted with satisfaction that for the calling of a new *Duma* serious preparations are being made. Hopes are entertained, indeed, that its members will be of a different character from those of its predecessor, perhaps steps may be taken to secure this result; but its assembling seems to be seriously contemplated, and laws are being prepared to be presented to it for its consideration. The government itself contemplates offering these projects, and thereby constituting a guide to the body in its deliberations.

Meanwhile certain steps have been taken to supply the need of land felt by the peasants. The Tsar has issued a Ukase ordering the transfer to the Peasants' Bank of certain lands belonging to the Imperial Family. These lands are to be sold, we presume, at prices within the purchasing power of the peasants. The Agrarian Bank was formed for the purpose of enabling the peasants to secure land, and has at its back the support of the government. And although its achievements may not satisfy those who support the demands for wholesale expropriation which were made by the late *Duma*, yet what has been done by its means is not to be despised; for in the eight months, from November 3, 1905, to July 22 last, through its agency some five million acres have been sold for a sum of about one hundred and ten millions of dollars. The landlords own about a hundred and fifty millions of acres. Whether the bank can be made the agent in transferring this vast property, or a part of it, to the peasants is a question which doubtless is meeting with the consideration which it de-

serves. If it can, there would be no just demand for wholesale expropriation.

The most recent intimation of the intentions of the government is contained in a proclamation issued by M. Stolypin on the 6th of September. This document, after a recital of the numerous outrages, assassinations, and crimes, of which the revolutionaries have been guilty, and of even greater projects which they were contemplating even before the dissolution of the *Duma*, declares it to be the duty of the government to repress disorder in the first place, and that this will be done without flinching. Courts martial sitting permanently for the prompt punishment of political offences are accordingly established over the whole of Russia. On the other hand, nothing, M. Stolypin declares, will prevent the government from removing the causes of all legitimate dissatisfaction. Grants are to be made for the amelioration of the condition of the peasants, some of the restrictive regulations under which the Jews have so long suffered are to be abolished, the number of schools is to be increased, projects of law are to be submitted to the new *Duma* guaranteeing religious liberty, the inviolability of the person, and civil equality. The *Zemstvos* or Provincial Assemblies, existing at present in only 34 provinces, are to be extended to the Baltic Provinces, to Poland, and to parts of South Russia. These and many other reforms are promised by the present Prime Minister. Will the country have the patience to await the fulfilment of these promises? or will the extremists on either side wreck this as they have done so many other schemes?

A people whose lot it has been for so many centuries to have been deprived of the power of self-government, and even of having the smallest voice in the management of their own affairs, cannot at once attain the wisdom which is derived only from experience. But, if the Tsar really is in favor of an approximation to a constitutional system, if the government of M. Stolypin is sincere in its declaration and ready to foster the efforts made to the attainment of reform, and not anxious to seize upon every mistake the new *Duma* may make, hopes may be entertained of a brighter future and for the evolution of order out of the present chaos. The greatest cause of apprehension is violence on the part of the revolutionaries, whose object it is to overturn the dynasty and to establish a Socialist Republic. The difficulty of the situation is increased by the

fact that, while there are not a few honest and sincere men devoted purely to the service of their country, no man of commanding ability, either as administrator or organizer or guide, has as yet arisen, while of the mass of the people Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace—one of the chief authorities on Russian subjects—testifies, as the result of recent observation, that he finds in them "no new moral impulse, no new intellectual enlightenment, no new spiritual enthusiasm, no new love of freedom, or of country, or of truth, or of man, or of God to direct the new activities to a definite and worthy end." New York did not form a high opinion of one of their representatives, Maxime Gorky.

Germany.

The most important of recent events in Germany has been the meeting of the German Emperor and his uncle the King of England. As is well known an estrangement has, for some time, existed between the two monarchs. Last year, although King Edward passed through German domains on his way to Marienbad, this personal estrangement, as well as the political situation, rendered a meeting impossible. The fact that there has been a meeting this year shows how great is the improvement which has taken place in both respects. Those who claim to know, assert that the bonds of personal friendship have been restored. But, inasmuch as the King was accompanied by the British Ambassador to Germany and by the Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs, while the German Emperor had with him his own Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is clear that the interview was not confined to merely personal matters, and that important questions of state, affecting their mutual relations, were discussed. What precisely these questions were has not been made public. There are several matters the discussion of which would undoubtedly prove advantageous, as also one or two, such as the increase of the German Navy and the relations of England and France, which are too delicate even to be mentioned. Among the former may, perhaps, be numbered the rising Egyptian question. Lord Cromer, in his recent Report, referred to the Capitulations which give to various nationalities, the subjects of which live in Egypt, privileges which are now proving detrimental to the common good, and suggested a revision, if pos-

sible, of present arrangements. This has occasioned in the German Press a discussion of Germany's right to intervene in Egyptian affairs, and by yielding existing advantages in Egypt to secure compensation elsewhere. Germany is particularly anxious to have complete control of the projected railway through the Euphrates valley to the Persian Gulf, and the German Press has been suggesting that this should be granted in return for her benevolent acquiescence in Lord Cromer's proposals. This is, however, matter of conjecture; but it is fairly certain that the interview has led to an appreciable improvement in the relations of the two countries.

The British Minister of War, Mr. Haldane, has been paying a visit to Berlin, and has been warmly welcomed both by the German Emperor and by the authorities at the War Office. How many of the secrets of that office he has learned we have not been informed, but it is generally believed that the plans for the invasion of England which have been prepared by the German Staff were withheld from his inspection. These amenities between Germany and England have in no wise disturbed the trust felt by the French in the loyalty of England to the *entente cordiale*. This has become so firmly established, that the wise among the French are pleased to see the improvement of Anglo-German relations. While there are some, of course, who would be glad to exclude Germany and to make a wall around her, in order to isolate her in Europe, the saner portion of the community would prefer an *entente* which should embrace, not only England, but Germany, and thus contribute to the maintenance of peace and to the success of the Conference at The Hague.

Another point is worth mentioning as satisfactory to those who wish for the continuance of the friendly relations of Germany with her neighbors. The Pan-Germans have been holding their annual Conference, and in every respect they have manifested their displeasure with both the foreign and the domestic policy of their own government. The President of the Congress said that the Triple Alliance was now merely a piece of waste paper. In the matter of strengthening the Navy, only a quarter of what was necessary had been done, while the scandals in the Colonial Department raised doubts as to whether the German people were at all ripe for a colonial policy. Great Britain's concessions in the matter of the increase of her

navy were derided, and she was called upon, if she wished to satisfy the Pan-Germans, not to build any more ships until Germany had caught up with her. Then Germany would promise not to go further. General von Liebert declared that there was not in the German Empire a single diplomatist; in fact, there had only been one in the whole course of German history, and that was Bismarck. The want of diplomatists, he declared, must be compensated by brute force—to wit, the army and the navy. The dissatisfaction of these extremists with their country may be taken as an evidence that their country is dissatisfied with them, and that it has condemned the fomenters of ill-feeling and hatred.

The scandals at the Colonial Department have led to the resignation of the Prussian Minister of Agriculture—who is accused of being implicated in certain contracts—and also of the acting Director of the Department—the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The resignation of the latter is not due to anything in the way of dishonesty, but it has been felt by the Emperor that, as a good deal of business is transacted by the Department, a business man would be better fitted to superintend its work, and to clean out the Augean stables. So bad is the state of things that has been revealed, that this comparison is made. The new Director who has been appointed, Herr Bernhard Dernburg, has, for the whole of his life, been engaged in commercial pursuits, a part of the time, in fact, having been passed as a clerk in a bank in this country. As he sacrifices a business income of some sixty thousand dollars a year in return for an official salary of less than four thousand, he gives evidence of public spirit which deserves, and will doubtless secure, success.

Austria-Hungary.

There has been a lull in the Austro Hungarian political world, and consequently nothing to record; but, as the Parliaments are on the point of reassembling, the reign of peace will soon have drawn to an end. The one event worthy of note is the visit of the Emperor-King to Silesia, and the manifestation of enthusiastic loyalty which that visit called forth. Racial animosity seems to die away at his Majesty's presence. Nor are the effects transient. Last spring he paid a visit to Eger, in Northwestern Bohemia, a hot-bed of Pan-

Germanism, and a centre of the "Los von Rom" movement. Within the last few weeks, at this very place, an Austrian German Catholic Congress has been held without hindrance or any serious counter-demonstration. The secret of his Majesty's influence seems to be his sympathy with his subjects and his known devotion to their best interests. Perhaps that he has been a monarch of many sorrows is not without weight.

France.

The all-engrossing subject in France has been the condemnation, by the Holy Father, of the associations for worship as established by the Separation Law. This condemnation fell upon not merely the associations in the precise form proposed by the Law, but also on the plan which the majority of the French Bishops in their first assembly had adopted as, in their opinion, permissible under the law. These two condemnations must be distinguished as, for want of making this distinction, two reputable French newspapers, the *Temps* and the *Siècle*, were led into a false accusation of disingenuousness on the part of the Holy Father. The Bishops were all but unanimous (72 to 2) in condemning the Associations as provided by the law, but the majority of 22 thought it possible to form associations on parallel lines, which would be recognized as legal under the Separation Law, and yet not conflict with the constitution of the Church. The Pope has judged that the law, even if the plan suggested by the Bishops were adopted, would subject religion to State control, and that, therefore, it was impossible to accept it unless modifications were made. And as the Separation Law assigns the administration and the supervision of public worship to associations formed possibly of laymen, and as these associations are placed in such a state of dependence on the civil authority that the ecclesiastical authority will have no power over them, it will be seen that the Pope had no alternative but to condemn them. The control of the churches and of all church funds, the regulation of public worship, the education of ecclesiastical students, the payment of salaries to the clergy, would have been handed over to the associations, and, in the event of rival associations having been formed, the decision as to which was the right association was left to the Council of State, that is practically the government of the day. Moreover, the action

of the associations was so restricted and hampered by legal provisions that, even if they could have been canonically formed, their very existence would have given the State endless opportunities for interference.

This judgment passed by the Holy Father upon the Law and its results has been remarkably confirmed by M. Flourens, a former Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of M. Goblet. M. Flourens maintains that the end and object of the law is to cause the Church to disappear from the domain of official legality, that it practically deprives the great majority of Frenchmen of the right of public worship. This was not, indeed, the intention of the legislative body in making the law, but the government had that object in view, and knew that the organization proposed of the Associations was contrary to the constitution of the Catholic Church. He says, in fact, the government "is carrying out a pact concluded between the French and Italian Freemasons during M. Loubet's visit to Rome. The common object is to bring about the destruction of the spiritual power of the Pope by way of schism." The recent experience in England with reference to the Education Act of 1902 shows that it is quite possible for a law to be made by Parliament after long discussion, and yet not carry out one of the chief ends for which it was made. We may well believe, then, that the full scope of the Separation Law was not known by those who passed it, and that it has been left to the Holy Father, as the Bishop of Orleans declares, to save the Church from a fatal snare.

The outlook, however, is sufficiently appalling. According to the provisions of the Separation Law, Notre Dame and all the cathedrals of France, with most of the churches and the homes of the clergy, will pass into the hands of the State on the 12th of December next. On December 12, 1907, they will be handed over to the Communes, to be applied to the relief of the poor. They may be sold and, therefore, bought back by the Church or by Protestants or by Jews. Members of the government have affirmed their intention of carrying out the law, and have declared that they will not enter into any discussion on the subject. It is not the intention of the Government to expel from the Churches those who come to worship, nor to shut the doors in their faces, but to proceed against the leaders for unlawful assembly. The remedy, it would ap-

pear, is in the power of the faithful of France. Let them rise up in their multitudes and fill the churches, and no government ever yet formed in France, or ever to be formed, will dare to touch them. But if the churches are not rescued in this way, the Church in France will have to build itself up again on the voluntary principle, by the fervor and devotion of the people, and this at the bidding of the Holy Father. The trial will be severe, but we have no doubt that it will emerge from the struggle purer and more powerful. There are those who affirm that all assemblies, even in private houses, for public worship are unlawful, and that it will be impossible for the Church to organize in any shape or form. This, however, is denied, and it certainly seems impossible to believe that liberty is so curtailed in a country that boasts of itself as free. The Bishops of France have been holding an assembly a second time to consider the Pope's Encyclical and to devise the practical measures to be taken, but their proceedings have not been made public at the time that these lines are being written. One or two bishops have taken steps to meet the situation. A priest, M. Louis Ballu, has published a book in which he calls upon the clergy to imitate St. Paul and to minister to their probable necessities by laboring with their hands or brains. In some cases it is said this is being done. M. Ballu discusses minutely the various ways open to a priest. In the troublous times which followed the French Revolution many of the clergy did, as a matter of fact, support themselves by their own labor. Bishops and priests were tailors, embroiderers, cloakmakers, hatters, worked in shops and fields, spun thread and knitted wool for sale.

Spain.

Spain has been suffering from the strikes at Bilbao, and the ministry seem upon the point of embarking upon a course which will lead to religious conflict. The Conde de Romanones, the Minister of Justice, has decided to deal no longer with the Vatican except on those matters included in the Concordat which cannot be modified except with the consent of both contracting parties. The prerogatives of the State are to be defended. Civil marriages, burial in cemeteries, non-Catholic religions, are to be settled by Royal Decree without discussion. A new Concordat is to be arranged. The number

of Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy is to be reduced. This is the road upon which the present Liberal Ministry wishes Spain to march.

The Near East.

Bulgaria and Macedonia have been the scene of numerous disturbances, of which the most serious has been the attacks made by Bulgarians upon Greeks. In one place 800 houses were burned down. Rumors have been current of a misunderstanding having arisen between Turkey and Bulgaria and of a probable recourse to arms. Of Crete, notwithstanding the opposition of a large part of the population, Prince George has resigned the High Commissionship and has been succeeded by a Greek subject, M. Zaimis. The ability of the new Commissioner is recognized, but a step downwards on the part of Crete in position and *prestige* is thought to be involved in his appointment.

The Middle East.

The movement in favor of limiting the arbitrary powers of rulers has spread to the Continent of Asia, and Persia, India, and China are falling under its influence. Persia especially has taken a noteworthy step. The Shah has decided to convene a National Council at Teheran, consisting of representatives of the princes, clergy, the Royal tribe, nobles, merchants, and tradesmen. We are not told how this body is to be elected, and the masses of the people do not appear to have any representatives as yet. The Council is to deliberate on all important affairs of state; its members are to have the power and right to express their views with freedom and full confidence with regard to all reforms which it may judge necessary for the welfare of the country. The result is to be submitted through the intermediary of the First Minister of State to the Shah for his Majesty's signature, and the Shah promises that the approved reforms shall be carried into effect. The events leading up to this concession are very interesting, but to recount them would take too much space. What is noteworthy, however, is that the Moslem clergy were the most energetic promoters of the new reform. The official Church of Russia, as a body, cursed and anathematized the *Duma* and all its works, and sang *Te Deums* when it was dissolved. It has

been left for the clergy of Mahomet to show zeal in promoting the well-being of the community.

In India there has been for a long time a movement for a fuller concession of representation of the native communities. This movement seems now to be becoming somewhat acute, and considerable indications of discontent are being given on account of the little attention which the British government has so far paid to the voice of the agitators. In Calcutta an Indian gentleman was, a short time ago, crowned amid loud shouts of "Hail! Motherland!" and 50,000 persons are said to have signed a document in which the signers have promised to die for their country and to drive away the Sahibs. But what is more important is the fact that there seems to be a growing recognition in England of the right of the peoples of India to a larger voice in the management of their affairs.

The Far East.

After a few years China is to have a constitution. This has been decreed by the Emperor. The people are not at present fitted for such a privilege; they are, however, to be rendered worthy by a series of reforms in the administrative system of the Empire, to carry out which a commission has been appointed. His Majesty announces his will in the following terms: "Since the beginning of our dynasty, there have been wise Emperors who have made laws suited to the times. Now that China has intercourse with all nations, our laws and our political system have become antiquated, and our country is always in trouble. Therefore it is necessary for us to gather more knowledge and draw up a new code of laws; otherwise we shall not be worthy of the trust of our forefathers and our people." China's weakness, he says, is due to the antagonism between rulers and ruled. The Constitution will be granted as soon as the nation has progressed sufficiently in enlightenment, and has become able to understand the new order of things.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (4 Aug.): "Francophil" replies to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's recent article, "Newman through French Spectacles." He contends especially that Mr. Ward has gravely misunderstood M. Bremond's interpretation of Newman. He asks the question, "Was Newman Obscure?" and challenges the statement that the Cardinal never could be got to pronounce any single categorical statement to be simply true.——The Holy Father has addressed an encyclical letter to the Bishops of Italy in which he deplores the spirit of independence and insubordination shown by some of their younger clergy. Clerics are forbidden to belong to the organization known as the National Democratic League.

(11 Aug.): Mr. Ward explains clearly his position, and maintains the same against his critic "Francophil."

(25 Aug.): The Pope's letter to the French Bishops has decided the attitude to be observed by the Catholics of France towards the Law of Separation. He has prohibited them to accept the conditions provided by the Government. Already the voice of the Bishops has made itself heard in every part of the country in a respectful accord of praise and thanksgiving to their Sovereign Pontiff.

(1 Sept.): The solemn beatification of Dom Bosco is nearing completion.——A Leader writes of the non-Catholic missionary movement in the United States. He reviews the work of this Union which, in ten years, has grown to be country-wide, highly organized, and eminently successful. Its central school of training is at the Apostolic Mission House, at Washington, on the grounds of the Catholic University.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): Apropos of the Congress at Rio Janiero, the Monroe Doctrine is given an extensive notice; its consequences not only for the new, but for the old world are given. The protectorate that the United States exercises over the South American republics is not the result of principle, but is due to her love of her own interests. From her past prosperity the United

States is now beginning to suffer. A market there must be for Uncle Sam's surplus manufactures, and where is it to be found? The Japanese are poor customers now, and the Chinese boycott American goods. The Latin republics of South America offer the best inducements; they are excellent markets, possessing much money with very few industries. One of the results of the conference will be the conclusion of a commercial treaty favoring the importation of goods from the United States, to the detriment of the exportation of goods from European countries.——Raffalovitch contributes an article on the Income Tax, and shows just what it means, distinguishing carefully the difference between the English and Prussian methods of such taxation.

(25 Aug.): The California earthquake is treated by A. De Lapparent, of the Academy of Sciences. At the time of the calamity in April last, this scientist attributed the causes of the earthquake to the changes in the structure in certain districts on the earth's surface. The committee appointed by the governor of California to inquire into its causes has practically substantiated this opinion. A fissure has been found running from Punta Arena to Mt. Pinos. Seismic studies have demonstrated that there are certain regions which remain stable, while others are undergoing changes continually.

Études (5 Aug.): A subject seldom handled in our day is ably discussed in this issue by M. Roure. He takes up the question of mysticism. The old Catholic teaching he presents in a new and telling manner. Lives of the mystics are shown not to be given over to dreaming or mere sentimentality, but to have been passed in the exercise of the soul's highest faculties. Extracts from authorities differing so widely as Angela de Foligno in the olden time, and William James in the new, show the strong grasp this writer has of the matter in hand. (20 Aug.): Gaston Sortais contributes the results obtained from a study of art found at the Acropolis.—— Jos. Boubée concludes his series on the English school question.——Joseph Brucker selects J. de Rochay, as a Christian woman of letters, for the subject of this number's article. After giving a short account of her

life, the writer devotes the greater part of his article to several lengthy quotations taken from her diary.

La Quinzaine (16 Aug.): M. Boutard continues to trace out the fortunes of *L'Avenir* and its brilliant trio of editors. This number gives a brief account of the short-lived *Association Catholique;* also a few pages on the more successful "Agence Generale" and the work performed thereby in the defence of liberty. The writer points proudly to the fervent, though fruitless, efforts of the editors to make their countrymen accept the principles of democracy.——George Fonsegrive continues the history of the conflict which exists between the laws of the social life of man and those of his moral life. In this, the ninth article, he offers a solution of the conflict.——F. Frilley sketches the life of Edward Thring, discussing at length his relations to education in England.——G. Stenger commences the study of the Bourbons in 1814. In this number he retraces the phases of the return of Louis XVIII. to France.——Jol Rasco makes a plea for the help of the women in this the important hour of the Church in France. Women, she says, form the second half of humanity. As a half, they should bear half the burdens, the responsibilities, and share in the rights of man. As the second half, they should understand that it is not abroad, but in the home, that they should accomplish their mission.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 July): M. Turmel concludes his study of Bossuet's theology: "Elle n'ouvre pas les portes de l'avenir, mais elle se dresse majestueusement devant le passé.——The Superior of the Seminary of Tokio, A. F. Ligneul, gives an interesting account of the various religions that flourish to-day in Japan.——Under the title "Histoire et Erudition" are given critical summaries of about fifteen recently published works deserving of notice.

(1 Aug.): F. Mallet opens a study of the relations between science and faith. He examines, in this number, the two questions: What is Faith? What is Catholic Faith?——Continuing his topic, the infallible sign of the state of grace, P. Gaucher writes on the nature of the act of perfect charity, and the connection between the

supernatural and the natural act of love in those who know revelation.——In the "Chronique des Œuvres," "Un Vieux Vicaire" treats of the duties and responsibilities of the bishop in the administration of his diocese. ——Various new publications, that treat of new problems in theology, are noticed, and their significance pointed out.

(15 Aug.): M. Ch. Urbain thrashes out the story of Bossuet's alleged marriage with Mlle. Mauléon.——F. Mallet concludes his luminous essay on the relations between Science and Faith——Foreign publications are noticed in the "Chronique du Mouvement Théologique." ——A. Boudinhon writes on the discharge of the obligations contracted by the acceptance of an honorarium for Masses.——P. Despreux has some valuable suggestions regarding the selection of books for those who would occupy their recreation time in reading.——The ecclesiastical position under the Law of Separation is treated in the "Tribune Libre" section.

(1 Sept.): The greater part of this number consists of papers relating to the recent Law of Separation: "Nous Saurons Obéir," J. Brecout; "La Crise Religieuse," S. Reynaud; "L'Encyclique 'Gravissimo Officii,'" Cardinal Lecot; "Réponse de l'Épiscopat Français à l'Encyclique 'Véhementer nos,'" Ch. Bujon.——M. Urbain continues his account of the relations that existed between Bossuet and Mlle. de Mauléon.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (August): P. Laberthonnière, in a kindly manner, but with great severity, criticizes Picard's *Transcendence de Jesus-Christ.* Picard, he says, tortures bible texts into a grotesque concordism, and seeks for unusual and bizarre phrases, such as saying that our Lord had the qualities of an orator, a musician, etc. Besides this, he goes out of his way to attack the method of immanence, and does this in an unscientific manner.——A. Leclère outlines a scheme of apologetics. ——C. Huit continues his studies of Platonism in France.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Aug.): P. Molmenti writes on the Italian theatre in the early sixteenth century.——E. Vercesi describes the last phase of German Protestantism, as

represented by Fischer (on the extreme left), and says the issue is Rome or Radicalism.——T. M. writes against Darwinism.

(16 Aug.): Senatore Del Lungo sketches the present situation in the English Parliament.——G. Gallavresi publishes a lecture on Muratori delivered at Milan last April.——"Americanus" translates into Italian an article on Galileo by Father Conway, "the learned apologist and eloquent missionary," believing that this impartial and well-documented paper can do good in Italy where, even among Catholics, the Galileo case sometimes disturbs the weak.——G. Grabinski writes an obituary notice of Mgr. Bartolo, author of *I Criteri Teologici*, put on the Index in its first edition, and re-edited recently with official Imprimatur, though very slightly altered.

(1 Sept): C. Caviglione writes on "The Philosophy of Action," noting with approval the work done by P. Laberthonnière.——A criticism appears of "the curious methods" used by P. Forbes, S.J, in coming to the conclusion that Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* is full of heresy.

Civiltà Cattolica (4 Aug.): Criticizes severely S. Minocchi's article (*Studi Religiosi*) on the new learning of the clergy —as confused in language as in doctrine.

(18 Aug): Gives high praise to Dr. Turner's *History of Philosophy*, which has recently been translated into Italian.

(1 Sept.): An article in criticism of Herbert Spencer, shows the moral function of beneficence.——Assails "the nationalist anti-clerical prejudice," which attempts to subject the Church to the State, and so denies the distinction between the two powers.

Razón y Fe (July): A. Perez concludes a sketch of his late Superior-General, Father Martin.——J. de Abadal writes on the historicity of the Hexateuch, in criticism of Bonaccorsi.——J. M. Sola, writing on the catechisms of Spain, believes that the Spanish-speaking peoples will be the first to realize the wish expressed by the 535 Fathers of the Vatican Council, and seconded by Pius X.; namely, that there should be one single form for the catechism.

(Aug.): N. Urguer writes on the transformation of Japan, and its new international policy.

Studi Religiosi (July–August): P. Palmieri writes at length concerning the theological controversies in which the late Professor Schell was engaged. Dr. Schell was accused by P. Stufler, S.J., of denying the eternity of hell. This article severely rebukes P. Stufler for being too ready with the charge of heresy, and appeals for some measure of liberty for Catholic theology, if it is to live at all. As to Schell's opinions, it is held that he only maintained that in hell the lost still retain their impulse toward the good and true; and maintained secondly that no sin, save such as included persistent, formal obstinacy to God, deserved eternal punishment ——An article on Father Tyrrell's two latest books, *Lex Orandi* and *Lex Credendi*, gives high praise to these works.——The reviewer of P. Schiffini's *Divinitas Scripturarum* says that this book disgusted him. He found in it no trace of biblical scholarship.——A. Bellomo gives a long study of the eloquence of Bernardine of Siena.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Aug.): Fr. Cathrein begins a series of articles on the Congo Free State.——In an article entitled "The Decline of a Great Nation," Fr. Krose discusses certain evils which, at present, threaten the French Republic. One of these evils is the rapidly decreasing birth-rate of the French nation.——"Theology from the standpoint of Psychology" is the theme of a paper written in criticism of certain views on the relation of Psychology to Theology advanced by Professor Ames, of the Chicago University.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

READING CIRCLE DAY at Cliff Haven, N. Y., was devoted chiefly to the consideration of the work of the late Warren E. Mosher. On behalf of the Fénelon Reading Circle, of Brooklyn, New York City, the following report was presented by the president, Miss Rosemary Rogers:

The purpose of the Fénelon is to cultivate a taste for literature in general, and Catholic literature in particular, among the members and their friends, as well as to keep alive that beautiful feeling of sociability which must follow where all are interested, and co-operate in attaining the desired standard. Looking at the question of Reading Circles in a general way, we will find that the study of any subject unfolds an ideal, for each subject has its social side, and shows the relation of man and his activity. History records his will in action, literature pictures ideally his struggle for and against ethical principles, science furnishes him the necessary means for advancement in civilization, language teaches him how to use his own thoughts most effectively, for accomplishing the purpose for which he labors, and religion elevates him from his sordid surroundings to contemplate the glory of God in the magnitude of his work.

So the Fénelon has its active and social sides. The active members read, write, and discuss topics assigned for each business meeting, besides taking part in the elections every December. A great many have acknowledged that they would like to belong to the active membership, but do not want to be compelled to write papers. If those women will join the active ranks, by the time there is an opportunity to write, they will be only too willing to perform their allotted task.

The Fénelon is especially blessed in having such an able leader as its director, the Rev. James J. Coan, who, by a well-directed question after each paper has been read, starts the discussion, reserving his opinion until the last, when he delivers his ultimatum.

The active membership is limited to Catholic ladies, but the constitution adopted in 1896 says that any Catholic or non-Catholic man or woman may become an Associate Member if properly proposed by an Active Member, and approved by the Advisory Board.

At the first social gathering in October, 1905, Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, was the guest of honor, and he entertained the audience with an excellent lecture on a Shakespearean topic.

In November the Rev. Patrick McHale, C.M., recently returned from his trip around the world, lectured on "Glimpses of the Far East."

In December there was no social meeting, but the regular business of that month was the election of officers for 1906.

The opening lecture of 1906 was delivered by the Rev. William B. Farrell, of Hempstead, who gave an exposition of the work of the guilds of the Middle Ages, under the title "The Relation of the Church to Labor as seen in Her Past History."

In February the Hon. Robert H. Roy, Assistant District Attorney of Kings County, himself a booklover, gave a highly interesting talk on "What to Read, and How to Read It."

The unique title "The Feminisms of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith" was given to the lecture delivered by the Rev. Cornelius Clifford, of Morristown, N. J.

At our April meeting the Rev. M. G. Flannery, former director of the Fénelon, selected the "Renaissance" as his topic. A short address was given by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., containing an outline of the lectures at the Catholic Summer-School for the session of 1906.

* * *

The memorial meeting for the late Warren E. Mosher, first secretary of the Catholic Summer-School, took place in the Auditorium at Cliff Haven on the evening of August 24.

The Right Rev. Monsignor J. F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, presided. The proceedings opened by the singing, with chorus and orchestra, of "Lead Kindly Light," followed by a tenor solo from Verdi's Requiem by Dr. William P. Grady, of Philadelphia.

Miss Margaret O'Connell then read tributes from the Alumnæ Auxiliary Association to the memory of Mr. Mosher, in which were expressed high admiration of his character and his faithful work in the cause of the Summer-School. Professor Camille W. Zeckwer played Dvorák's "On the Holy Mount."

The tributes from the absent followed, being read by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, of Albany. The tributes of Dr. John Francis Waters, of Ottawa, and of Rev. P. A. Halpin and Dr. J. J. Walsh, of New York City, were especially appropriate, and brought home to the audience the loss which the school had sustained by Mr. Mosher's death.

A baritone solo by Mr. Gerald Reynolds followed. The selection was Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

Then came the tribute of Monsignor Loughlin. It was to him that Mr. Mosher first proposed the establishment of a Catholic Assembly, such as the Summer-School now is. Monsignor Loughlin recounted the efforts of Mr. Mosher in the early days of the Summer-School, and the self-sacrifice with which he had worked in the building up of the school. He spoke of the many trials bravely overcome, of the struggle against obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, but which the earnest labor of Mr. Mosher had always conquered.

* * *

The June meeting of the d'Youville Circle, at Ottawa, Canada, was a large one. The exercises consisted of a discussion of the lecture on Arthur Henry Hallam, given by Dr. John Francis Waters, which was pronounced a very noble closing to the fine series that the Circle has enjoyed, once a month, since last October. Dr. Waters' call to such a high standard of culture as inspired Tennyson's greatest work was repeated by the chairman in making the report of the library for the past season, a very cheery note was sounded as to the visible benefits of the library association, the whole year's work was also reviewed and brought to a few conclusions, and an outline of

the next session's programme was traced. The book review notes were confined to Bacheller's *Silas Strong*, a good critique having been written by one of the members, it compelled comparison with the author's *Vergilius*, and it was intimated that he is more interesting in the woods of Northern New York with Eben Holden and Silas Strong than at Rome or Jerusalem with Augustus Cæsar and Herod. The re-mailing of good reading to the addresses furnished by the I. C. T. S. was reported as most cheerfully and steadily kept up. These addresses reach the remoter parts of the Dominion and of the far southwest.

Under the auspices of the d'Youville Reading Circle, Mr. A. A. Dion, superintendent of the Ottawa Electric Company, delivered a lecture on "Science and Invention," which, for value of the information contained in it, and the interest with which it was received, excelled all the lectures that have preceded. Mr. Dion told of the relation between scientists and inventors, referring specially to Lord Kelvin, the inventor of the marine compass and tide guage; Sir Humphrey Davy, poet, scientist, and inventor; Michael Faraday, inventor of the dynamo electric machine; Alexander Graham Bell, Hermann Von Helmhultz, Philip Rice, Elisha Gray, Blake, Edison, and Berliner. He told many interesting facts concerning the telephone and its first cousin, the phonograph, describing the process by which various experimenters perfected the great instrument now so indispensable to business and social life.

A cordial vote of thanks was moved by Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., who intimated that it was superfluous, in view of the fact that the rapt attention and appreciation of the audience were eloquently expressive of the thanks of Mr. Dion's hearers.

The recent death of Mr. Warren E. Mosher called for a eulogistic note on that Catholic layman of great prominence during the past fifteen years; he was the inspirer of the Champlain Summer-School, at Cliff Haven, N. Y., and the patron of a large number of reading circles. The d'Youville has enjoyed the close personal interest of Mr. Mosher from its beginning five years ago. His letters and suggestions were always most eagerly received. His was a rare soul, whose vocation seemed to be to rally others to the heights; his work can safely be called an Apostolate, and no one who was privileged to know him and see him in his patient, cheerful, dignified performance of his great works could be slow to pronounce him an idealist with a very real hold on the ways and means to promote Christian culture. No wonder that one of the tributes paid to him since his death is drawn from Tennyson's "Coming of Arthur": "He spake and cheered his table round with large, divine, and comfortabe words beyond my tongue to tell." Yes, his were large words, and many will yearn for the comfort of them. Mr. Mosher was born June 19, 1860; died March 22, 1906.

* * * *

The Cathedral Library Association, of Dallas, Texas, is to be congratulated on a very notable success in arranging for a lecture on Dante by Dr. Horan.

From every viewpoint the lecture was one of the most successful affairs of its kind ever given in Dallas. Dr. Horan was superb in his handling of

the subject, and an audience composed of the intellect and culture of Dallas filled Carnegie Hall to the very doors. Literary critics agree in placing Dante with Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michael Angelo, among the world's supreme leaders in the domain of thought. We are often told that the Catholic Church interferes with freedom of thought and crushes the human mind, and the best answer to this falsehood is the fact that of the four great thinkers three were Catholics, and concerning the fourth, Shakespeare, it is very probable that he was also a member of the Catholic Church. The Church does not crush the mind of man, but elevates it by giving it new strength. The Church gave her theology to Dante for his *Divina Commedia;* she gave her traditions to Michael Angelo for his masterpieces of sculpture; and, finally, when Shakespeare speaks theologically, it is always the theology of the Catholic Church. Such lectures as Dr. Horan's bring the fact to the non-Catholic mind, and in this way are helpful in bringing men to the Church.

* * *

It is hardly likely, remarks the Pittsburg *Observer*, that the appeal which a French priest, who formerly labored in the Catholic missions in Texas, has written to the Catholics of the United States, through the *Southern Messenger*, San Antonio, will elicit a favorable response. The indignation meetings and resolutions of protest which he suggests that American Catholics should hold and adopt, and the remonstrances which he asks the Catholic press to make, in reference to the new Separation Law, would produce no practical result whatever. French Catholics must put into practice their own proverb: "*Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*"—"Help yourselves, and God will help you." They must rely upon their own efforts. If they look across the Rhine, they will see an example which they ought to imitate. Let them, moreover, establish and generously support a good, vigorous Catholic press. It is largely to their neglect of the Catholic press in the past that their present pitiable plight is due. The free-thinkers and atheists who have so long ruled their country have for years used the newspaper as an effective instrument for their attacks on the Catholic Church, and as a ready vehicle for the propagation of doctrines pernicious to and subversive of morality. Catholics unfamiliar with the religious situation in France cannot realize to what an extent the poison of corruption has been spread, nor how terrible is the havoc wrought among souls by the infidel press so widely diffused throughout that country. The war against religion is daily pursued in leading articles, critical notices, news items, and serial stories, these latter being made the medium for the moral corruption of the young of both sexes. It is superfluous to say that it is through the press the freemasons have astutely conducted their long campaign against Catholicity—a campaign that has resulted in the dispersion of the religious congregations, the dechristianization of public instruction, and, lastly, the separation of Church and State.

* * *

A member of Congress should not pervert American history: yet this is the charge made against William Alden Smith for the following resolution introduced by him:

That, regarding with pride the achievments of their countryman, Horace

Porter, the distinguished soldier, orator, and diplomat, the thanks of the United States are eminently due and are hereby tendered to him, as a tribute to his extraordinary enterprise, diligence, and fortitude in reclaiming the body of America's first naval hero, John Paul Jones, whose place of interment in Paris more than a century ago was entirely lost sight of by his countrymen, and the discovery of whose remains has again revived general public interest in his heroic deeds of valor and daring as the chief naval officer of our revolutionary period.

The *Catholic Columbian* challenges the historical accuracy of the statement approved by Congress, and asserts that there was a concerted movement to falsify history in the interests of John Paul Jones. He was not "America's first naval hero." He was not "the chief naval officer of our revolutionary period." He was not "the father and founder of the American Navy."

The facts of history are that on February 7, 1776, John Barry was appointed to the command of the first armed vessel of the Colonies, the cruiser *Lexington*, when Jones was only a lieutenant, and that Jones did not receive a captain's commission until October 10, 1776, and was then eighteenth on the list; that Barry captured the first British prize upon the ocean, the ship *Edward*, on April 7, 1776, and took her to Philadelphia; that Barry continued in service during the whole war; that Barry fought the last battle of the Revolution on March 10, 1783, on the *Alliance* against the *Sybille;* that then he was in command of the whole navy; that when the Congress of the new republic, by act of January 2, 1794, created a navy for the United States, President George Washington, on June 5, 1794, appointed Barry the first or ranking captain, and the others were Nicholson, Talbot, Barney, Dale, and Truxton; that Barry superintended the building of *The United States*, the first frigate of the new navy; that the American leaders distrusted Jones; that the command of ten different ships was taken away from him one after another, and that the best ship ever entrusted to him was *The Ranger;* that the command of the *Bon Homme Richard*, with which he captured the *Serapis*, was not given to him by America, but by the King of France, after he had been kept idle in that country by his own government for eight months; that he himself declared: "I am not in this war as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world"; that he afterward went into the service of Russia; and that when he died, in 1792, the American ambassador thought so little of him that he would not attend the funeral, for the flimsy reason that "he had some persons to dine with him on that day."

John Paul Jones, our "first naval hero"—not so; John Paul Jones, "the chief naval officer of our revolutionary period"—nonsense; John Paul Jones, "the father and founder of the American Navy"—not if history tells the truth.

* * * *

In his marvelously eloquent response to the toast "John Barry, Father of the American Navy," at the annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in New York, Bourke Cockran delivered this peroration:

But there is a task which Irishmen will claim for themselves, an obligation which they will discharge zealously, as resting mainly upon their own

shoulders, to the capturer of the *Alert*. After that capture, after the time when, by twenty-seven men in rowboats, a ship of war convoying two vessels, laden with supplies, was captured by the hero whose memory we celebrate, Abbot tells us in his *Plough of Nemesis*, Lord Howe offered him 20,000 guineas and the command of a British frigate if he would desert to the British service, and the answer was: "Not for the value of the English Navy and the command of it all could I be seduced from the cause of my country."

"My country," it was then to this man, Irish born; "my country," t was then to Irishmen when her fields were still untilled, when her towns were ravaged, when hostile guns were trained upon her villages, when all the forces of the greatest power in the world were pledged for her destruction.

She was "my country" to Irishmen as she was "my country" later when the desert was being reduced to cultivation, when, upon the banks of rivers whose waters had known no sound and no sign of life except the canoe of the Indian bent upon plunder and destruction, Irishmen were building the foundations of those mighty marts of industry upon whose pavements the feet of millions beat to-day, hurrying at sunrise to fruitful labor and returning at sunset to well-earned rest. She was "my country" to Irishmen still, when, in the throes of war, the Union was endangered, and the blood of Irishmen contributed to that noble tide that wiped the stain of slavery from that flag and made this land free for every living, breathing human being. She is "my country" still to Irishmen to-day, wherever danger may assail her, whether it be from intemperate political proposals, whether it be from wild theories subversive of all government, or whether, again, in the providence of God any combination of forces shall bring hostile ships upon the sea, or danger to her integrity; "my country" she will remain to all the Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen who have helped to build her greatness and spread her glory. "My country" she will be to future generations of Irishmen who, mindful of the glory which Barry won, and the service which Barry rendered, will claim it now as their greatest, chiefest joy to be admitted to participation in erecting to him a monument on whose base will be engraved the words which he spoke to the lieutenant who suggested surrender: "If you cannot fight the ship, I will be carried on deck and fight her myself!"

So must every Irishman feel in his bosom that the call of patriotism is addressed to him alone; whatever difficulties surround him, whether it be loss of property or loss of popularity, his eye must remain upon his duty alone, and, emulating the example of Barry, paraphrasing his words, he must say: "If you or no man remain faithful, I will be found wherever patriotism calls me, wherever duty points the way, whatever it may cost, for no other reward than the glory of this land peopled by the families of Irishmen to-day —the guiding star of the Irish people all over the world everywhere—of Irishmen struggling to establish upon their own soil institutions of liberty, of justice, and of progress, which, in this country, have made a splendor and a glory that guides the footsteps of mankind to peace and prosperity."

It is expected that a pamphlet edition will soon be issued of Bourke Cockran's masterly oration on Commodore Barry, and then the duty of the hour will be to secure for it the widest circulation. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Persia Past and Present. A book of Travel and Research. By A. V. Williams Jackson. Illustrated. Pp. xxxi.–471. Price $4 net. *Moon-Face: and Other Stories.* By Jack London. Pp. 273. Price $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Apostles Creed in Modern Worship. By William R. Richards. Pp. 168. Price $1 net. *Whispering Smith.* By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated. Pp. 421. Price $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

A Manual of Common Butterflies and Moths of America and Europe. Reproduced in Natural Colors with their Common and Scientific Names. Price 25 cents per copy. *A Manual of Common American and European Insects.* Reproduced in Natural Colors with their Common and Scientific Names. Price 25 cents *A New Appraisal of Christian Science.* By Joseph Dunn Burrell. Pp. 75. Price 50 cents net.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York:

Briefs for Our Times. By Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Pp. 237. Price $1 net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. For the Three Seasons of the year according to the Roman Breviary. Pp. 344. Price $1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Divine Authority. By I. F. Schofield. Price 90 cents net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Lectures: Controversial and Devotional. By Father Malachy, C.P. Pp. 218. Price 90 cents *Catholic Scripture Manuals: The Gospel According to St. Luke.* Books I. and II. With Introduction and Annotations by Madame Cecilia. Pp. 292. Price $1.25. *A Manual of Bible History: I. The Old Testament.* By Charles Hurt, B.A. Pp. 623. *My Queen and My Mother.* By R. G. S. Third edition. Pp. 262. Price $2. *Lectures on the Holy Eucharist.* By Charles Coupé, S.J., M.A. (London). With notes and references by Hutherly Moore Pp. 248. *Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women.* By Rev. Joseph Schuen. Edited by Rev Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D. Pp. 451. Price $2. *The Voyage of "The Pax."* An Allegory. By Dom Bede Camm, O S.B. Pp. 72. Price 75 cents. *A Modern Pilgrim's Progress.* With an Introduction by Henry Sebastian Bowden. Pp. 284. Price $1.60. *Jack.* By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Pp. 122. Price 45 cents. *More Five o'Clock Stories in Prose and Verse.* By the same. Pp. 292. Price 75 cents. *The Soggarth Aroon.* By Rev. Joseph Guinan, C.C. Pp. 261. Price $1.25. *The Madonna of the Poets.* Pp. 120-xix. Price 85 cents. *Virgo Prædicanda.* Verses in our Lady's Praise. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O M.I. Pp. 47. Price 30 cents. *Talks With the Little Ones.* By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Pp. 204. Price 60 cents. *Pauline Marie Jaricot, Foundress of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary.* Translated from the French by E. Sheppard. Pp. 307. *Anglican Ordinations: Theology of Rome and of Canterbury in a Nutshell.* By Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. Pp. 60. Price 35 cents *A Manual of Theology for the Laity.* By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. With an Introduction by Most Rev. John Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. Pp. 402.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York:

The Court of Pilate. A Story of Jerusalem in the Days of Christ. By Roe R. Hobbs. Illustrated Pp. 332. Price $1.50.

B. F. BUCK & CO., New York.

The Italian in America. Illustrated. By Eliot Lord, A.M. Pp. lx.–268.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, Paterson, N. J.:

St. Anthony's Almanac for 1907. Price 25 cents per copy.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D.C.:

Antiquities of the Jemez Plateau, New Mexico. By Edgar L. Hewett.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago, Ill.:

Pocket Diary and Time Saver for 1907. Leather. Price 25 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Death, Real and Apparent, in Relation to the Sacraments. A Physiologico-Theological Study. By Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Pp. 131. Price 75 cents. *Commentary on the Catechism of Trent.* By Rev. W. Faerber. For the Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States. Pp. 443. Price $1.75. *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Johannes Janssen. Vol. IX. From 1580 up to 1608. Pp. 544. Vol. X. Leading up to the Thirty Years' War. Pp. 647. Translated by A. M. Christie. Price $6.25. *What Need is There of Religion?* A Plain Statement of the Reasons for Religion and its Practice. By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Pp. 115. Price 15 cents. Per Hundred, $10.50. *Winona: and Other Stories.* By W. J. Fischer. Pp. 219. Price 80 cents. Westminster Lectures: *Evil and Its Cause.* By Rev A. B. Sharpe, M.A. *The Higher Criticism.* By William Barry, D.D. *Miracles.* By Gideon W. Marsh. *The Divinity of Christ.* By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Science and Faith.* By Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. Price each, paper, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. *Our Lady's Book of Days.* Compiled by the Hon. Alison Stourton. Price 45 cents *What Should I Believe?* A Brief Statement of the Reasons for the Truth of Supernatural Religion. By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Pp. 107. Price 15 cents. Dozen, $1.35. *The Queen's Tragedy.* By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. 382. Price $1.50.

JENNINGS & GRAHAM, Cincinnati, Ohio:

The Church and the Social Problem. By Samuel Plantz. Pp. 356. Price $1.25.

"IMMANUEL'S WITNESS" POSTAL MISSION, Cleveland, Ohio:

Knights Templar Procession. A Controversy with two Prominent Lawyers over Freemasonry. By J. B. Corey. Pp. 83.

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY. Philadelphia:

The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People. By J. Ogden Armour. Pp. 380.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, Westminster, England:

The Catechism Simply Explained for Little Children By H. Canon Cafferata. Pp. 100. *Consolamini Meditations.* By the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. Pp. 217. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., London:

The Chronicle of the Canons Regular of Mount Saint Agnes. Written by Thomas à Kempis. Translated by J. P. Arthur. Pp. 235. Price, $1.35.

BURNS & OATES, LTD., London:

"*I am the Way.*" A Treatise for Followers of Christ. Translated from the French by the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C. Pp. xv.-280. Price, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. *Ecclesia: The Church of Christ.* Edited by Arnold Harris Mathew. Pp. xviii.-182. Price 3*s* 6*d.* net. *The Religion of the Plain Man.* By Father Hugh Benson. Pp. ix.-164. Price. 2*s* 6*d.* net. *The Madonna of the Poets.* Poems in our Lady's Praise, gathered by Anita Bartle. Pp. 126. Price 2*s* 6*d.* net

LUIGI PIERRO TIP, EDITORE, Naples, Italy:

L'America Del Nord. By Professor Gedeone de Vincentiis. Pp. 583.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris, France:

La Devotion au Sacre Cœur de Jesus. By J. V. Bainvel. Pp. viii.-373. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *La Theologie de Saint Hippolyte.* By Adhemar d'Ales. Pp. liv.-242. Price 6 *fr. De Evangeliorum Inspiratione: De Dogmatis Evolutione. De Arcani Disciplina.* By P. R. M. Fei, O.P. Pp. 113. Price 2 *fr.* 50.

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THE

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THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE IN PRE-REFORMATION DAYS.*

BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

MY subject is one of great and enduring interest—"The Christian Family Life." Looking back across my own more than half a century of experience, I see—or shall I say seem to see—that a great change has taken place in the family life of Catholics, and that to-day—speaking broadly—it is not what it was fifty years ago. Did I not know that there is apparently a natural tendency, as men get on in life, to disparage the present in comparison with the past, I should be inclined to say that the ideals of the Christian family as we recognize them to-day have, as a whole, greatly deteriorated, and that some have been dropped altogether as unsuited for the days in which we live. In the task that has been assigned to me by the authorities of the C. T. S., perhaps fortunately for myself, I am not in any way called upon either to establish this deterioration as a fact, or to endeavor to ascertain the cause, if it be a fact, or yet again to suggest possible remedies. My comparatively easy task is to set before you at

*A paper read at the "Catholic Truth Conference," at Brighton, September 25, 1906.

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least the broad outlines of Catholic home-life in pre-Reformation days. It may, however, be useful for me to preface that story with a few words upon the general question as it appears at the present day.

The Catholic life depends in great measure for its existence and its growth upon the Christianity of the family life. I take this to be an axiom. For although it may be allowed that the grace of God may so act upon the individual soul as to produce the flowers of virtue amid the most chilling surroundings and in the mephitic atmosphere of a bad home, still in his providence the ordinary nursery of all God's servants is the home presided over by pious parents, who themselves practise the religion they teach their children. The father, mother, and children together make up the sacred institution of God called the family. Without the parental influence, example, and teaching the child will hardly have a chance of acquiring even the elements of religion or the first principles of an ordered life. The child is, for the most part, the creation of its surroundings, and no amount of schooling in the best of "atmospheres," or of religious instruction from the most capable of teachers, can supply the influences which are lacking in the home life. On parents rest the responsibility—a heavy responsibility, of which they cannot divest themselves—of training their offspring in habits of virtue—of seeing, for example, that they say their prayers, attend church and the sacraments, and, as their minds expand, are properly instructed in their duty to God and their fellowmen. The knowledge that their example will almost inevitably be copied by those they have brought into the world should act upon parents as a restraint upon word and action, and they should share personally in all the prayers and acts of religion they inculcate as necessary. There is much, no doubt, in surroundings and circumstances, but there is no home so humble that it may not be a school of sound, solid, practical Catholic life; there are no surroundings or circumstances, however hard and difficult, in which the Christian family, recognising its obligations, cannot practise the lesson taught by the Holy Household at Nazareth. Of course it is religion which must bind the members of the family together, and no ties are secure, or will bear the stress of life, which are not strengthened by prayer and the faithful practice of religious duties.

In these days, when so frequently the State steps in to usurp parental rights and to give relief from parental duties; and when the Church, in its anxiety to secure some kind of religious knowledge, is looked upon as freeing the parent from its duty of imparting it; and when the well-meaning philanthropist urges free meals and free boots as the necessary corollary of compulsory education, the whole duty of man and woman to those they have brought into the world, and the family tie binding parents and children together, is in danger of being forgotten. The State regulations for secular education claim children almost before they can crawl, and gratuitously instructs them in all manner of subjects, some no doubt useful, but many more wholly unnecessary, if they are not positively harmful. The parent is almost a negligible quantity in the matter, and, by way of a set-off against this treatment, he is not called upon to contribute a penny towards his child's education, although in the greater number of cases it was shown, by the experience of years, that he was fully able to do so. The priest has to see to the religious side of education. His experience is that the parent seldom troubles much about this side of his duty, and that it is with difficulty that he can be got to take an active interest in his child's moral training or to second the priest's efforts for the eternal welfare of the child, for whom, by every principle of nature and divine law, he is responsible. When the notion of responsibility for education goes from the parental mind, with it departs, in most cases, the sense of duty to the religious obligations incumbent on every parent in regard to the soul of his child. Unless, therefore, the priest taught the children to pray and instructed them in their faith and duty; unless he prepared them for the sacraments; unless he saw that they approached them regularly; unless he drilled them to come to Mass on the Sundays and Holydays, no one else would do so. Hence the priest has to go on trying to fulfil much of the responsibilities of parents, in spite of the danger that the child as it grows in age and knowledge may come to look upon all this religious training as a mere detail of school work, from which age emancipates it —a disaster which will be all the more certain if the religious lessons given it are not enforced by the example of its parents in the home life, and by their obedience to the practical obligations of religion.

All this raises questions of the utmost importance, and in the opinion of many priests of experience no greater service to religion at the present day could be effected than some crusade that would bring home to Catholic parents the necessity of returning in their home lives to the traditions and example of their ancestors in the faith. As a small contribution, I propose to set out as briefly as may be what the life was that was lived in England and in English Christian homes in pre-Reformation days, in order that we may have some measure of comparison.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries our forefathers were early risers, and probably the usual time for the household to bestir itself was not later than six. Hugh Rhodes' *Book of Nurture* teaches:

"Ryse you earely in the morning,
For it hath propertyes three;
Holynesse, health, and happy welth,
As my Father taught mee.
At syxe of the cloche, without delay,
Use commonly to ryse,
And give God thanks for thy good rest
When thou openest thyn eyes."

This same hour of six was ordered by the Bishop of Rochester for the offices of the household of his pupil, Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V., to hear their morning Mass. The king, in appointing Earl Rivers and the Bishop tutors to his son, in 1470, enjoined that he should not be allowed to lie in bed, but that he should rise "every morning at a convenient hour." The *Prymer* of 1538 (the first English one, though printed at Rouen), in its "Maner to lyve well, devoutly, and salutaryly every day, for all persones of mean estate," says: "Fyrst rise at six in the morning in all seasons, and in doing so thank God for the rest he has given to you."

This brings us to the first daily morning exercise on which our ancestors set such store: *The school of vertue* for little children says:

"First in the mornynge, when thou dost awake,
To God for his grace thy peticion then make.

This prayer folowynge use dayly to say
Thy harte lyftynge up; Thus begyn to pray:
O God, from whom all good gifts procede!
To thee we repayr in tyme of our need," etc.

And so through a prayer for grace to follow virtue and flee from vice; and for God's special protection during the day which is then beginning, which the child asks may be spent

"To thy honour and joy of our parentes
Learninge to lyve well and kepe thy commandmentes."

Richard Whytford—"the wretch of Lyon"—in his "Werke for Housholders, or for them that have the gydyng or governaunce of any company," thus sets out a form of early morning exercise, which is specially intended for the use, not of recluses or cloistered religious, but of those having to live an ordinary Christian life in the world. "As soon as ye do awake in the morning to arise for al day," he writes, "first sodeynly tourne your mind and remembrance unto Almighty God, and then use (by a contynual custom) to make a cross with your thombe on your forehead or front, in saying of these wordes: *In nomine Patris;* and then another cross upon your mouth with these wordes: *Et Filii;* and then a third cross upon your breast, saying: *Et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*"

"And if your devotion be thereto ye may again make one whole cross from your head unto your feet and from your lyfte shoulder unto your right, saying altogether: *In nomine Patris*, etc.; that is to say: 'I do blesse and marke myself with the cognysaunce and badge of Christ, in the name of the Father, etc.; the holy Trinity, three persons and one God.' Then say or thynke after this form: 'Good Lord God, my Maker and my Redeemer, here now in thy presence, I (for thys tyme and for all the tyme of my hole lyfe) do bequeath and bytake or rather do freely give myselfe, soule and body, etc.'"

The *Prymer* before named, speaks of the first prayer of the day as to be said at once on rising: "Commende you to God, to our Blessyd Lady Sainte Mary, and to that saint that is feasted that day and to all the saints of heaven. Secondly, Beseech God that he preserve you that day from deadly sin and at all other tymes, and pray him that all the works that other doth

for you may be accept to the laud of his name and of his glorious Mother and of all the company of heaven."

So, too, in *The Young Children's Book*, a version of an earlier set of rhymes, the child is told to

> "Aryse betyme oute of thi bedde
> And blysse thi brest and thi forhede,
> Then wasche thi handes and thi face,
> Keme thi hede, and aske God grace
> Thi to helpe in all thi werkes;
> Thou schall spede better what so thou carpes."

So much for the early morning exercise; we come now to the question of the morning Mass. I do not think that there can be much doubt that all in pre-Reformation days were not satisfied that they had done their duty if they did not hear Mass daily if they were able to do so. Of course it is obvious that very many would be prevented by their occupations and business from going to the church on the week days, but even for these the prevalence of the custom in cities and towns, of having an early Mass at 4, 5, or 6 o'clock in the morning, which was known as the "Morrow Mass," or the "Jesu Mass," is an indication that people were anxious to have the opportunity of attending at the Holy Sacrifice. This is all the more certain, as this Mass was generally offered as the result of some special benefaction for the purpose, or by reason of the stipend found by the people of a parish "gathered wekely of the devotion of the parishioners," as some foundation deed declared, in order that "travelers," or "those at work" might know that they could hear their Mass without interfering with the necessary business of their lives. Even when the actual presence was impossible, the Mediæval Catholic was taught to join in spirit in the Great Sacrifice when it was being offered up on the altar of his parish church. According to some antiquarians, the origin of the low side-windows, to be found in many churches, was to enable the clerk or server at Mass to ring a hand bell out of it at the Sanctus, in order to warn people at work in the neighboring fields and elsewhere that the more solemn part of the Mass had begun. We can hardly doubt that this practice did really exist, in view of a Constitution of Archbishop Peckham in 1281. In this he orders that "at the time of the

elevation of the body of our Lord (in the Mass), a bell be rung on one side of the church, that those who cannot be at daily Mass, no matter where they may be, whether in the fields or their own homes, may kneel down and so gain the indulgences granted by many bishops," to such as perform this act of devotion.

Andrew Borde, in his *Regyment*, incidently gives testimony to the practice of hearing daily Mass on the part of those whose occupations permitted them so to do. After speaking of rising and dressing, he says: "Then great and noble men doth use to here Masse, and other men that can not do so, but must apply (to) theyr busyness, doth serve God with some prayers, surrendrynge thankes to hym for hys manyfold goodnes, with askyng mercye for theyr offences."

The Venetian traveler, who at the beginning of the sixteenth century wrote his impressions of England, was struck with the way the people attended the morning Mass. "They all attend Mass every day," he writes, "and say many *Pater Nosters* in public. The women carry long rosaries in their hands, and any who can read take the office of our Lady with them, and with some companions recite it in church verse by verse, in a low voice, after the manner of Churchmen." Some years later another Venetian wrote that when in England every morning "at daybreak he went to Mass arm-in-arm with some nobleman or other."

King Edward IV. in the rules he drew up for the household of his son, says that "Every morning (after rising) two chaplains shall say matins in his presence, and then he shall go to chapel or closet and hear Mass," which shall never be said in his chamber except for "some grave cause." "No man to interrupt him during Masse time."

In the Preface to *The Lay Folke's Mass Book* Canon Simmons gives ample authority for the statement that in Catholic times all who could were supposed to hear daily Mass, and that unless prevented by necessary work or business they in fact did so very generally. In Wynkyn de Worde's *Boke of Kervynge*, the chamberlain is instructed "at morne" to "go to the church or chapell to your soveraynes closet and laye carpentes and cuyeshens and put downe his boke of prayers and then draw the curtynes." And so in the same way Robert of Gloucester says of William the Conqueror, reflecting no

doubt the manners of the age in which he himself wrote: "In chyrche he was devout ynon, for him non day (to) abyde that he na hurde Masse and matyns and evenson [g] and eche tyde." On which quotation Canon Simmons remarks: "That the rule of the Church was not a dead letter is perhaps unmistakably shown by the matter-of-course way in which hearing Mass before breaking fast is introduced as an incident in the every-day life of knights and other personages in works of fiction, which, nevertheless, in their details were no doubt true to the ordinary habits of the class they intended to portray."

As a matter of course, in *The Young Children's Book* the child is taught when his morning exercise has been done:

> "Then go to the chyrche and here a Masse
> There aske mersy fore thi trespasse."

And in an old set of verses, called *The Dayes of the Weke Moralysed*, for Monday, the first work day, the following advice is given:

> "Monday men ought Me for to call
> In wich, good werkes ought to begyn
> Heryng Masse, the first dede of all
> Intendyng to fle deadly syn," etc.

With regard to attendance at Holy Mass, it is important to observe that the people were fully instructed in the way they ought to behave in church during the sacred rite, and indeed at all times. Myre, in his *Instructions*, bids the clergy tell their people that on coming into God's house they should remember to leave outside "many wordes" and "ydel speche," and to put away all vanity and say "*Pater Noster* and *Ave*." They are to be warned not to stand aimlessly about in the church, nor to loll against the pillars or the wall, but they should kneel on the floor

> "And pray to God wyth herte meke
> To give them grace and mercy eke."

So, too, Seager, in *The Schoole of Vertue*, says:

> "When to the church thou shalt repayer,
> Knelyng or standynge to God make thy prayer;

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All worldely matters from thy mynde set apart,
Earnestly prayinge to God lyfte up thy hart,
A contrite harte he wyll not dispyse,
Whiche he doth coumpt a sweet sacrifice."

Richard Whytford, speaking to householders of their duty to see that those under their charge come to the Sunday Mass, writes: "Take the pain what you may to go forth yourself and call your folk to follow. And when you ben at the church do nothing else but that you came for. And look oft time upon them that ben under your charge, that all they be occupied lyke (at the least) unto devoute Chrystyans. For the church (as our Saviour saithe) is a place of prayer not of clateryngе and talking. And charge them also to keep their sight in church close upon their books or bedes. And while they ben younge let them use ever to kneel, stand, or sit, and never to walk in church. And let them hear the Masse quietly and devoutly, moche part kneeling. But at the Gospel, at the Preface, and at the *Pater Noster* teach them to stand and to make curtsey at the word *Jesus* as the priest dothe."

When the bell sounds for the Consecration, says another instruction, all, "bothe ye younge and olde," fall on their knees, and holding up both their hands pray softly to themselves thus:

"Jesu! Lord, welcome thou be
In form of bread as I thee see.
Jesu! for thy holy name
Shield me to-day from sin and shame," etc.;

or in some similar way, such as the *Salva Lux Mundi:* "Hail, light of the world, word of the Father; Hail, Thou true Victim, the living and entire flesh of God made true man"; or in the words of the better known *Anima Christi Sanctifica me.*

After morning Mass comes the first meal, which comes before the occupations of the day begin. At this, and at every meal, children were taught to bless themselves by the sign of the cross, and to follow the head of the family as he called down God's blessing upon what his providence had provided for them. At dinner and at supper there was apparently some reading in many families, which was at any rate a means of

teaching some useful things, and of avoiding, as one account says, "much idle and unprofitable talk."

In 1470 it is ordered that at meals Prince Edward should have "read before him such rolls, stories, etc., fit for a prince to hear." And Whytford thinks that meal time in a Christian family could not be spent better than upon inculcating the religious duties and knowledge, which parents are bound to see their children know. In the scheme of instructions he sets forth, he says: "ben such thynges as they been bounde to knowe, or can saye; that is, the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, and the Crede, with such other things as done follow. I wolde, therefore, you should begin with (those under your care) betimes in youth as soon as they can speak. For it is an old saying: 'The pot or vessel shall ever savour and smell of that thing wherewith it is first seasoned'; and your English proverb sayeth that 'the young cock croweth as he doth hear and lerne of the old.' You may in youth teche them what you will, and that shall they longest keep and remember. You should, therefore, above all thynges, take heed and care in what company your chylder ben nouryshed and brought up. For education and doctrine, that is to say bringing up and learning, done make ye manners. With good and vertuous persons (sayth the prophet) you shall be good and vertuous. And with evil persons you shall also be evil. Let your childer, therefore, use and keep good company. The pye, the jaye, and other birds done speak what they most hear by (the) ear. The plover by sight will follow the gesture and behaviour of the fowler, and the ape by exercise works and do as she is taught, and so will the dog (by violence) contrary to natural disposition learnes to daunce. The chylder, therefore, that by reason do farre exceed other creatures, will bear away what they hear spoken; they should, therefore, be used unto such company where they sholde heare none evil, but where they may hear godly and Chrystyan wordes. They wyll also, in their gestures and behaviour, have such manners as they use and behold in other persons so will they do. Unto some craftes or occupations a certain age is required, but virtue and vice may be learned in every age. See, therefore, that in any wyse you let them use no company but good and virtuous. And as soon as they can speak, let them first learn to serve God and to say the *Pater*, *Ave*, and Crede. And not onely

your chylder, but also se you and prove that all your servants, what age so ever they be of, can say the same, and, therefore, I have advised many persons and here do counsel that in every meal, dynner or souper, one person should with loud voice saye thus," etc. Whytford then gives a long explanation of the Our Father, etc., in which may be found set forth, as in the many similar tracts written in the Middle Ages, the full teaching of the Church on faith and practice.

The foundations of the Christian virtues have to be laid early in life, and the parent or head of the family is warned constantly of their obligation of seeing that this is being done, and of rooting out every tendency to evil in those of whom they have charge. Bad language is to be specially watched over, and the first indication of the formation of a habit to be noted and means taken to put a stop to its growth. Richard Whytford suggests that children should be made to repeat the following lines:

"Yf I lye, backebyte, or stelle;
Yf I curse, scorne, mocke, or swere;
Yf I chyde, fyght, stryve, or threte;
Good mother, or may stresse myne,
Yf oney of these myne
I trespace to your knowyng,
With a new rodde and a fyne
Erly naked before I dyne
Amende me with a scourgyng."

And then, continues the writer, "I pray you fulfil and performe theyr petition and request, and thynk it not cruelly, but mercyfully done. . . . Yon daily practice doth show unto you that yf you powder your flesh while it is newe and sweet, it will continue good meet, but yf it smell before it be powdred all the salt you have shall never make it seasonable. Powder your children, therefore, betyme, and then you love them and shall have comfort of them." Correction, however, should not be done in anger, and all are to understand that the pain of him who administers the rod is greater than he who receives the punishment. Before children the greatest care is necessary not to do anything that they may not imitate. All idle expressions and vain oaths should be avoided, for such

habits are catching; and the young are to be taught to say with respect: "Yea, father; nay, father; or, yea, mother; no, mother"; and not to get in the habit of making use of such expressions as "by cocke and pye," "by my hood of green," etc.

It is unnecessary to go through the day in any well constituted family in Catholic England. Work was ever insisted upon as necessary in God's service, and work was savored, so to speak, by the remembrance of God's presence. The two orders of the natural and supernatural were not so separated as they are generally supposed to be to-day. Of course there are many in our day who no doubt keep themselves in God's presence, but whilst I believe that most will allow that this is the exception, in the ages of Faith it was apparently the rule; and, if we may judge from the books of instruction and other evidence, God was not far removed from the threshold of most Catholic families in pre Reformation days. Of course there were exceptions, and many perhaps led as wicked lives as now, but there is obviously something about the family life of that time which is lacking in this. There was the constant recognition of God's sanctifying presence in the family—of this I have spoken—and over and beside this there were those common religious practices of prayer and self-restraint and mutual encouragement to virtue, of which, alas, the modern counterpart of the old English home knows so little. On the faith of those simple and generally unlettered people there was a bloom—I know of no better word to express what I see—a bloom, which perished as one of the results of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century.

I have said that the family exercised themselves in prayer in common. It has been doubted whether people really did attend their churches for the liturgical services, such as matins and evensong on Sundays and Feast days. The evidence that they did so very generally is to me conclusive. But beyond that, we know that many who could read made a practice of saying the little office day by day, and thus joining in the spirit of the canonical hours ordered by the Church. I have pointed out that Edward IV. directed that two chaplains should recite the "Divine service" with the prince, his son, daily. The 1538 *Prymer*—intended, of course, for the use of the laity—assumes that this "office" is said by all who can. In the

directions it gives for the Christian man's day on this point, it says: "As touching your service say unto *Tiercé* afore dinner and make an end before supper. And when ye may say *Dorige* and *Commendations* for all Christian souls (at least on the Holy-days, and if ye have leasure say them on the other days) at the least with three lessons." I have noted how the Venetian traveler spoke of the practice of English people coming to say their "office" together in church.

Priests are warned of their duty to instruct parents as to the necessity of bringing their children to the sacraments and to the Mass and other service on the Sunday and feast days. Such fathers and mothers as may be found to neglect this duty, are to be punished by fasting on bread and water, and the clergy are to make sure by personal examination that, as children grow up, they have been sufficiently instructed in their religion by their parents. Should the parents fail in this respect, the god-parents were held to be personally responsible. On the afternoons of the Sundays, when evensong was over, the father was to "appoint" his children "theyr pastyme with great diligence and straight commandment." Whytford says that he "should assign and appoint them the manner of their disports, honest ever and lawful for a reasonable recreation . . . and also appoint the tyme or space that they be not (for any sports) from the service of God. Appoynt them also ye place, that you may call or send for them when case requireth. For if there be a sermon any tyme of the day, let them be there present —all that be not occupied in nedeful and lawful besyness."

"When ye are come from the church in the early morning," says the rule of life, printed in 1538, "take hede to your house holde or occupacyon till dyner tyme. And in so doing thynke sometyme that the pain that ye suffer in this worlde is nothyng to the regarde of the infinite glory that ye shall have yf ye take it meekly. . . . Shrive you every week to your curate, unless you have very great lette. . . . Yf ye be of power, refuse not your alms to the first poor body that axeth it of you that day if ye think it needful. Take pain to hear and keep the Word of God. Confess you every day to God without fail of such sins ye know you have done that day. Consider often either day or night when ye do awake what our Lord did at that hour the day of his blessyd passion and where he was at that hour. Seek a good faithful friend of good con-

versation to whom he may discover your mind secrets. Enquire and prove him well or ye trust in him. And when ye have well proved hym, do all by his counsell. Say lytell; and follow virtuous company. After all work praise and thank God. Love hym above all things and serve hym and hys glorious Mother diligently. Do to non other but that ye wolde were done to you; love the welth of another as your owne. And in going to your bedde have some good thought either of the passyon of our Lord or of your synne, or of the pains which souls have in purgatory; or some other good spiritual thoughts, and then I hope your lyving shall be acceptable and pleasing to God."

Most books of instruction for children insist much upon an old Catholic practice, which still survives in some countries, but which I fear has fallen much into disuse with us, in these days when the relations between parent and child are more free and easy than they used to be in pre-Reformation Catholic England. Speaking of the fourth Commandment, Richard Whytford says: "Teche your childer to axe blessing every night, kneeling before their parents under this form: 'Father, I beseech you of blessing for charity'; or thus: 'Mother, I beseech you of charity give me your blessing.' Then let the father and mother holde up bothe ther handes and joing them both togyder, look up reverently and devoutly unto heaven and say thus: 'Our Lord God bless yon childern'; and therwith make a cross with the right hand over the child, saying: '*In nomine*,' etc. And if any child be stiff hearted, stubborn, and froward, and will not thus axe a blessing, if it be within age let it surely be whysked with a good rod and be compelled thereunto by force. And if the persons be of farther age and past such correction, and yet will be obstinate, let them have such sharpe and grievous punishment as conveniently may be devysed, as to sit at dinner alone and by themselves at a stool in the middle of the hall, with only brown bread and water, and every person in order to rebuke them as they would rebuke a thief and traitor. I would not advise ne counsel any parents to keep such a child in their house without great afflic-cyon and punishment."

This mediæval reverence for parents was much insisted upon by all writers. Hugh Rhodes' *Book of Nurture*, printed in the *Babeas Book*, for example, says to the child:

"When that thy parents come in syght
Doe to them reverence.
Aske them blessing if they have
Been long out of presence."

In this regard, no doubt, we shall all call to mind what is told of the brave and blessed Sir Thomas More. Even when Lord Chancellor, morning after morning, before sitting in his own court to hear the causes to be argued before him, he was wont to go to the place where his father, Sir John More, was presiding as judge, and there on his knees crave the parental blessing on the work of the day.

Another pre-Reformation writer warns children never to be wanting in due courteous behavior to their parents: "What man he is your father, you ought to make courtesye to hym all though you should mete hym twenty tymes a daye." On his side the parent is warned frequently, in the literature of the period, "not to spoil his son" by neglecting a "gentle whysking" when it was deserved. He is to be watched, and incipient bad habits forthwith corrected during:

"That tyme chyldren is most apt and redy
To receyve chastisment, nature, and lernynge."

For "the child that begynneth to pyke at a pin or a point will after pyke unto an ox and from a peer to a purse or an hors, and so too the small things unto the great." If a child, writes one educationalist of those days—if a child is caught taking even a pin, let him be set with a note pinned to him: "This is the thief." Let this be done in the house; but should this fail to correct the habit, let him carry his docket into the street of the city.

This brief indication of the characteristics of the Catholic family life in pre-Reformation days might be lengthened out almost to any extent. The main lines would, however, remain the same, and additional details would only show more clearly how close in those days the supernatural was to the natural —how God was ever present, and how the sense of this real, though unseen, presence affected the daily life of all in every Christian home. The proof lies on the surface of every record.

The names of "Jesus and Mary" are found written on the top of almost every scrap of paper and every column of account; the wills begin with the invocation of the Blessed Trinity, and generally contain some expression indicative of gratitude to the Providence of God and of belief in the immortality of the soul, and of the reward gained by a life of virtue; letters are dated by reference to some Sunday or Festival, and so on. One has only to turn over the pages of that wonderful collection of fifteenth century epistles, known as the Paston Letters, to see what the Church Festivals and Saints' days were to the people of those Catholic times, and how they entered into their very lives. A letter is frequently dated on the Monday, etc. (whatever day of the week it might be), *before* or *after* such or such a celebration. At times the date is taken from the words of some collect of the preceding Sunday, as when Agnes Paston heads a communication as "written at Paston, in haste, the Wednesday next after *Deus qui errantibus.*" How many of us, with all the advantages we have in printed Missals, would at once know, as this lady and doubtless, too, her correspondent did, that this date was the Wednesday in the third week after Easter?

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

" Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"DELIGHTFUL weather for ducks!" remarked Miss Carhart, looking forlornly through the front window out on the square. The rain came down steadily by bucketfuls; the little bit of sky overhead showed a dull, leaden gray. It was almost death by drowning to pass incautiously near the overflowing edges of roofs, or the mouth of some gushing water-spout. Along the muddy, splashing street scarcely any passers were to be seen, unless it might be an occasional man in shiny rubber coat under an umbrella; or a little wretched follower of the organ-grinder walking recklessly through the gutters and dripping beyond fear of wet.

"No Art Exhibition for us to-day, that's evident!" went on Miss Carhart, "or anything, but an exhibition of bad temper from me, perhaps."

"We could go in the carriage quite drily," said Marjorie from the depths of an easy chair and the pages of a book.

"Too poor a light for the pictures."

"Why don't you read?"

"Oh, I don't feel like it," beginning to play a tune on the window-pane with the tips of her fingers. "Your fountain Undine and Sintram are having a fine time out there in the rain. Gallons of water are playing over them, and they seem to like it. That's a very graceful design, Marjorie. Such a relief from Neptunes and nereids and naiads. Who chose it?"

"Will designed it"—abstractedly.

"Will, 'Will!' as indifferently as if she were talking about a cat or dog. And the way that young man looks at her sometimes—"

But here she was cut short by Marjorie's shutting up her book suddenly with a little resounding noise. "There! I've finished it, and it's dreadfully unsatisfactory."

"What is it?"

"*A Chance Acquaintance.* You've read it, Molly. Tell me, do you think she ever recalls Mr. Arbuton?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It would be a pity, for he would never let her have the least fun. Why, here's an umbrella coming up the front steps, and who's under it? Jack, I declare!"—flying to open the door for him, in great delight at this prospect of relief from tedium. "Well, bad boy, how did you get back from college so soon? Been playing 'hookey,' eh?"

"Not at all," with an air of offended dignity. "It was such tearing bad weather, and I began to think of you all cosy here by the fire; so I had a pain in my head—pains all over, in fact; and couldn't attend class or lecture. And here I am," cutting a few capers to show the intensity of his sufferings. "By the way"—fishing in his pockets—"I have a souvenir for you two. Had 'em done yesterday"; and he produced two tin-types, pictures of himself taken with a huge, false moustache fastened on.

"Don Borachio Moustachio Whiskerifusticus!" said Molly over hers.

"Stupid!" cried Marjorie, putting up a slim finger to feel his face. "'As smooth as Hebe's his unrazored cheek,'" she declared.

"Oh, no, Marjorie"—anxiously—"feel here," indicating a spot on his chin. "There are two, or maybe three hairs."

"Well, I don't feel them; but never mind, Jack"—consolingly—"I can see them with the far-reaching eye of prophecy."

"Now," he said, marching off, "I must change my wet coat, and then, if you are very good, I will come back and tell you the story of Zinzindorf," and he disappeared into the upper regions, calling as he went for James.

"Marjorie," said Molly, clutching her arm, and drawing her into the other room where Mrs. Fleming sat with her fancy work, "Mrs. Fleming, listen! I have heard 'Zinzindorf' before. It is a foolish story, told over and over, only changing the location. Now, if you do not know, you are taken in and laugh or are vexed at the fourth or fifth repetition. But we

must not do either. We must listen attentively, and not even smile; and, above all, do not interrupt him, but let him keep on and on until he is out of breath."

The two girls took up their work and were engaged in general chat with Mrs. Fleming when Jack re-entered.

"I am not sure," he observed, drawing a chair near the fire and stretching his legs luxuriously, "that I ought to tell you about Zinzindorf. It is too exciting for this wet day."

"Now, Jack," cried Miss Carhart with fine artlessness, "don't you tell us anything dull and stupid. The weather is bad enough without *that!*"

"You will like it very much," he said gravely, and began: "Being at one time in the city of London, I entered a restaurant. I heard a man there remarking that he had been engaged in many single combats, and had always killed his adversary. My national pride being aroused, I went up to him. 'Name?' said I. 'Zinzindorf,' said he. 'How do you spell it?' said I. 'Z–i–n–zin, z–i–n again, d–o–r–f–dorf, Zinzindorf,' said he. 'You're a coward,' said I. 'We'll fight,' said he. I, being the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, so selected American bowies. We met next morning, and at the first blow I laid my opponent dead at my feet. Had him buried according to the custom of the country, and went my way. One year afterwards, happening to be in Vienna, I entered a restaurant there. Heard a man remarking that he had been engaged, etc., etc., etc.," over and over, only changing the name of the city; and all delivered in a perfectly even and monotonous tone of voice. The fixed, absorbed, and unsmiling attention in the three faces turned to him was something admirable to see. When he had reached about the twentieth time of repetition, and was almost breathless, without one word from his hearers, he arose.

"Ladies," he said slowly and solemnly, "this is a put-up job"; and was answered with irrepressible and long-continued laughter. "Go, base minions!"—frowning darkly at them—"I leave ye to your fate!"—moving towards the door.

"Well, don't knock *me* down," said his brother, entering. "*I'm* not a base minion. What's the matter?"

"Would you like," taking him by the arm, "to see three first class frauds? Behold these females!"—with a disrespectful wave of the hand toward his mother and the young ladies.

"Well, forgive us, Jack, this time," said Marjorie; "we all apologize. Will, there is Judge Carhart. Tell James to show him right in here." A curious circumstance, she mused, that whenever Will appeared Judge Carhart followed, or vice versa; for Will had given them a great deal of his society lately.

"Why, Philip," cried his sister, "did you walk? You must be half-drowned."

"Not at all," said he composedly, "a hansom brought me here; and I am, besides, the proud possessor of a rather shabby umbrella."

"Now," said Molly, "let us all draw our chairs around the fire and be cosy. You might tell us, Mr. Fleming, what you did at that stuffy old meeting last night."

"Well, perhaps, you might call it stuffy, as we examined some new stuffed specimens from the west, just arrived. Yet I fancy that even you might have been interested, too, for some very interesting men dropped in, and when the formal meeting was over we talked general news and even gossip, and were all very bright. A young man actually recited bits of 'Miss Kilmansegg' very cleverly for us, apropos of foreign counts and fortune hunters."

"Best thing Hood ever wrote," remarked Philip.

"I don't agree with you," said Will, "I find his pathos much superior to his humor. The 'Bridge of Sighs,' for instance. It was only need of bread which made him wear the cap and bells so constantly. Even his simply serious verses are good sometimes. Do you remember that sonnet: 'Love, I am Jealous,' and so on?"

"No"; said Philip.

"How does it go?" asked Marjorie.

If he hesitated it was but for an instant, for he went on, without perceptible pause:

"'Love, I am jealous of a worthless man
Whom, for his merits, thou dost hold too dear.
No better than myself, he lies as near
And precious to thy bosom. He may span
Thy sacred waist, and with thy sweet breath fan
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear
Invade with words, and call his love sincere
And true as mine, and prove it, if he can;

Not that I hate him for such deeds as these;
He were a devil to adore thee less
Who wears thy favor. I am ill at ease
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press
Thy gentle hand. This is my jealousy,
Making myself suspect, but never thee.'"

"There is another," he continued tranquilly, a sort of sequel to this one perhaps. 'Love, See Thy Lover Humbled at Thy Feet,' which I like almost as well."

"I did not remember either," said Marjorie, "I must look them up." She had stolen a quick look at his face during the first few lines, but could detect no expression there but its usual one. Of course not, it was absurd to think of such a thing, and she dismissed the momentary suspicion.

"I think he was pretty cool to call her accepted suitor 'unworthy,'" cried Molly.

"Only worthless," said Will, "in comparison to her merits. 'No better than myself,' he does not say *worse*. Except that he hints at the inferiority of the other's passion."

"After all," commented Philip, "it was the lady who must decide that."

Here was heard the sound of wheels stopping before the house and the bell pealed sharply and suddenly.

"Mr. Montague," announced James a moment later.

"It was such a beastly day," the visitor explained," and the weathah so very nasty, that I made my fellow drive me round. I fancied I might be less boahed here, and I might—aw—amuse you ladies."

"You do amuse us," Molly Carhart assured him, beaming graciously. "Now, put down that bludgeon and your hat. We are all too sociable to day to permit a formal call."

"Aw—thanks—very kind, I'm suah"; but when he was fully ensconced Marjorie noticed some suspicious murmuring between Jack and Molly. The latter declared presently that she was chilly, somehow; there was a dampness in the atmosphere, she thought; she needed some rapid exercise, and could not get it out of doors, of course. Could they not," she asked Mrs. Fleming, "have a game of 'Blindman's Buff'?"

"Oh, dear me!" said Mrs. Fleming, "I think not, Molly. It is only fit for children, really, it is so noisy and rough."

"Oh, does that matter so much? We are all so intimate, and this house is so far from others, plenty of space round it. And it is raining so hard, dear Mrs. Fleming, that very few are passing. Well, then"—coaxingly—"if you do not like 'Blindman's Buff,' let us have one little game of 'Puss in the Corner'; that is quieter. If you don't I am sure"—dejectedly—"that I shall have the croup to-night."

"Rather than that you shall have the game," declared Will. "Come, mother, there is no great harm in childishness."

"Well, then," said his mother with resignation, "put me somewhere out of the way."

"You shall sit here," wheeling her chair just inside the folding door, "and I will stand beside you to protect you with my life, if necessary."

"You do not care to play, I know," said Marjorie to Philip.

"Certainly not," he replied; yet wished she had not taken his refusal so much for granted; then frowned at his own inconsistency.

"Now, Mr. Montague, you come in this corner, please," cried Molly to that bewildered youth, "we stand in these four corners, you know, and Jack stands in the middle and tries to get our places when we run out."

"Aw—thanks—very much," he stammered, not attending to this lucid explanation, "but I don't think I care to play—really."

"Oh," said Molly reproachfully, "not care to play—with *me?* I did not think you would say that! And, you know, these games are the rage in all the really elegant English country houses."

Against his better judgment he was pushed into a corner, still protesting against the "form" of it, and saying: "By Jove," sotto voce several times in succession.

The game began, and in a few moments Jack had rushed into some one's empty corner and some one else was "Puss." The fun grew fast and furious. They ran, they flew, changing places every instant. Shouts of laughter resounded from players and spectators. Will had dived into the rout twice and saved the girls from tumbling into the fire. Mr. Montague's face had grown red, as he himself would have said, as "any beastly coster's." The spirit of the thing had entered into him; and,

being wily through it all, he had almost contrived to run three or four times—accidently, as it were—into Miss Carhart's arms. Just now, while the laughter and confusion were at their height, whether Molly pushed him or Jack's outstretched foot tripped him will never be known; but certain it is that, after hopping over various footstools in a vain and frantic attempt to preserve his equilibrium, Mr. Horace Montague landed full length, with a resounding crash, at Mrs. Fleming's feet.

"Oh, dear me!" said that gentle lady; and "Heavens!" cried Miss Carhart, clasping her hands in affected consternation. The fallen hero was assisted up and looked for a brief moment as if he really *must* murder *somebody*. A solemn stillness had succeeded the recent riot; and every one expressed the deepest regret at his accident, Jack's grief being apparently the most tender and heartfelt of all. "Did you hurt your trousers?" he inquired, looking concernedly at the knees of Mr. Montague's suit.

"Not at all," said that gentleman stiffly, with a sort of "stony British stare." "It—aw—serves me right—quite right—for—aw—taking part in such a thing." And he refused to be soothed, and would not stay to dinner, but had his trap summoned at once and departed, Molly following him into the hall for a few last comforting words.

"Well, Mary, Mary, quite contrary," said Will to her on her return, with that kindly smile he had for all women, "don't you think it's *too* bad to bring a young fellow here to have him bruised and battered in that way? That's a lost admirer!"

"Do you think so?"—triumphantly—"well, now, I am going to drive with him to-morrow afternoon."

"I wanted to take Molly to Mrs. McAlpine's to-night," said Marjorie, "but it is too disagreeable outside."

"You have a fine taste in oddities, Marjorie," said Will laughing, "Mrs. McAlpine is too much for *me*."

"We ought to import Mère Véronique for Marjorie's benefit," declared Jack, "and keep her in an upstairs room with Pierrot and the tiles."

"Mère Véronique!" repeated Philip, and he seemed to see again the queer old woman and the grimy room; and Marjorie in her white gown glancing shyly at him in a way she

never did now. "I wish we were back in Martres," he said suddenly, to his own surprise.

"I should not think you would care for it," said Will a little sharply. "You were not Judge Carhart, then, remember."

CHAPTER V.

"Did you notice, Molly," asked Marjorie, a few mornings afterwards, "how sweet I was to Auntie last night? How I sang for her 'Auld Robin Gray,' and 'Barbara Allen,' and 'Land o' the Leal,' until every one else was tired?"

"I did," said Molly, "and wondered if you had a little axe to grind."

"It was to soften an impending blow."

"What?" asked Mrs. Fleming, looking up and smiling.

"Oh, you can smile now, but you will weep when I tell you. You know that Mrs. Fortescue and Miss King called yesterday while you were both out. They came to ask, to entreat—to insist—upon myself and Miss Carhart and Will and even Auntie and Jack, I do believe, taking part in some grand tableaux or theatricals which they are getting up for some very deserving charity. It was to be at some hall or other, and they tried to make me believe that the whole thing would fall through unless I would assist with presence and voice. At first I was the rock of Gibraltar, but afterwards softened a little. I told them we couldn't hear of the hall, but I would make them an offer. We would have the entertainment here on a somewhat smaller scale, which would save them rent. They could use one side of the house as theatre and have a stage erected; and on the other side, the four rooms with polished floors and conservatory at the end would do for a ball afterwards. Send cards of invitation to acquaintances only, and let it be understood that they were to contribute a certain amount towards the charity, or more if inclined to be liberal. Ask them to come in fancy dress, and as, subject to Aunt's approval, I would make the supper and music my affair, the committee accepted my offer with eagerness, and overwhelmed me with thanks. So, Auntie dear, you will consent, I know, and brace yourself for an interruption of the Goths and Vandals."

"Oh, my dear"—mournfully—"they will scratch my floors and spoil the hangings and turn the house upside down for

weeks afterward; but, of course, if you have promised there is no more to be said."

"Never mind, Mrs. Fleming," said Molly Carhart, secretly overjoyed at the prospect, "we won't let them worry you too much."

"What is all this about?" asked Will, when he came in to dinner, bringing Philip Carhart with him. "'Scénery,' and '*rôles*,' and 'prompters!' Has Mr. Daly given you both an engagement in the new play?"

The matter was eloquently explained by Molly.

"I hope," he cried with horror, "that *I* have nothing to do with it."

"You are to do precisely as you are told," said Marjorie severely.

"God save the Queen!" said he, going down on one knee to kiss the hand graciously extended.

"Now, let us talk about it," said Molly, when they were all seated together later. "What is the programme, Marjorie?"

"Oh, they wanted 'The Rivals,' and an after-piece; but I told them that it would take at least a month to rehearse with very much better actors than they were likely to find. So, we agreed upon something light, like 'Checkmate,' and a few tableaux afterward. You are to be the maid in 'Checkmate,' Molly."

"Suit you very well, Molly," said her brother.

"This is so sudden!" she exclaimed. "I flattered myself that they would have given me the part of duchess at the very least. But I am always trampled upon"—with a heavy sigh.

"Never mind, Miss Molly," said Jack magnanimously, "if you are the maid, I'll be the man!"

"*You* will be prompter or scene shifter," said Marjorie.

"I will, eh! Then let me tell you, fair damsel, I will lead you a dance that will make you rue the day you slighted me."

"And, Will," she went on unheeding, "they want you in the tableaux."

"*Do* they? They are too kind. What am I to be? A little angel with wings; or sweet Charity in a long white robe with my hands folded?"

"Nonsense! They speak of the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet.' You know they have not time to hunt up anything very new. And you being a blonde, and not hideous, would look sufficiently well in that velvet costume."

"How sweetly she flatters! Tell me, Marjorie," in lower tone, "will *you* be Juliet?"

"No"; she replied sternly, but he noticed with a bright blush. "The second Miss King will be Juliet. She is very pretty. I am to be the 'Lily Maid,'—in the tower scene, you know, with Sir Lancelot's shield. They begged me to say to you"—turning to Philip—"that they did not know if you would help, but would be more than glad if you would take a part."

"Thank them for me, please"—a little stiffly—"but I should rather be spectator, I think."

"But am I to have no part," cried Molly aggrieved, "with Mr. Montague?"

"We will arrange one for you," said Will soothingly. "How would the 'Union-Jack' do? You as Britannia frowning sternly, and he lying, gasping, dying like the expiring frog, at your feet, with the flag wrapped around him?"

"Cheer up, Molly," Marjorie assured her, "we will do better than that for you."

The next week was one long vexation to Philip Carhart. He could not speak to Marjorie five seconds at a time without her being appealed to or called off somewhere for aid, decision, or advice. As the time was so short, there were both morning and evening rehearsals; the noise of carpenters' hammers resounded, and it was difficult to find a quiet corner anywhere. Perhaps he was actually in the way—an interruption, he thought, somewhat bitterly; and yet, he always found himself there again. Was it possible that the grace and beauty which had impressed him so little, seen in simple raiment among the flowers of spring, was now becoming necessary to him? It was characteristic of the man that these stately rooms and rich surroundings; the warmth and light and luxury; the trailing satin robes and flashing gems were stimulating to his imagination as frame or background to the picture. His jewel must be properly polished and set; the dew drops on his rose must be of diamonds. He had known many girls, he reflected again, with just such surroundings; but then *she* had, he began to discover, something about her face or voice which made a man—and at this point in his thoughts he generally brought up at the Flemings', wherever he might originally have started for.

Will, too, was always to be found at home now—"for re-

hearsals," he said; and Miss King and he were getting up their scene with really a great deal of spirit. She was a brunette with splendid eyes, which she used with much effect; and, as they both knew perfectly the dialogue belonging to their parts, the moment the stage manager's back was turned they would begin to recite very sentimentally, to their own amusement and that of the other performers. With one exception, perhaps.

"It is somewhat silly, I think," said Marjorie to Will carelessly. "You will spoil the tableau. Neither of you pose properly while you are so taken up with that nonsense."

"Oh, never fear, we will pose all right. But, Marjorie"—detaining her, half-laughing, though with quickened heart-beat—"change parts with her. *You* be Juliet, and I promise you that I will pose properly; and what I say shall be too low to distract the others."

But she was gone in a moment.

Jack was as good or as bad as his word. The drop curtain he was to attend to came down the wrong way—with the roots of the trees in the air. There was an ominous crash whenever he was asked to hand anything. He was found lurking everywhere he did not belong; and calling down imprecations on his head from performers whose little side flirtations he interrupted. When he went on as one of the servants in "Checkmate," he wore his false moustache, and, by remarks foreign to the play, amused the actors and distracted the manager. And on the occasion of the dress rehearsal he threw Marjorie, with much enthusiasm, a bouquet of turnip-tops. In a word, he enjoyed himself.

The night of the play, to the general relief, was clear and beautiful. Carriages kept rolling up continuously to the Flemings' door, and dainty, cloaked and hooded figures trooped up the carpeted steps. The rooms set apart for the audience filled rapidly, and behind the scenes they could hear from the front a constantly swelling buzz of voices and laughter.

"Very fair house," Jack reported, running forward and backwards. "Two whole families in the gallery! Several boxes taken! Gods becoming impatient!"

And this last item he kept repeating to every one's annoyance during the delays inevitable to an amateur performance. At last the curtain went up on the first act of "Checkmate." All the performers did fairly well, and the scenes were prettily

set. Jack took an opportunity of winking at his mother from the stage. Molly Carhart carried away, perhaps, the lion's share of applause, and in the second act, where costume and manner are very much exaggerated, she spoke and acted with so much spirit as to cause a perfect storm of clapping.

"Might have been written for her," growled Mr. Biggins to himself. "A gentle, ladylike part would not have suited her at all."

The play over, the orchestra discoursed sweetest music while the tableaux were prepared. The first was "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," followed by a Watteau pastoral. Then Molly, as Queen Elizabeth, stepped on a velvet cloak, presumably the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Montague, as it was he who held it, bending on one knee in a very constrained attitude. "I can't stand this much longer!" he was heard to say as the curtain fell.

It rose next on "The Lily Maid of Astolat." Philip Carhart, leaning against a window far back in the audience, thought he had never seen anything half so lovely. The effects had been very carefully studied. While the highbacked chairs and other accessories of the lower room were in a half gloom, the only light streaming through a narrow, Gothic window fell full on Elaine and the shield. Marjorie wore a robe of clinging silvery brocade, her brown hair falling in a shower far below her waist. From the mediæval pointed cap fell a veil of some transparent tissue, still farther softening the outlines. But it was on the flower-like face that Philip's gaze dwelt. Her head was raised a little; on the soft cheeks was the faintest flush; and in the dark eyes a lovely wistfulness; while her finger gently traced marks on the great, battered shield. After a profound silence of some moments, the applause broke forth, and this picture was recalled again and again.

"A lovely silver brocade," said the lady next to Philip.

"The sheath of the lily-bud," he answered.

Behind the curtain Will had gone up to Marjorie and caught both her hands in his. "Oh, Marjorie!" he said, "oh, Lily Maid! how could you waste such looks on a miserable shield, when your lover is starving for one of them?"

"Hush," she said, quickly drawing the hands away and looking around to see if he were overheard.

There were other pictures after this, but Philip gazed at

them without seeing; for he was occupied in arguing with himself that the rapture inspired by the last one was purely æsthetic. "It is just the same," he thought, "while I am talking with her. It is the gleam of her hair and dress; the music of her voice; even that faint violet perfume clinging about her robes. It gratifies one's taste. It is an artistic pleasure." And then he began to flatter himself that as she had been to him in Martres, so she was now; with, perhaps, the new reserve on her part of deeper feeling. Having settled this to his satisfaction, he was able to perceive that the curtain had risen on the last tableau—the "Romeo and Juliet." The balcony, the moonlight, the dark-eyed Juliet, the blond Romeo, in picturesque costume, made a most effective picture.

"I never thought Will Fleming so handsome before," mused Philip, and wondered what Marjorie thought, looking on from the side. "Why, that balcony is shaking," he noticed the moment after, and it was hardly thought before, with a crash, Miss King and the balcony were down. Amidst the confusion, he found himself an instant afterward on the stage, and Will had not been crushed, as seemed inevitable, but had caught Miss King in falling, and saved her and himself. Marjorie was there close to him, and Will had said something in a rapid, low tone to her; and now, though still pale, she was laughing at the clamor of voices.

As soon as it was ascertained that no one was hurt, the orchestra broke into a Strauss waltz, and the guests, in their brilliant fancy dresses, began to stream towards the ballroom. Two, three, many couples commenced to whirl around. Hungry-looking youths who "didn't dance," prowled about doorways, wondering how far-off supper time was. Already a few pairs were drifting imperceptibly in the direction of the dimly-lit conservatory. The performers were coming out from the green-room by twos and threes. Will was to be seen in his Romeo suit, beginning the first duty dance with Juliet, whose nerves appeared quite recovered from their recent shock. Philip, wandering about, like an uneasy ghost, saw Marjorie, at length, coming down the staircase. She had changed her dress, for the cap and veil were inconvenient, and now appeared in peach-blossom silk, with her hair powdered and one or two tiny "mouches."

"Why, it is Dame Jacqueline!" he exclaimed, going up to her.

"Yes"—lightly—with a glance past him as if she had been looking for some one else.

"Would Sir Hugues be very savage if I asked you for a waltz?"

"Oh, he is far away in Martres. I do not mind him. But do *you* dance? I thought you told me once that you considered dancing foolish, Judge Carhart."

"Don't call me that, I beg you"—as if his eagerly coveted title had suddenly grown hateful. "It does not sound natural from *you*. Call me, as formerly, Mr. Carhart, if you *must*. But we are all so intimate—have been so much together—that you might say, Philip."

"Scarcely that," she said gently.

"Well, in any case, you will give me my waltz? If I ever said anything against dancing, I take it back—I wish to be inconsistent. I said many other things in Martres. Do you remember them, too?"

"No"; she said quietly, turning her clear gaze full upon him. "I remember a very pleasant summer at Martres, but the details—the trifles—have escaped me. If you said anything worth remembering then"—smiling gently—"I am sorry, but you must begin all over again."

"I will"—meaningly—"and my waltz?"

"I am engaged for all the first; later, perhaps."

Eager partners claimed her now; and for a long time he only saw her in the distance, dancing with one and another; or surrounded in the intervals. His sister appeared to be enjoying herself with Mr. Montague and others; and once, to his amazement, he saw her going through the figures of an improvised square dance with Mr. Biggins and Jack for a *vis-à-vis;* and he hoped, doubtfully, that Mr. Biggins was having a pleasant time.

When he next contrived to be near Marjorie, Will was talking to her. "Why, where is the Lily Maid? And who is this?" Will had asked on first meeting her in the ballroom.

"Don't you remember, Will?" raising a laughing face to his. "I was very naughty the last time you saw me in this dress."

"Oh, yes; I remember now. And for the naughtiness you shall do penance"—taking her dance card, and writing his name four times.

"This is my waltz now, I think," said Philip, approaching her; but she was just about to start off, and said over her shoulder:

"Oh, no; it is Will's."

"I imagine," he said, smiling constrainedly when she returned, "you mean to make me pay for former heresies about dancing."

"It is accidental, I assure you. I will certainly find you one later."

But after supper, when she sent Jack to summon him, he had been gone a long while.

"I am tired to death," cried Molly, throwing herself on the lounge, after the last lady manager had departed, with reiterated thanks to all. "But it has been a grand success, and I think they have realized quite a sum. What became of Philip, I wonder? Some of the girls asked me who that handsome dark man was; and I quite beamed with pride. We are all too frivolous for his High Mightiness, I suppose. Well, Marjorie, I tell you candidly, I think Biggins is an old fool!"

"Why, Molly!"

"He is, I tell you. What did he mean by asking me if my lungs were made of iron that I wore such a gown! And when I went out once on the veranda for a minute, he actually followed me with his mackintosh! And wanted to insist on my putting it on! And Horace Montague heard him, I am sure. I saw him laughing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVES FROM THE SCRAPBOOK OF A JAPANESE POET.

BY A. LLOYD, M.A.

MADAME SAISHO ATSUKO, from the collection of whose works the poems in this article are taken, was a lady of the Japanese Court, and a constant friend of her Majesty, the present Empress of Japan. Her life was a quiet and uneventful one; for the stir and bustle of the outside world do not often penetrate to the inner recesses of an Imperial Palace in the Far East; at any rate, not to the inner recesses of that well-ordered household which forms the heart of modern Japan; and after her death, her numerous poems were collected and given to the world by her many friends and admirers. It has been said that the country is happy which has no history; it may also be said that the life is a happy one which furnishes no material for the biographer, and judged by this standard, Saisho Atsuko's life was a happy one. It is true that she had her sorrows—an early widowhood and the untimely loss of her only daughter—but she found herself constantly surrounded with good friends, first in the home of the Prince of Satsuma, whose retainers both her father and her husband had been, and afterwards in the Palace of Tokyo, to which she was appointed in the early years of Meiji, as a lady-in-waiting and literary adviser to her Imperial Mistress.

I have heard it said that the Japanese are a most prosaic people; and so they are, to any one who looks at them from the outside only. They have a way of looking at things from a standpoint of common, practical sense, which is supposed to shut out all possibility of the exercise of poetical feelings. Underneath the surface, however, there is a vein of sentimentality which makes itself known, occasionally in their acts and deeds, and constantly in their literary productions, their dramas and novels, but above all in the poems which are so continually and on all occasions written by all classes of the people.

A Japanese poem is so short that it scarcely deserves the name of poetry. Japanese poems are really pretty and picturesque sayings expressed in very short metrical forms, which can never exceed thirty-one syllables, and which, in the *hokku*, or shorter form, are limited to seventeen syllables only. It is said that Tennyson, who was a hard and diligent worker at his poems, was in the habit of compiling a sort of poetical dictionary which really contained the results of his daily communing with nature. Thus, in walking by the sea or among the fields and hills of the Isle of Wight, he would notice something, a flower growing on the cliff, or some peculiar effect of light and shade on the surface of the waters. The picture before him he would try to express in some felicitous word-painting or terse expression, which seemed best adapted to the actual phenomena before him, and when he had finished his walk he would write down the phrase in his commonplace book for future use. These terse and felicitous expressions were really the *tanka* or "simple songs" of the Japanese—*e. g.*:

> His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
> Approved him, bowing at their own deserts—

and in estimating Japanese poetry we must compare it, not with the elaborated poem of Western song, but with the terse, picturesque phrases, expressive of deeper sentiments and thoughts "which lie too deep for words," which are to be found in all true poetry.

Perhaps the term—a *pregnant* expression in metre—would be the best definition of a Japanese *tanka*. It almost always contains a thought deeper than the meaning of the actual words, and one which can only be found out by the exercise of wit, ingenuity, humor, meditation, according to the nature of the poem. Warning, reproof, exhortation, have all been frequently conveyed by means of *tanka* carefully composed and intelligently apprehended, and the vague religious sentiment, which is so characteristic of Japan at its best, is constantly to be found in these *tanka*. This is especially the case with Saisho's simple and meditative poems.

The poems which I shall quote in the paper have all been taken from the early portions of her collected poems. A Japanese poet is hard bound by the laws of literary orthodoxy.

Not only must his verse be written in one unvarying metre; but it must be arranged in one unvarying order—poems of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, winter, must always be placed first, to be followed by the few miscellaneous subjects which cannot be included under those four great heads. My translations, therefore, are all songs of spring, beginning with the New Year and ending with the end of April; for the spring season has been much lengthened in Japan since the adoption of the Western calendar has moved the New Year's festivities from the middle of February to the first of January. The commencement of a year may be arbitrarily fixed at any time, but the seasons remain unchanged; spring is spring, whenever the year commences, and summer comes no earlier, whatever may be the date at which convention required the old-time Japanese to congratulate his neighbor on the advent of spring.

The first poem I shall quote runs as follows:

> Crisp on the landscape lies the year's first snow—
> Snow that shall feed the hungry soil, and coax
> The dry, dead trees back into life again.

It is a perfectly simple poem, and, as a woman, Madame Saisho felt that she had no business to meddle in things which were too high for her; but the poem was written in the early days, either just after or just before the beginning of the Meiji era, and every one into whose hand that poem came knew what its deeper meaning was—the dry, dead trees of old Japan, killed by the lifeless conventionalism of the last two or three centuries, were to be quickened into life again, and the snow—the fertilizing snow—which lay on the ground, was the symbol of the power which was to bring back that new life to the dead tree of Imperialism.

And the change was not to be without the popular approval.

> "The genial spring hath opened wide its gates,"
> The happy burghers cry, and sally forth
> With happy smiles to welcome the New Year.*

Assured though the Emperor was of the cordial support of his people in all efforts for the reformation and rejuvenation

* "A happy spring has opened," was a regular form of New Year's greeting, which is now, however, going somewhat out of use.

of the country, the whole period of early Meiji—say from 1870–1885—was one of doubt and anxiety. Hands had been put to work, but what the result was going to be it was impossible to predict. The hazes of spring furnished the poet with apt similes. At one time it was the thin haze upon the mountain, suggestive both of the work which accompanied the Restoration and of the uncertainty of the results:

> The cloud around the base of yon far hill—
> Is it where men prepare their morning meal?
> Sure, 'tis the first haze of the opening spring.

At another time it was the mist on the Lake of Biwa, which at first shut out the slopes of Mount Shiga, towards which the boat was going, and afterwards enveloped the whole vessel in an uncertain mist—a suggestion of difficulty and doubt which is well brought out in two consecutive poems, as follows:

> From Otsu's strand o'er Biwa's wave we glide,
> And, lo! Mount Shiga's flower-bedeckèd slopes
> Loom dimly through the haze.
>
> And now methinks
> Our boat is lost to sight from yonder shore
> Whence we rowed out—thick haze cuts off the land.

It could not possibly be doubted. The Japanese ship of state and society had put off from its ancient place of anchorage, over waves more treacherous than those of Lake Biwa, towards a port of destination which was but dimly apprehended. The destination had not been reached, but the step taken was irrevocable, and a thick haze cut off the past from the present.

The same thought—impatient waiting for a goal much desired and not quickly to be attained—is present in a series of poems on the *uguisu* or bush-warbler, a bird which Japanese poets are never weary of praising.

It is said of the warbler that he spends the cold months of winter amongst the warm and sheltered valleys between the mountains, from which he emerges only when the plum tree bursts into blossom. But the warbler sometimes delays his advent, and the singer, whose life is slipping by, complains in a couple of *tanka*:

Down in his sheltered valley, warm and snug,
The warbler waits for hurrying spring to come,
Nor sees why he should hurry.

I, alas,
Have seen the plum flow'rs come and go, and yet
No tardy warbler greets *me* with his song.

The first warmth of spring is frequently followed by a frost which nips the budding vegetation; and the first warmth of any great movement is often followed by a reaction of disappointment and indifference. I find this note in the following pair of *tanka:*

Methinks each spring the first thing I should hear
Should be the warbler singing on the hills;
This year he lingers long.

The morning rays
Shine through the snow, and, with his plumes all wet,
The laggard warbler sings his tardy song.

At another time the warbler, with his hopeful note of coming summer, acts as a reproof to idleness and an incentive to further activity:

At morn the warbler pours his matin lay
Full-throated by his nest. I, on my bed,
By open window, hear his pleasant song,
And lie day-dreaming.

Stirred by that sweet lay,
I rise at length, and wander forth, and pluck
The humble flowers and grasses in the field;
Then, resting by a farmhouse, hear again
My friend the warbler singing in a grove.
Ah, would that I could pluck that song, and take
It home with me as I do these poor flowers!

Have we not all, as Christians, felt moments of sweet inspiration, sweeter than those of any Japanese warbler, moments which we would fain have taken with us, if the luxury of religious sentimentalism had been a desirable thing to cultivate?

Madame Saisho touches next upon a very common human experience, the feeling of being treated with scant respect below the measure of our deserts, and in treating this subject takes care to point out how often the feeling is a mistaken one:

My plum tree's blossom now hath lost its pride,
And the inconstant bird, like friends that flee
When wealth is gone, has flown across the fence,
And, flattering, sings his faithless songs next door.

It is the old story. *Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.* It was the experience of the Roman poet; the Japanese poetess had learned truer and more generous ideas, for she quickly checks herself, and her next *tanka*, necessarily expanded to give the whole force of the "pregnant expression," is as follows:

And yet perchance I wrong'd him. Where I live
Is far from haunts of men, and seldom comes
A human friend to see me, yet this spring
No day has passed but that my warbler friend
Has let me have at least a lay or note.
Sure he must deem me still his well-loved friend.

One of the simple pleasures of the refined ladies of Japan, who have been by no means surfeited with social frivolities, has always been, in springtime, to gather herbs and grasses in the fields. It is an amusement which we can scarcely imagine the society leaders of New York or London would pursue with much avidity; but our poetess not only enjoyed the pastime, but contrived to draw useful lessons from it. In the poems which follow I have put into italics the moral lessons implied but not textually expressed in the original:

Last night I marked, upon the fallow field,
Fair herbs and waving grasses, and methought
To rise betimes and gather them to-day.
But when I reached the field, industrious hands
Had been before me, and the ruthless hoe,
Turning the soil, had torn up all my herbs,
And laid them prostrate. *It is thus we lose,*
Procrastinating, many a chance of good.

As when a maiden, walking by the bank
Of some fair stream, doth stoop to pluck the flowers
That blossom there, and stooping low, lets fall
Into the stream the roses that she wore
In hair or bosom as an ornament;
So, trying to grasp more, we oft-times lose
Even the treasure we possessed before.

The ups and downs of life, with its joys and hopes, its encouragements and disappointments, and its pious, though vague and ill defined, trust in the mercies of heaven (what less and what more could one expect from a naturally pious soul to whom Christ has never been presented?) find expression in poems like the following, which tell of the belated snow upon the mountains, the late frost which blights the hopes of the farmer, and the worshippers flocking, in spite of cold and wind, to offer their springtide prayers at the shrine of the Fox-God Inari for a blessing on the labors of the year:

The spring haze rises on the pine-clad hills,
And all the fields are shimmering with green;
Yet, see, in yon deep vale there lingers yet,
In patches, here and there, belated snow.
So lingers evil in a world that's good,
So lives the good amidst a world that's bad.

Noon and high tide, and on the summery wave
The spring haze looms, and all is warm and fair;
But back comes winter, when the sun goes down
And the cold moon shines on the frosty sky.

Lured by fallacious hopes of warm, spring days,
The foolish willow puts forth tender buds;
But the cold wind this morning brought a frost,
And with white rime enveloped it again,
Killing its nascent buds, *as when a man*
Hopes, plans, and acts a thing before its time.

Inari's Hill is still bedecked with snow,
That lingers 'midst the pines after its time,
And cold the wind, yet, through the cold we go
To pay our Hatsu-uma worship there
Before the Fox-God on the first "horse day."

I may say that the horse is one of the signs of the Japanese zodiac, each day and, for the matter of that, each year, being distinguished by one of these signs, so that, for certain chronological purposes, days and years move in cycles of twelve. The first "horse day" in the year is supposed to be a propitious day for prayer, and the temples of Inari are on that day crowded with worshippers, praying mostly for temporal gifts.

Saisho Atsuko's life was almost commensurate with the period of Restoration and Renovation which Japan has witnessed during the last sixty years. She lived to see many of the hopes fulfilled with which the reign of her Imperial Master and Mistress had commenced, and the last of her poems which I shall quote speaks of the joy which filled her declining years:

> Some years ago (as old folks use to play
> At gardening labors just to pass the time)
> I placed a plum seed in the pregnant earth.
> To think I've lived to see my plum tree flower!

I think we may look upon a writer like this gentle Japanese singer as one of the best types of the Japanese mind—gentle, courteous, refined, thoughtful—in many things almost a Christian, *quæ quum talis sit utinam nostra fuisset.*

We should take her as a type of the religious possibilities of this race, for whom St. Francis Xavier had so intense and earnest an affection and admiration. We know what the knowledge of Christ has done in the past for our ancestors in Europe—changing fierce Goths, Saxons, Celts into pure and holy Christian men and women. In no country has Christianity had such splendid material to work on as here in Japan—and it is surely no vain or idle dream which sees Japan, converted to Christ, rival or surpass nations older in the Faith than herself. It is a task which demands wisdom, gentleness, patience, and all the panoply of Christian gifts and graces. Is it too much to pray that God may in his mercy give us all those things that we need for the evangelization, in the best sense, of the Land of the Rising Sun? When that evangelization shall have been completed, when Christ has made Japan free from all that has bound it in the past, we may hope that its poetry, too, will be freed once and for all from its narrowness, and that then Japan will produce poets of the highest order.

Take the following collection of *Tanka* which I have chosen from a mediæval poet, Zeisho, and strung together because bearing on the same subject. They represent the fine clay upon which the potter works in this land. Put the Gospel, and all that the Gospel means, into that mass of fine material, and see in what it will result. If the present is such, what may not the future be, when Japan has received "life more abundantly"?

I. What is man's life? A bubble on the stream,
Raised by the splashing rain, which merrily
Dances along the swiftly gliding wave,
Full of apparent life, then suddenly
Breaks and dissolves, and leaves no trace behind,
To show where it hath been.

II. A summer moth,
Hovering at night around the candle-flame,
And finding, first, its transient joy of life,
And then its death.

III. A frail banana leaf,
Spreading its beauties to the morning wind,
And broken in a trice.

IV. A dream that comes
To lure the soul with sham reality,
Yet fading in a moment, when the mind
Wakes to the Truth.

V. A shadow on the path,
Lacking all substance, echo without voice,
Vain phantasy of action.

Such is life, says the ancient Buddhist. . . . And, I am come, says Christ, that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENIGMA AND CIPHER.

BY NEAL H. EWING.

THERE was a mediæval pageant called the Nine Worthies, consisting of three Pagan, three Jewish, and three Christian heroes—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Machabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. For the last was sometimes substituted Guy of Warwick. These heroes are pointedly divided into three equal groups on religious lines. According to an extended view, there is an additional Worthy, in a class by himself, Bertrand du Guesclin. The foregoing is the standard version of the Nine Worthies.

The substitute Worthy suggests Gulielmus of Warwickshire. The Worthies being nine, with an attached tenth, correspond to the nine digits and zero, and from them could well be made an enigma concerning ciphers. In another way, too, the Worthies suggest Cipher. Since for Shakespeare I and J were the same letter, the acrostic of the three groups is CIP. If to these regulars we add a syllable of Bertrand, we have CIPBER.

In the play of "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare makes an interlude of the Nine Worthies. Did he have in mind their relation to Cipher? If so, he might amend the Worthies and reach Cipher exactly, by taking, in place of Bertrand, some name beginning with Her. Preferably this would be a Pagan, for Her follows P, that is, the Pagan group. The most noted Pagan to select is Hercules. Now Shakespeare drags Hercules "with a rope" into his pageant. In the regular version, Bertrand and the alternates all belong to the Christian group. One being changed to the Pagan group, all might be changed, for symmetry. Cæsar is the Pagan corresponding to Godfrey, so he and his rival, Pompey, naturally figure as the alternates. Now Shakespeare introduces Pompey, as well as Hercules, and omits Cæsar, with indeed others, about whom we shall see later.

Before the interlude, Costard enters and asks whether the

three Worthies shall come in or no. To Berowne's exclamation: "What, are there but three?" he answers that every one presents three. This is a calling of attention to the three groups. It is with the threefold division that our enigma starts. The dialogue continues: "*Berowne:* And three times thrice is nine. *Costard:* Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so. You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know. I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—. *Berowne:* Is not nine. *Costard:* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount." Berowne remarking that he always took three threes for nine, Costard tells him it would be a pity if he had to get his living by reckoning. To Berowne's question: "How much is it?" he answers that the parties themselves, the actors, will show whereuntil it doth amount.

It is the poet's fancy to dispute the fact that three threes are nine. The enigma gives point to this strange arithmetic. The actors were going to present the Nine Worthies with ten characters. In a riddle sense Berowne knew only the nine arithmethical worthies, the digits that have worth, but not the zero, and would not find himself qualified to serve as an accountant.

This same Berowne, in a riddle way, blunders again. "*King:* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the Swain, Pompey the Great; the Parish Curate, Alexander; Armado's Page, Hercules; the Pedant, Judas Machabeus. And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, these four will change habits and present the other five. *Berowne:* There is five in the first show. *King:* You are deceived; 'tis not so."

The King enumerates five characters and speaks of the other five; he counts five Worthies and calls them four; and he will not be corrected. Our enigma gives point to this miscounting; it is the secret of Hercules as Zero. After naming five characters, he says: "And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive (not counting Moth at all) these four (still not counting Moth) will change habits and present the other five." Plainly there would be five of the nine left.

Having reason then for believing that Shakespeare viewed Hercules as standing in a class by himself, distinct from the Nine Worthies, and that he meant him to correspond to the

Zero in arithmetic, completing the ciphers and the word Cipher, let us see if he does not arrange the interlude so that Moth, playing Hercules, may serve as Zero's image.

As indicating Moth's irregularity, his lines, which in the Quarto are, like those of the other actors, in italics, are in the Folio printed in Roman type; his lines alone are so changed. Our enigma gives the Worthies as CIP before HER. In the play, the first mention of the interlude is: "Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies." Our enigma shortens Hercules to Her. In the play we read: "He shall present Hercules in minority," and "Quoniam he seemeth in minority."

Hercules does not have a separate entrance, but appears along with and following some one, just as Zero stands with a digit and after it. Hercules is the only actor, except Alexander, who makes an exit. He is told to vanish. This word vanish, suggestive of zero, is in the recitation itself, not interpolated by the audience. It is a stage direction from his preceptor who has recited his lines for him; for Moth, representing Hercules in the cradle, does not speak his lines. Although he is a pert boy, he makes no side remarks. He says absolutely nothing in the interlude. No one in the audience has a word to say to Hercules, or a word to say about him, which is unlike their treatment of the other actors.

Moth is small and approximates to nothing, and as insignificant he can stand for nonsignificant. When Holofernes assigns to Moth the *rôle* of Hercules, Armado objects: "Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantitie enough for that Worthie's thumb; hee is not so big as the end of his club." To this Holofernes replies: "Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minoritie. His enter and exit shall bee strangling a snake; and I will have an apologie for that purpose." Armado makes Moth less than the end of Hercules' club and less than his thumb. This raises the suggestion that the end of Hercules' thumb may be Moth's right measure. Now the end of his club is b and the end of his thumb is b, with this difference, that the first is sounded and the other is not. It is Armado that was severely criticized by Holofernes for dropping letters, and first of all for failing to pronounce the letter b in doubt and debt; so we may suppose that he did not sound the final letter of thumb. Holofernes once in this same scene calls Moth a Consonant. It is just after Moth has asked about Ab spelled

backward, and repeated Holofernes' Ba, so that it is probably the first consonant of the alphabet that Holofernes has in mind. We have reason, then, for calling Moth the sonance of a soundless b. He is the silent b in thumb, and has no audience, as Holofernes would say. Ciphers are digits and zero, which pairs zero with thumb.

Pompey and Hercules, Shakespeare's enigma Worthies, are by name closely related to the buried cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The Vesuvian feature of his interlude seems to have been noticed by Shakespeare in the words "fireworks" and "eruptions" when the entertainment for the Princess is first broached.

Our enigma word occurs in Shakespeare, but not more than half a dozen times in all the thirty-six plays. The spelling is with I or Y, cipher or cypher. For our enigma we may consider Y as a variation of the letter I, from the French name i grec, Greek I. Its I being Greek, Cypher has more of a Greek look than ever. When Shakespeare had chosen his Worthies, he might have noticed the Greek derivation of the names Hercules, Hector, and Alexander, and the connection of the name Pompey with the Greek πομπή, a sending. It would seem that he did notice this nominal Greek complexion of the Worthies and wished to make it more complete, for he attaches to Machabeus the Greek name Achilles. Machabeus has just recited and remains on the scene (his exit is a modern emendation). A discussion has just ended as to whether he has a face. Armado enters for Hector, and Berowne calls out: "Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms."

If, then, Cypher is of a Grecian cast, and the Worthies are of a Grecian cast, eked out by Shakespeare, he may well, if he makes mention of the enigma word, use this form in Y. We find that he does make mention in this play of this rare word, and under the Y form, Cypher.

Its context is suggestive. "A most fine Figure!" "To prove you a Cypher." This immediately follows some riddle-making. The riddle-making concerns numbers, and indeed the number three, the basic number of our Worthies. Armado is told that he can study three years by adding one and two and putting years to the result. Three parallels CIP. Years parallels the zero HER, for it will be noticed that time is reduced to its name, that is to nothing. This reduces three years to nothing, which

parallels the whole enigma word. The word Cypher is put in the mouth of Moth, the future Hercules. "A most fine Figure," says his master. "To prove you a Cypher," replies the boy. The boy's very next word is "Hercules." It is in answer to a long remark of Armado's, which brings in the words, soldier, sword, prisoner, ransom, great men, that Moth says: "Hercules, Master." This is a tenth line, after Armado's nine.

In view of the appearance of the word Cypher in this play and of its surroundings (suggestive of our enigma); in view of the unwarranted introduction of Hercules among the Worthies (where he was needed for the enigma); in view of his various peculiarities (all proper for the enigma); in view of Costard's strange arithmetic (which fits the enigma); and in view of the King's strange miscounting (which the enigma can save from being pointless); we have reason for saying that this enigma of ours is Shakespeare's own; that he modeled the interlude on the word Cipher.

Whether he meant this enigma of Cipher to lead to nothing beyond itself, or whether he meant it as an index for some secret writing, we shall now examine. Perhaps the Greek form of the word, Cypher, which Shakespeare sets forth, may have been meant, in connection with the notational feature of the Worthies, to furnish us a hint. The Greeks (as also the Hebrews) based their arithmetical notation on twenty-seven letters.

In this same play, and indeed in the same act with the Worthies, there appears a twenty-seven-letter word, honorificabilitudinitatibus. Costard, addressing Moth, says: "I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

This long word is an invention of some centuries before Shakespeare's time. It is an amplified form of honoribus (with honors) which it contains and which it exceeds in length three times, and it may be translated: with a great heaping up of honors.

It is a notable word. It was known as the longest Latin vocable. In spite of its length, it has a regular alternation of consonant and vowel. In spite of its length it is metrical; it preserves the golden cadence of poesy in uninterrupted dactyls. An old verse reads: Fulget honorificabilitudinitatibus iste—He shines with a heaping up of honors.

It was believed by editors up to recent years that Shakespeare invented this word, but diligent scholars have traced it back into the Middle Ages, where the Nine Worthies originated. We have no record of its use for forty-nine years before Shakespeare's play. One year later it appeared in Nash. Six years after that in Marston. Some years further on in Beaumont and Fletcher. Taylor added an additional syllable to the word. After this little vogue, it lasted as a curiosity in Shakespearean commentary. The idea, then, that Shakespeare invented the word, while it is a mistaken one, needs only to be amended. Shakespeare, we may say, concerned himself enough in the word to resurrect it.

Emphasis on Shakespeare's part is seen in this, that the word, which he prints in lower case type, honorificabilitudinitatibus, is not in italics, as are the many other Latin words in this play, but in Roman letters. Since Roman letters are the italics for italic matter, we might say that honorificabilitudinitatibus is doubly italicized. At any rate it is, for a Latin word, printed in a distinctive way.

The Greek form of Shakespeare's arithmetical enigma of the Worthies was given as a reason for examining honorificabilitudinitatibus, this being a twenty-seven-lettered word, and the Greek arithmetical system being based on twenty-seven letters. Our long word is in other ways related to the Worthies. It will bear the macaronic rendering of to the, or by the, honorable great Worthies. It ends in dinitatibus, which is almost dignitatibus (to the Worthies), especially if we pronounce the latter word with the g silent, after the manner of its kindred word condign. The Worthies are poetical; they recite in verse; Alexander, for instance, in Alexandrines. Honorificabilitudinitatibus is striking as a poetic word; that is, it is remarkable for a word so long to be adaptable to verse. The Worthies are nine, as being three times three. Honorificabilitudinitatibus, numbering twenty-seven letters, is an extension of this triple system.

The foregoing relations are antecedent to Shakespeare, and thus independent of him. He made the relations closer. Twice he mentions the Worthies as three times thrice, which is literally three times three times. This has no sense, but, continuing the system another step, we have three times three times three, that is to say, twenty-seven. Shakespeare places the

long word in the same play and in the same act with the Worthies, and in the scene in that act in which arrangements for the Worthies are made. The word is spoken in the presence of all the characters that play the Worthies; in the only symposium of the Worthies. There is but one outsider present, Dull, and he protests, as the company departs, that he has not understood a word. It is spoken in an aside between Costard and Moth. These are the two that appear as Pompey and Hercules. Pompey and Hercules are Shakespeare's irregular enigmatical characters, as distinguished from the standard Worthies.

It would seem, then, that Shakespeare, having put in this play an enigma about Cipher, resurrected the long word honorificabilitudinitatibus, which had close relations with the Worthies, the base of his enigma, and printed it in peculiar type, placing it near the Worthies, and supplementing its relations to them with others of his own making. A sober mind need not fail to think it probable that Shakespeare, whoever he was, finding honorificabilitudinitatibus suitable and artistic, designed it in some way to serve as a cipher, that is, to cover some secret statement.

Honorificabilitudinitatibus, from its cryptic appearance, has long attracted the attention of Baconians, independently of the foregoing points. Ignatius Donnelly pointed out that honorificabilitudinitatibus contains almost all the letters of the name Francis Bacon. Now, as was noticed by Dr. Isaac Hall Platt, it contains, without exception, all the letters of that form of Francis Bacon's name that he himself ordinarily used in his signature, namely, Fr. Bacon. Dr. Platt advances some arguments, which I now add to those that I have given, tending to show that Shakespeare designed some secret statement in honorificabilitudinitatibus.

First. Dr. Platt shows that this Latin word is led up to by some suggestive Latin phrases (which lie scattered in the English within the compass of forty-two lines). These, taken by themselves and translated, are: "That which sufficeth is enough. I know the man as well as I know you. Do you understand me, sir? Praise God! I understand well. Do you see who comes? I see and rejoice. Wherefore?" To these may be added: "At a certain time. He is called." The next Latin word after the translation "Wherefore?" is honorificabilitudi-

nitatibus, which Dr. Platt takes for an answer: "By the power of the making for honor."

Second. Dr. Platt points out that the play opens with lines suitably suggestive of our theme. They are, in fact, a disclaimer of fame during life and an expression of desire for it after death. He parallels these lines with two quotations from Bacon's admitted works.

Third. Dr. Platt discusses the Northumberland manuscript, which "consists of a part of a manuscript book which was discovered in 1867, in Northumberland House, in London. That it was in the library of Bacon is an acknowledged fact." On the cover is the table of contents. "Assuming that the volume originally had corresponded with the title-page, the latter part was missing, including the two Shakespeare plays"—"Richard the Second" and "Richard the Third." In part scribbled, and in part carefully written on this page, are words and sentences, including repetitions of the names of Bacon and Shakespeare and some Latin verse, the reference in which to a contract no longer binding Dr. Platt considers suggestive. In particular, there appears a shortened variation of our long word, namely, honorificabilitudino, not scribbled, but written carefully in the margin of the page. Dr. Platt makes of this an anagram, naming Francis Bacon as the originator of "these plays," and parallels the word as to meaning, with the title of the first paper on the title-page, namely, "of tribute or giving what is due." This anagram that he makes of the companion word honorificabilitudino is closely like his anagram of honorificabilitudinitatibus, to be noticed later.

Fourth. Dr. Platt cites a sentence that occurs five lines after our word in "Love's Labour's Lost": "What is Ab spelled backward, with the horn on his head?" and the answer: "Ba, pueritia, with a horn added." He notes that Mr. Mallock sees here the design of Ba cornu (translating "with a horn"), something close to Bacon. Dr. Platt has more lately given another rendering of this. "In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a horn-shaped mark, known as C cursive or C *reverse*, was used in both manuscripts and printing to indicate the syllable con at the beginning of a word." . . . Of "Ab with the horn on his head" he makes ab with this horn-shaped mark in front of it, which, read backward, is Ba followed by the mark, and thus Bacon. We may reach Bacon

riddlewise with four words "Ab spelled backward with," for "with" in Spanish and Italian is con, a scrap from the great feast of languages shortly before mentioned.

Fifth. Dr. Platt points out that ab occurs "almost in the middle of the long word." It occurs, indeed, in a very prominent place, at the beginning of the middle part of this triplicate word: honorific–abilitudi–nitatibus.

On the strength of all the foregoing, let us examine honorificabilitudinitatibus as a cipher word, first noticing how Dr. Platt reduces it. He takes the backward spelling of Ab as a clue, starts with the syllable ab in the long word, reads from this point backward, bacifironoh, and sees Fr. Bacono staring him in the face. Taking the remainder of the word "we have come out, each in the direct sequence of the letters: ludi, tuiti, nati. The remaining letters form hi, sibi." Putting the whole together gives: Hi ludi tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati. These plays originating with Francis Bacon are protected for themselves, "that is, by reason of their worth."

This is superior to an ordinary anagram, for it shows some system. Fr. Bacono is almost reached by following Ab spelled backward as a direction. Taking only the necessary compass of letters, we would have bacifirono. To change this to fr bacono we would have to put out two i's and transpose fr and bac. As will be seen later, there are indications in the play that these changes were in Shakespeare's mind, and Dr. Platt looks with Shakespeare's eyes in seeing Francis Bacon's name where he does in honorificabilitudinitatibus.

Of the five remaining words: hi ludi tuiti sibi nati, three can be picked out in regular order, by going over the letters once: hi—l—udin—ati, while from the rest of the letters, iiititbus, are formed the words, tuiti sibi, rather promiscuously. This is Dr. Platt's anagram in its most orderly derivation. His anagram has held the field in default of any other. It is not its irregularities that militate against its being Shakespeare's, but the absence (except for Ab) of any indication that the irregularities were contemplated by Shakespeare. Perhaps some other anagram is possible, the irregularities of which will be so referred to and matched in the play as to make it certain that they were contemplated by Shakespeare, and that the cipher meaning of the anagram was Shakespeare's thought as much as any open line ever penned by him.

Seven years ago, while ignorant of Dr. Platt's solution, I was led, from Mr. Donnelly's statement, to notice how fr bacon could be derived from the long word, and how Ab spelled backward seemed to be given as a rule. Then it occured to me that, supposing the word contained a cipher, this might be found by reading backward from the extremity of the word, applying the apparent rule more completely.

This gives subitat*i*nidutilibac*ifi*fron*oh*. Omitting five particular letters, as here indicated in italics, including the silent h, we have: subitat nid utili bacfron. Changing bacfron to fr bacon, by reversed tmesis, we have as the solution of our word:

Subitat nid utili fr bacon, which translated becomes:

Often into useful nest steals Francis Bacon.

Let it be noticed that this result is reached by omitting five letters, hoiii, by reversing the word, and by transposing fr and bac.

Subitat is the regular third person singular present indicative of subitare, the regularly formed frequentative of subire, to steal into. It thus means "often steals into." It happens, however, that it is not classical; it is only a form that Cicero might have used. If to violate a rule of grammar is, in the old phrase, to break Priscian's head, the use of subitat would be to inflict on that author some lesser injury.

The construction requires the dative case. Nid is nido, the dative of nidus, with the o elided before utili, as it regularly would be in poetry. Utili is the dative of utilis, and agrees with nido. Fr. Bacon is the form in which Francis Bacon regularly signed his name. It stands in the nominative case in the third declension, as the subject of the sentence. Nidus has a special meaning appropriate here, a receptacle for books.

The word anagram is used to mean, first, a rearrangement in any order at all, and second, a rearrangement in a backward order, a much stricter construction. Now it is this palindromic anagram that is almost followed above. It is followed for twenty letters. Of the remaining letters, five follow at least no other arrangement, since they disappear.

This stricter anagram is offered in place of Dr. Platt's. All the arguments that I have thus far advanced, whether my own or Dr. Platt's, apply not less well to my solution than to his. One, indeed, applies much more strongly, his chief argument of Ab spelled backward, since the rule is here much more closely followed.

In examining the play for indications of design, let us first consider the Nine Worthies. Our enigma contemplates Cæsar and Pompey as the alternate Worthies, Pompey being the substitute, and when in Shakespeare's imperfect list we see Pompey and not Cæsar, we may consider Cæsar as represented by Pompey. The Worthies, then, arranged according to CIP, are as follows: Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey; Joshua, David, Machabeus; Hector, Alexander, Pompey. Only the last four appear, and their order is one of reversal with a slight transposition, the least possible. Instead of Pompey, Alexander, Hector, Machabeus, which would be a straight reversal, we have Pompey, Alexander, Machabeus, Hector. Shakespeare, therefore, modeled the Nine Worthies on our anagram of honorificabilitudinitatibus, consequently his anagram; that is to say, he gives the Worthies backward, with a slight transposition, and he omits five.

When arranging for the interlude, Armado remarked: "We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique." Now the interlude did not fadge. It was only half given, and there was interruption and failure. At the end of the play, Armado enters and asks the company to remain for a dialogue which the two learned men have compiled in praise of the cuckoo and the owl. "It should have followed," he says, "in the end of our show." This, then, is the Antique, a song about the cuckoo and a recitation in verse about the owl. The cuckoo was a classical type, the bird that steals into a nest, as, for instance, into that of the owl, a bird of seeming wisdom. This parallels the solution of honorificabilitudinitatibus, as do also scattered references in the play. Just as the Worthies parallel honorificabilitudinitatibus, so the Antique, the sequel of the Worthies, parallels Subitat nid utili fr bacon, which explains, by reference to a secret author, some obscure precedence.

The long word is put in the mouth of Costard. It is Costard who speaks of "the merry days of desolation," and who says: "Welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile again." It is Costard who in the third act excites Armado's laughter by taking l'envoy for salve, that is, the beginning of a writing for the end of a writing, l'envoy being a conclusion of a poem, and salve being a word of salute. It is Costard who, having the letters of Armado and Berowne to deliver, reverses them, spelling, as it were, Ab backward,

since Armado's letter is A and Berowne's is B. He was going to deliver Berowne's letter "in print."

The scene of our long word begins with the statement in Latin: "That which is sufficient is enough." A word is sometimes sufficient to express much, and sometimes it may happen that even all the letters of that word are not needed.

Continuing, we read that Holofernes criticizes Armado for his habit of dropping letters. The letters that he refers to are b l i g h, five in number. A little further on, the schoolmaster precisian speaks of Priscian a little scratched. The solution of honorificabilitudinitatibus is, as we have noticed, the infliction of some lesser injury on Priscian, which is accompanied with the scratching of five letters.

Costard says that Moth is not so long as honorificabilitudinitatibus. Attention is thus directed to honorificabilitudinitatibus as a long word, and by measuring Moth, who is smaller, against it, the suggestion is given to shorten the word. Not only so, but Costard suggests a particular kind of shortening, for his exact words are: "Thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus." Now h is the head letter of the word, and ho is the head syllable. Decapitation in general involves loss of eyes, so that the cancelling of the letters iii as well as that of ho is tolerably well provided for by the suggested reduction of honorificabilitudinitatibus, by the head.

Still we may suppose that Shakespeare would want to give some fuller indication of the loss of eyes, and this we find him doing. For later on, in the fifth act, we read:

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames that ever turned their backs to mortal views.

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

Berowne. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Here, along with a reversal, there is a putting out of eyes which is pointedly commented on. If it be objected that this punning on eye and i is undignified, we may answer that it is highly Shakespearean.

The twenty-seven letters of honorificabilitudinitatibus are reduced to twenty-two. One of these cipher numbers Bacon found connected with his life, his birthday being January 22.

The other number was made to connect with life, for it was on the 27th of January that he became Viscount St. Albans. The date accepted as Shakespeare's birthday is April 23, 1564.

"Love's Labour's Lost" was first published separately in Quarto in the year 1598, and then appeared with the other plays in the Folio of 1623. In both Quarto and Folio there stands at the head of the page on which honorificabilitudinitatibus occurs: "Curate." A most singular and choice epithet. The reference is to a preceding word, but its relation to honorificabilitudinitatibus is suggestive.

In the Quarto the word appears thus as to lineation: art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus. Thus it ends significantly at the extremity of a line. In the Folio the word appears divided at the end of a line, thus:

For thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitu-
dinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed then a flap-dragon.

A hyphen at the end of a line may indicate mere typographical division, or it may be an integral part of the word divided. In the present case the typography would be exactly the same as it is, if the hyphen was intended to be inherent in the word, which would then be: honorificabilitu-dinitatibus. Solving the word thus written, we have: subitat nid-utili fr bacon, the compound word explaining the absence of the o. The long word is split at the very point where the letter o belongs in nido; and not only so, but a mark stands there to hold the letter's place. This last letter is necessary to round the sentence completely.

"What is Ab spelled backward?" Ab, which in Greek is Alphabeta, is like a name for the alphabet. Ab is a Hebrew word, the name of the eleventh month. Now the Hebrew alphabet, which is written backward, that is, from right to left, contains twenty-two letters and five final forms, which make the number twenty-seven, while one of the letters, under slightly different forms, expresses two sounds.

Among the chief differences between the Quarto and the Folio is what Furnivall calls the only good addition to the Quarto: "You that way; we this way." This is prominent at the very end of the Folio play, and it is suggestive of the opposite directions, towards the right and left wings, in which honorificabilitudinitatibus may be read.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

IV.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRENCH CATHOLICS WITH REGARD TO THE LAW OF SEPARATION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.

N the preceding articles we reviewed the origins of the Law of Separation and, later, we explained its more important features. We wish now to indicate what has been the attitude of French Catholics with regard to these legislative measures.

At the opening of our study we dwelt upon a fact—a fact which testifies honorably to the spirit of faith of our fellow-countrymen—that so long as the Holy See had made no definite pronouncement concerning the policy which French Catholics ought to adopt, they were very much divided on the question, but unanimity instantly reigned on the day when Pope Pius X. formally indicated a definite policy. They who had desired that a plan of campaign different from that outlined by Rome should be pursued, respectfully submitted, and thus, by their obedience, gave proof of the sincerity and good faith of their former convictions.

Our opponents had hoped, for the moment, that a schism would break out among us. Not the slightest danger in that direction has manifested itself. We had but applied the maxim "*In dubiis libertas.*" Now that Pius X. has spoken, we have given proof of that other maxim, "*In necessariis unitas.*"

This significant union of the Catholics of France with their priests and bishops, all of whom have hastened to gather about the Sovereign Pontiff, needs to be especially emphasized before we review the different opinions, heretofore vigorously maintained and defended, which, previous to the latest Encyclical, had created different parties among French Catholics. These differences of yesterday do but give added testimony to the unanimity of to-day.

These differences of opinion first manifested themselves, particularly, concerning the annoying question of the inventories. According to the Law, before an effective disposition of ecclesiastical properties could be made, it was necessary to take an accurate inventory in detail of such properties. These inventories were to be made by the officers of the Government. Was it proper for Catholics to permit these agents of the State to take such inventories without offering any resistance? "Yes"; answered some, "for such a proceeding is but a measure of safety, and does not prejudge in any way the question of ownership." "No"; asserted others, "for the taking of inventories is the first step on the road to spoliation."

These two distinctly different opinions gave rise to two parties among French Catholics, between whom the divergence became, month by month, more apparent. The adherents of the first party, who advised no formal opposition to the taking of the inventories, hoped that the Church would adjust herself to the Law of Separation, of which they then foresaw neither the injustices nor the dangers. The members of the second party, those who preached active resistance, hoped that this first battle would render any further step towards a Law of Separation impossible of acceptance on the part of Catholics. Events have shown that their hopes were without foundation.

Active resistance was organized by a number of militant Catholics, but for the most part, the ecclesiastical authorities, bishops and curés, held themselves aloof from such organized efforts, and discountenanced all use of physical force. Nevertheless, in Paris, throughout the northern and central part of France, in Brittany, many churches were barricaded and transformed into veritable fortresses. The agents of the Government were compelled to fall back on an armed force, and our soldiers were employed in a service to which their flag certainly did not call them. Many officers, when ordered to force the door of a church, refused to obey, and were willing to sacrifice their career for the sake of their religious convictions. For this disobedience they were summoned before a court-martial; some were acquitted; others found guilty and punished.

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These differences of opinion first manifested themselves, particularly, concerning the annoying question of the inventories. According to the Law, before an effective disposition of ecclesiastical properties could be made, it was necessary to take an accurate inventory in detail of such properties. These inventories were to be made by the officers of the Government. Was it proper for Catholics to permit these agents of the State to take such inventories without offering any resistance? "Yes"; answered some, "for such a proceeding is but a measure of safety, and does not prejudge in any way the question of ownership." "No"; asserted others, "for the taking of inventories is the first step on the road to spoliation."

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Active resistance was organized by a number of militant Catholics, but for the most part, the ecclesiastical authorities, bishops and curés, held themselves aloof from such organized efforts, and discountenanced all use of physical force. Nevertheless, in Paris, throughout the northern and central part of France, in Brittany, many churches were barricaded and transformed into veritable fortresses. The agents of the Government were compelled to fall back on an armed force, and our soldiers were employed in a service to which their flag certainly did not call them. Many officers, when ordered to force the door of a church, refused to obey, and were willing to sacrifice their career for the sake of their religious convictions. For this disobedience they were summoned before a court-martial; some were acquitted; others found guilty and punished.

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Caillon, in the centre of Paris. At these churches the prefect of police was forced to call out the firemen, who broke down the doors of the edifice and eventually turned a stream of water on the "besieged" before the latter could be forced to leave. We repeat that ecclesiastical authority did not organize this violent method of resistance; indeed, it was organized against the express orders of the curé of that parish; and the curé—sometimes, at least, as at St. Clotilde—was insolently called upon, in the presence of a crowded church, to give his aid, by these singular Christians, who would always prove more readily obedient to an order that contained some element of politics than to one purely religious.

This question of the inventories created a widespread agitation; it, above all else, brought about the downfall of the Rouvier ministry. During the taking of the inventory of a Flemish church—that at Boeschepe—a Catholic was killed. Two days later, March 8, 1906, in the course of questions put by M. l'Abbé Lemire, deputy from the district in which the commune of Boeschepe is situated, the Rouvier cabinet was defeated on a test vote and forthwith resigned. It was succeeded by the Sarrien ministry, in which the portfolio of the Interior was given to a radical, M. Clemenceau, and that of Public Instruction and Worship to M. Aristide Briand, who, while a deputy, had been an ardent supporter of the Law of Separation.

This ministry endeavored to put an end to the religious war which, it thought, would lessen the chances for the government's candidates on the eve of a legislative election. These elections were to be held on the first days of the month of May. So M. Clemenceau judged it prudent to suspend entirely the taking of inventories. It is true, however, that the work had already been completed in three-fourths of the parishes. But if religious strife had ceased, discussion and argument on the part of Catholics, as to what policy ought to be pursued, had not. Pius X., in the Encyclical "Vehementer Nos," had unquestionably and formally condemned the Law of Separation, by exposing its injustices and by protesting against the wrong done the Holy See, whom the French Government had not informed of the breaking of the Concordat.

It was maintained further that this pronouncement of the Holy Father was a condemnation, in principle, of the Law of

Separation, inasmuch as later on the Sovereign Pontiff announced the sending of practical instructions.

A short while after, the Bishops of France were assembled for the purpose of answering questions propounded to them by the Holy Father. For the first time since the signing of the Concordat, the French episcopate was able to assemble in a deliberative way, and, as a consequence, to take on new life. Thus, for the first time, that precious liberty given to us by the Separation Law was enjoyed; a liberty on which we cannot congratulate ourselves too much.

The second great advantage, due also to the Separation Law, was the free nomination of bishops and curés without any intervention from the civil authorities. The Sovereign Pontiff, by virtue of this liberty, filled at once the many vacant sees, and in one day fourteen French prelates were consecrated by the Holy Father. The older prelates, as well as those newly consecrated, met in council to consider the religious situation in France.

On this occasion a certain number of Catholics, eminent both for the services which they had rendered to the Church as well as for their intellectual and scientific attainments, decided to send to every one of the bishops a confidential letter, in which they set forth their views, their desires, and their fears.

It was never intended that this letter should be made public, but, within a few days, the *Figaro* procured a copy of it and published it in its columns. The letter met with a varied reception, but no one thought of denying its importance. We judge it profitable to give here a few extended extracts from this "Appeal to the Bishops," which contains all the arguments that could be advanced in favor of a practical trial of the Separation Law.

The signers of this appeal, "the Twenty-Three," began by expressing their religious convictions and their deep respect for the episcopate and the Holy See. The letter continued:

> At this moment, when for the first time in many years and, we may say, for the first time in many centuries, the Bishops of France are about to meet in plenary council, certain Catholics, whose names are added below—names which they venture to hope are sufficient guarantee of the seriousness of their convictions—have thought that they would in no way offend

> you by submitting to you in a letter, absolutely confidential, some observations concerning the Separation Law, which is to be the object of your deliberations. Indeed, as faithful Catholics, we need not say, my lords, that, with regard to the character and the spirit of this law, we entertain no other opinion than that lately expressed by the Sovereign Pontiff in his eloquent Encyclical of February 11. But what will be the practical consequence of this solemn condemnation? You will be assembled for the purpose of telling this to us, and it is our hope that before separating you will have instructed us on this point.

This last sentence might lead us to suppose that the letter had been presented to every one of the bishops as they were about to assemble. Such was, in point of fact, the intention of the writers of this appeal, but at the last moment the meeting of the bishops was postponed, and did not take place until the end of the month of May, after the general elections. As a consequence, the letter was sent directly to each of the bishops.

After the preamble, which we have cited above, the authors of the letter take up the question of associations of worship, and dwell upon the latitude which the Government has permitted in the legal formation of these associations:

> The question which above all others demands our attention, because it affects essentially the very organization of the Catholic Church in France, is whether or not the Holy See will authorize the formation of associations of worship. It is not for us to pronounce definitely on such a question, and we will, therefore, refrain; but in the discussions which have arisen during the last three months on the subject, we could not but be struck by the fact that the arguments which have been put forward against the formation of these associations of worship, concern themselves almost entirely with the first reading of the Law of Separation, but do not take into consideration the final reading, that which was eventually decided upon by the Chamber of Deputies, and which expressly demands that these associations of worship ought to conform "to the rules of the religious organization whose cult they would propose to exercise and to promote." That is to say—and the framer of the law, and likewise the minister of public worship, urged on by the eloquence of M. Alexandre Ribot, officially admitted—that a Catholic association of worship

could be legally such only when its members are "in communion" with their parish priests, and the parish priest with his bishop, and the bishop himself with the Sovereign Pontiff.

But, it may be asked, will not the Council of State, in the course of the application of the law which it has outlined, endeavor to make void this point of the law? It is doubtless to be feared that such a policy may be pursued. In such an event, our present letter, as may be easily seen, would have no application. But in the meanwhile, and in view of the conditions stated in article 4 of the Law of Separation, to whom does it belong, if not to the Holy See, instructed by you concerning the state of the Church in France, to outline what are "the general laws of organization for a Catholic association of worship"? And in what manner, considering the requirements of the law, the organization of associations of worship is to be conducted? It is for you, my lords, to state how these will be formed, the number of members in each instance, and under what conditions they are to be chosen or named.

The State will demand the right of financial management, and in truth this, we acknowledge, is a singular restriction of their liberty. But with regard to everything that concerns the exercise of worship, it is you, my lords—permit us to insist upon it—and you alone, who have been empowered to fix the income of these associations of worship; you alone who will say what rights shall be granted to such associations. It is for you to delegate them; through your power and your approval they will possess temporal power in whatever you wish them to exercise it; but they will possess nothing of that power where you do not desire it. It is for you to regulate how they shall work; and their power will not extend beyond the limits which you yourself have placed upon it. We do not say that it is easy to define exactly these limits, but you will know how to define them. We will have confidence in your decision; and we believe that by so defining them you will have rendered an enduring service to France and to religion itself.

The signatories of this appeal then take up the main question—what will be the consequences to Catholics of a refusal to organize associations of worship as prescribed by the Law of Separation?

That which gives us even greater uneasiness than the question as to whether associations of worship, provided for by the Law, shall be formed, is, my lords, and we speak frankly, the

question as to what will be done and how the Church of France will be organized if associations of worship are not formed. In a word, what will be the result if we do not organize under the provisions of this Law of Separation?

First: It is to be feared, in point of fact, that we shall not be able to organize any associations in place of them, no matter what form or what name we may give them, since, as soon as they should attempt to conduct religious ceremonies, they would become illegal, and as such would be immediately broken up.

In the mind of the Government, the Law of Separation had no other object—at least with regard to associations whose object was to promote religion—than to prevent the formation of any association which would not fulfil the conditions prescribed by the Law for all associations of worship. Not being permitted, then, to form other legal associations, the inevitable result will be to make of Catholic religion in France simply a private devotion, and to reserve henceforth its practical exercise to the very wealthy.

Secondly: If we do not form associations of worship, the inventories, which have lately been taken, will lose their significance, and the consequence of such a course of action will be the confiscation at the hands of the State, sooner or later, by the very terms of the Law, of all Church property; the ownership of all places of worship will pass to the State or to the Communes, and we shall undoubtedly see the wish of some of the Masonic sectaries realized, when thus the house of God is transformed into a hay-loft or a dance hall. Shall we live, after such degradation, in the hope of one day winning them back; or shall we not rather endeavor now, by physical force, to defend our cathedrals against such profanation?

Thirdly: What must be the inevitable outcome of it all, if we do not form associations of worship; it will be useless for us to blind our eyes to the horrors of civil war which will be let loose throughout the land. Do you in your innermost hearts really wish for such a result; and are you prepared to shoulder the responsibility? You will not, in any case, deny, my lords, that the situation is most critical, and you will not be surprised that we, as Frenchmen and as Catholics, are very much perturbed.

We shall be asked, perhaps, how far we are prepared to push this plea of obedience to the law? We will answer, frankly, that as Christians we may, perhaps, be bound to go further than other men, and that as citizens we ought not to

> accept it, but rather to submit to it, so far as its practical working will not plainly violate any of the rights of our conscience, or any of the laws of our religion. But for the present (not being hindered by the Law of Separation from believing what we chose, nor from practicing what we believe)—the hierarchy, moreover, remaining intact, and the right of our bishops to communicate with Rome being freely exercised, our churches, too, being allowed to remain at the disposition of organized associations and under the direction of the bishops—we think that no opportunity ought to be neglected of securing the abrogation or modification of a law, with regard to which—let us repeat it once more—we are in substantial agreement with the solemnly expressed judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff; but we believe also that, with the view of accomplishing this end, we ought to profit by every advantage, however restricted, permitted in the way of organization which the Law allows, and in doing this we hold that we shall be working for the interest both of our country and of our religion.

This letter bears twenty-three signatures, among which we find those of men like MM. F. Brunetière, Denys Cochin, G. Goyau, Comte d'Haussonville, de Lapparent, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, H. Lorin, G. Picot, Edmond Rousse, Saleilles, Thureau-Dangin, Vaudal, the Marquis de Vogüe, etc.

A document of this nature could not pass unnoticed. It was naturally very widely discussed, and was violently attacked by the journals of the conservative opposition. Its signatories were dubbed "lay cardinals," or, more often still, "green cardinals." This latter title was due, no doubt, to the fact that many of the signers were privileged to wear on their coat the "green palm" of the French Academy.

We will not dwell upon the numerous insults flung at those twenty-three signatories: abuse is not argument. All, however, who protested against their action, did not employ abuse. M. le Comte Albert de Mun, who for many months had vigorously protested against any and every experimental trial of the Law on the part of Catholics, replied to the authors of this letter, many of whom were his *confrères* in the Institute of France. *La Croix* published this answer.* It put forth in eloquent and courteous, though at times somewhat vigorous, terms, the

* *La Croix*, March 28, 1906.]

principle arguments which might be urged against the appeal of the Twenty-Three who have been dubbed "submissionists" in order that they might be, to some extent, discredited. We shall give some passages *in extenso* from this answer of the Comte de Mun, in order that our readers may have an accurate knowledge of the arguments of both parties to the controversy. The Comte de Mun first speaks of the course pursued by the Twenty-Three and the publicity given to their action:

> As for myself, I regret neither the publicity nor the discussion of which it was the inevitable occasion. In the formidable crisis with which the Catholics of France are confronted, every one ought to be willing to assume, as far as he can, the responsibility of his action. I will say nothing of the manner of procedure which it is permissible, at least, to describe as unusual.
>
> Whatever surprise the solemn form of their letter, or the general character of their appeal, may have excited, the personal qualities of the signatories, as well as the sincerity of their faith, render it impossible for me to deny its timeliness. But even these qualities, extraordinary as they may be, are not, to my mind, a sufficient guarantee of the correctness of their views. It is not so much intellectual effort that the grave problems which are now harassing the souls of French Catholics call for. The extensive knowledge of literature or of science, of law or of parliamentary procedure, adds nothing to the inspirations of faith. They who have such an abundance of lights venture, too often, I fear, to disturb the one clear light.
>
> When a question which affects the very sources of all social life is suddenly presented to the people, it is not in the academy or on the platform, nor in political assemblies, that a true answer is to be sought. There a too great regard for expediency, a too great tendency for unavoidable compromise, a too great concern for purely human success, weighs with men. It is to the simple and the lowly that we must have recourse, those who alone are swayed by the inspiration of the heart, and who are strangers to the power of convention. It is among the people, among those who must labor at their appointed tasks and for their appointed time, that we must go to find the true answer, and learn from them our lessons.
>
> If, in the present crisis, the Bishops of France should do me the honor of asking for an expression of my opinion, my answer would be no more than the above. I would beg of

them to disregard the talk of the illustrious, the great, and the talented, and to hearken to the voice that arises from the hearts of unlettered peasants, from simple laborers, from women who are not college graduates, from young men who know not fame, who glory not in a name—for such as these have, during the last two months, with unreasoning zeal and clear faith, been frustrating every assault made by the Masonic sectaries against the Church.

M. de Mun insists strongly on the attitude of the "humble" and of the "people," with regard to the question of the inventories. He adds:

They are "the multitude of the faithful" and, to the scandal of many, are spoken of in the late Encyclical as the "flock" of the children of Christ; these are they who in the days of trial confounded others by the invincible power of their simplicity. Who was it that, like a flash and unpremeditatedly, brought this question of the inventories before the tribunal of public opinion? Who was it that by their unexpected resistance disclosed to their astonished country, to Catholics as well as to their enemies, the real life of a creed that had become dormant and the power of a conscience that had gone to sleep? Who, for the first time in thirty years, caused an impious Government to retreat? It surely was not you, Academicians or Deputies, authors or advocates—to you no such glory belongs. The inventories? It was said, at first, that they would be a mere formality without afterthought; the taking of them meant no innovation; they concealed no offensive intentions; they contained many liberal promises. If some ventured to give warning of the danger, to denounce the spoliation that would follow, either at once or eventually, if they spoke of the confiscation of ecclesiastical properties which had existed previous to the Concordat, the preparation for similar confiscations in the future, if they urged us to be on our guard, to abstain at least from aiding or abetting the application of the law, and, above all, to take no active part in it—they were like voices crying in the wilderness, and they found, among even the irreconcilable opponents of separation, only a faint echo of the indifference which existed in all classes.

But suddenly there came a complete change! The tragedies of St. Clotilde and of Gros-Caillon have aroused men's souls, and from one end of the country to the other, like a

flash following an ignited powder train, a conflagration has broken out, which no one dreamed of, the extent of which no one foresaw, but which surrounds us now on every side. Who has done this and who has closed the doors of the churches? Who has mounted guard at night? Who has defended the house of God, and stood in those human barricades that opposed the assaults of policemen and gendarmes? Who has endured imprisonment and wounds and even death?

The "flock" of simple souls and the multitude of the faithful; and I dare to ask if any one, not only among Catholics attached to their faith, but even among Frenchmen, proud of their French blood, would to-day regret this magnificent outbreak of popular faith and of courage?

M. de Mun then undertakes to refute some of the arguments advanced in the appeal to the bishops:

I beg, then, that they go to-day and question this multitude; that they ask them what they know of the Law of Separation; what they think of its application. They will answer with one voice that they know nothing except an Encyclical of rare importance, which, with unmistakable firmness, condemned the Law; and as for its application, they have but one mind: that their conscience will not suffer it. This is the inevitable answer of the lowly, and you, my *confrères*, my colleagues, my friends, signatories of the letter to the bishops, will permit me to tell you that such a response overturns every argument that you have advanced.

The signatories tell us—and who will doubt them?—that on the Law of Separation "they have no other opinion than that lately expressed by the Sovereign Pontiff in his Encyclical of February 11; and yet, what bothers them is to know whether or not the Holy See will authorize the formation of associations of worship."

Is it necessary, then, to recall to their minds that these associations of worship are expressly designated in the Encyclical as furnishing one of the grounds of the condemnation of the Law? Is it necessary to remind them that these associations of worship, whereof the Encyclical speaks, are not, as they seem to believe, judged from the "original reading of the Law," but rather from its final reading—the reading ultimately decided upon by the Chamber of Deputies; that they are, in spite of the vague and unstable guarantee which the signatories invoked, "mere rules for a general organization of

worship"; and that because they will retain that general character in their relation to the civil power, as the Encyclical expressly reminds us, the Church will clearly have no authority over them at all? And since they allege, in order to cloak the danger of such associations, that the State will demand only an account of their financial administration, is it necessary to remind them that it is this very financial administration of ecclesiastical properties, real and personal, committed by the power of the State to purely lay associations, which is the point most strongly condemned in that part of the Encyclical which relates to associations of worship?

The very day after the Encyclical was published an attempt was made to set forth some vague distinction, which need not be discussed here, between the general question at issue and its particular application, in order to spread the notion that if the Law of Separation was condemned in principle, it would be accepted in practice.

Then and there I immediately denounced such sophistical reasoning. I have found a trace of it, diluted, however, owing to the spirit of faith of the signatories, in this letter of the Twenty-Three.

Finally M. de Mun concludes:

The future! it is of that we must think; thus the signatories assert (and they are right) in their letter to the bishops. But on this head the differences between us become emphasized more pointedly and more strongly than ever, for it is our attitude towards the future that divides us.

The point for us to make clear is whether we are willing to facilitate the application of this hateful and perfidious law, to incorporate it into our social existence, to place gradually under its yoke the whole religious life of the land; or, by an unflinching resistance, to prevent it from ever gaining a foothold on our country's soil.

And since we are of one mind in hoping with all our heart for the abrogation, through the reconciliation of France with the Church, of this hateful law, it is necessary for us to consider further which policy is better calculated to attain that purpose; by our submission, to give the enemy free entrance to a territory, which they pretend now to occupy, or by an absolute refusal to prevent them from ever setting foot therein?

The principle argument which the letter to the bishops

contains, is that in the event of there being no associations of worship, the Catholic religion will lose its public character and become nothing but a private sect; that its churches will be taken away from it in order to be closed or profaned.

This is exactly in point of fact the intention and the object of the Law of Separation; and the reason why, from the very first, so many Catholics have seen in it a measure of persecution and an act of war. Friends and enemies will do well to consider the danger that threatens. If there are no associations of worship, says the Letter to the Bishops, the churches, the 40,000 churches of France, will be closed! Yes; such, indeed, is the Law!

But who will dare, who will be able to close them, if the Catholics set themselves against it? Who will dare, who will be able to drive them out of their churches, if they are determined to remain? That is the question that France has to consider, and the story of the inventories suggests an answer. The "flock" is up and aroused; the wolves cannot again take it by surprise. I do not believe that it will permit the closing of the churches.

The lay Catholics of France were, then, divided into two camps: on the one side, there were those who were called "submissionists"; and on the other, the advocates of resistance. The hierarchy and the clergy were equally divided. Some of the bishops, men like Mgr. Turinaz and Mgr. Foucault, published pamphlets in reply to the letter of the Twenty-Three; others made no secret of their desire for a practical trial of the law.

These questions were before the people in the elections held early in May last for the choice of representatives to the Chamber of Deputies. They returned an increased majority to the Sarrien-Clemenceau-Briand ministry. It was evident from this that, contrary to the assertions of the advocates of resistance, the mass of the people had not been profoundly affected by the taking of the inventories. Many districts where resistance to the measure had been most marked elected deputies who belonged to the "Bloc." It was quite plain that the agitation had not been as widespread as some had hoped. The outcome of the elections showed how futile was one of the arguments of the advocates of resistance, and the knowledge of that fact soon swelled the ranks of the "submissionists."

Such was the state of things when a general meeting of the Bishops of France took place at the archiepiscopal palace in Paris. They were convoked by order of the Holy See. Secrecy was imposed upon all the prelates, and for many weeks nothing was known of what had taken place at the meeting. To this day nothing is known officially; but, thanks to some indiscreet disclosures, it may be affirmed with certainty that their Lordships, after condemning the associations of worship as they had been condemned by Pius X. in the Encyclical "Vehementer Nos," proposed to the Holy See by a large majority (58 out of 83, it is reported) a form of canonical association which would probably be considered by the Government to be in harmony with the Law. The rules governing the formation of such associations had been carefully prepared by a committee previous to the meeting of the bishops and examined by their Eminences, Cardinals Richard and Lecot. The *Temps* has recently published a copy of these rules, which are identical in their main outlines with our former regulations governing the constitution of vestry boards, though slightly modified as regards the number of members and the powers they are to possess.

For two months and a half we kept waiting for the decision of the Holy See.

On August 15 the second Encyclical of Pius X. was read in all the cathedrals of France. The Pope therein condemned anew the associations of worship, and forbade all attempts at the formation of any other kind of organization, canonical or administrative, so long as the Law retained its present character. In answer to the summons of the Holy See, the Bishops of France convened a second meeting towards the close of September in Paris. Their deliberations have been carefully kept from the public; all that is known is that they examined every contingency which could possibly present itself in the event of the application of the Law, and they have decided provisionally to maintain the *status quo*—that is, religious worship will be continued in the churches, as it has been in the past, until the agents of the Government attempt to expel the worshippers. In a general letter which they addressed to the clergy and laity of France, their Lordships have announced that "they will, at the proper time, issue necessary instructions according as events shape themselves." What will be the nature

of these instructions? That will most certainly depend on the attitude of the Government, which is, as is at present well known, in a state of great embarassment. As for ourselves, we still hope that the wish expressed in the general letter of the French bishops will be realized:

> We still hope that our country will be spared the horrors of a religious war. French Catholics do but ask, in the name of a law which pretends to grant "liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion," that in the exercise of that religion no restrictions be placed upon them which their consciences cannot accept; they wish it to be remembered that Catholic worship will be organized always and in every place, and that it will be directed only under the guidance of the Supreme Head of the Church; that, if the government be determined, at any cost, to separate the Church from the State, it will permit us, at least, to retain the property and the liberty which belong to us by common right, as is the case in other countries where true freedom reigns. We cannot believe that such appeals as these will go unheard.

We could not more appropriately end these papers on the religious situation in France than with these words of hope from the lips of our Bishops.

EDUCATION IN JAMAICA AND THE CATECHISM QUESTION.

BY D. C. B.

JAMAICA, not unlike other civilized countries in the world, has its knotty problems and vexed questions. Perhaps none of them is more vexed, in this country where the population is composed of many different creeds and classes, than that dealing with education, and especially religious education. For years past it has been a disputed one in Jamaica, just as it has been in the mother country, the United States, and elsewhere. This is not to be wondered at, for, so far, at least, as Jamaica is concerned, education has been, up-to-date, a costly, extravagant, and wasteful business for the country. At the present time no less than £60,000 ($300,000) is being expended on education—a large sum, indeed, if not in fact too large, for a limited government with limited means and heavy liabilities. The governor, Sir James Swettenham, K.C.M.G., boldly took hold of the bull by the horns the other day, determined to limit the cost of education, and maintained that £60,000 was a sufficient appropriation. At any rate, he considered that it was as much as the country could afford, and that the finances of the country did not warrant a larger outlay. This action on the part of the governor gave rise to a storm of protests in some quarters; the local press was flooded with correspondence and editorials on the subject; but the governor, who is a strenuous man, who thinks for himself and is not to be frightened nor cajoled into abandoning a course, by talking, would not recede from the position he had taken on the question, until his Excellency had communicated with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Elgin, to whom, meanwhile, the Education party (if we may style the memorialists such) had appealed. As a result of this, his Lordship replied in a lengthy, able, and interesting despatch to the governor, and embraced the opportunity to offer a criticism of the system

of education in vogue. Full value, he maintained, was not being received in return for the money spent. If many viewed with disfavor the governor's attitude in the matter, many also approved it.

Some of the former argued that if education would cost £100,000 a year, the cost would be borne by the masses, as distinguished from the classes of the people. This would be one-tenth of a million of pounds, and one-seventh of the total revenue of the colony. Still they advocated that even this great sum should be expended on education. No sane government would entertain such a proposition for one moment. It is entirely outside the domain of practical administration, and Lord Elgin in his despatch placed the limit at £60,000.

When we come to the subject of religious instruction in the elementary schools throughout Jamaica, and more particularly to the matter of catechetical instruction, one wonders that the question should arouse so great an excitement and such an amount of ill-feeling. During the last few months it has been prominently before the people. It would never have assumed the importance it has but for the fact that the Catholics were greatly dissatisfied. They took exception to the treatment accorded them by the Board of Education, and objected to a hard and fast line of catechetical teaching in the shape of a uniform compulsory system.

The Rev. Father Mulry, S J. (the local representative and temporary administrator of the Catholic Church in Jamaica), in a forceful, dignified, but withal respectful letter to the governor, set forth his views and demanded legal recognition for, and the insertion of, the Catholic catechism in the Education Code. "Why," he argued, "should Catholic schools be penalized and prevented from teaching their own catechism to their own children in school hours, when the use of the Protestant catechism will have the sanction of the Code for use during school hours? This new regulation will relieve Protestants, and Protestants only, of the inconvenience of the present arrangement, and will leave Catholics as they were before, thus elevating to the dignity of the statute book a principle which, in a British colony, should be heartily repudiated, namely, that of partisan legislation with regard to any church. . . . As far as we are concerned, a non-Catholic catechism inserted in the Code for the use of the schools that desire it, would not

be in the least objectionable to us Catholics, if our own catechism in our own schools were put on a par with it."

It was this judicious letter which gave rise to a controversy of considerable volume, which became more heated with time. As a result, his Excellency, through the Colonial Secretary, sent it to the Board of Education, with a covering letter stating that the Catholic Church objects on the following grounds: (a) That schools of the Catholic Church should be excepted *en bloc* from the proposed regulations; (b) that justice demands that a catechism for schools of the Catholic Church (if one be prepared) should have a legal sanction equal to that given to this catechism by the government.

The Board of Education was constituted fourteen years ago, in 1892, by act of the legislature, Law 31 of 1892. Under this law, as amended by subsequent enactments, the duties and powers of the Board are:

(1) To consider and advise upon any matters connected with the working of the public elementary schools in Jamaica, particularly:

(a) Any such matters as may from time to time be referred to it by the governor;

(b) Any change in the Code that it may think desirable;

(c) Any change that may be necessary in effecting compulsary attendance;

(d) The establishment of new schools, or the closing of, or withdrawal of assistance from, superfluous, unnecessary, or inefficient schools;

(e) Any changes in the Education Laws it may consider advisable.

(2) To make and alter by-laws for the conduct of its business, and the regulation of its proceedings.

It is provided also that when alterations are made in the Code, "all such alterations shall either have been recommended by the Board of Education, or shall have been submitted to that Board for its consideration and advice." The members of the Board are not elected, but are appointed by the governor, and hold office for one year only. At present it includes among its members, the Most Rev. Enos Nuttall, Archbishop of the West Indies, the Presidents of Jamaica and Colabar colleges, and Very Rev. J. J. Collins, S.J.

It will at once be seen from the foregoing that (1) the

duties of the Board of Education are of a highly important and responsible character; that (2) the members thereof are of a distinctly representative and capable class; and (3) that its powers are extensive and effective. Directed in the proper spirit and intelligently, all things being equal before the law, the Board is capable of disseminating, developing, and promoting in a large degree the intellectual, moral, industrial, and social welfare of the people.

The Standing Committee of the Education Board, to whom the letter was sent, reported that: "With reference to the letter of Father Mulry, on the subject of the Jamaica Day School Catechism, the Committee recommend that, in accordance with the spirit of the proviso adopted by the Board in its meeting on April 25, 1905, a clause be inserted in the Code exempting Roman Catholic Schools from the requirement to use the Catechism, without requiring from them any special application for such exemption. *The Committee, however, make no recommendation as to the second claim of the Catholic Administrator for the introduction of the Roman Catholic Catechism for use of that Church.*"

Following upon this recommendation, the following resolutions were adopted by the Board, after considerable and prolonged debate, in which the opponents of Catholicism were loud in proclaiming their antagonism:

"Whereas, a letter has been addressed to his Excellency the Governor by the Administrator of the Roman Catholic Church in Jamaica, requesting (1) that exemption from the use of the 'Jamaica Day School Catechism,' be granted to Catholic Schools *en bloc*, thus relieving the managers of the said schools from the necessity of a separate application on behalf of such schools for such exemption; and (2) that legal sanction be given in the Code to the use of the Roman Catholic Catechism in the Roman Catholic Schools, on the ground that such sanction is sought for the Jamacia Day School Catechism in other schools of the island; and *whereas*, his Excellency has submitted the letter aforesaid to the Board for its consideration; *be it resolved*, That the Board recommends (1) that the request for exemption of Roman Catholic Schools *en bloc* from the use of the Jamaica Day School Catechism be granted in accordance with the following proviso passed at a meeting of the Board, on April 25, 1905, *viz.*, 'Provided also that the religious instruction in the

Roman Catholic Schools remain as it is under the present Code'; and (2) That the request for legal sanction to the use of the Roman Catholic Catechism in Roman Catholic Schools be not granted; (3) That the total effect of these resolutions combined with previous recommendations of the Board on the same subject will, if inserted in the Code, be (1) The Roman Catholic Church, which has its own separate schools, and cannot on its own principles (as at present understood) co-operate with other religious bodies in educational work, be left in undisputed possession of its own right to give scriptural and moral teaching as provided in the Code heretofore in force; (2) Those Churches which can and, in fulfilment of the call of public necessity, are willing to co-operate in educational work, will, in addition to the use of the Scripture teaching heretofore provided in the Code, have their convictions safeguarded and satisfied by the use of the Catechism in their schools, which, in the form of a question and answer, set forth in a simple, clear, and definite manner, the chief fundamental and uncontroverted doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, as stated in the Bible, and understood and accepted by Christians generally; (3) Facilities will be secured for withdrawing schools and individual children from this teaching, in cases in which it is objected to."

It will be seen, then, that while the Catholics are allowed the freedom of action they hitherto enjoyed, in so far as religious teaching in their own schools is concerned, the demand for *legal recognition*—the plea for equality—is discountenanced. And it is hardly possible that a Board so strongly Protestant would give to Catholics the recognition that they asked.

But the question arises: Is there any necessity for a compulsory catechism endorsed by the Board of Education and legally authorized by the Government as the *only* catechism to be taught in the elementary day schools of the island? Such a catechism may be desirable, but we hardly think it is necessary, and if it is desirable, then it should be recognized that the Catholic Church cannot, on principle, accept such a catechism, and should receive parity of treatment for their own catechism to be used in Catholic schools. In insisting on a uniform catechism for all the elementary day schools in Jamaica, and making it compulsory rather than optional, the Board of Education is pursuing an unjust policy. Every school should be at liberty to teach what catechism it wishes, and no antagonism

to any particular church should be permitted or encouraged by the Government. We are disposed to think that such religious instruction should be a thing apart from governmental interference and should be left entirely in the hands of the Church, or of the clergymen who are responsible for the management of the schools.

The Catholics, in demanding parity of treatment, are simply acting in conformity with the British rules of equity and freedom of worship. They do not seek to thrust their catechism upon non-Catholic schools, but they *do* seek to obtain for their own catechism, for use in their own schools, the same legal status as that accorded to the catechism adopted by the various Protestant bodies.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

BY I. P. D.

In baby days—when every tale was true,
And nought was strange but sin; when we were friends
With fairies, and could tell what errand sends
The tricksy Puck a-tripping o'er the dew
Of a twilight field—the rainbow we'd pursue,
To find the treasure buried where it ends;
But ever as we neared it, where it blends
With the meadow green, still farther off it drew.

Alas! we credit still the nursery story;
When Hope spans radiant our tearful skies,
Still to the spot where it touches earth with glory
We hasten—*there* Content, the treasure, lies,
And follow, follow, even with head grown hoary
And palsied steps; and still, our reach it flies.

THE LATEST WORD OF THEOLOGY ON INSPIRATION.*

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

I.

THEOLOGICAL differences are generally the price paid for theological progress. Growth in theology, as in everything else, means the assimilation of what is new; and of all sciences that demand from new ideas certificates of respectable character and ancestry, the most exacting, punctilious, and conservative is theology. To one novelty admitted within her doors, a hundred others are unceremoniously and forever refused. And indeed the usual fate of the one that is admitted is to endure for years the suspicion and contempt of many of the more venerable members of the household. The new method, spirit, hypothesis, or whatever else it may be, sometimes comes into existence because a need has arisen in the intellectual or moral sphere which could not be met by pre-existing conditions. The old apparatus could not adequately deal with contingencies never dreamed of when it was put together. The new element does meet the want, or, at all events, is acclaimed as having met it, and it is apt to boast of its triumph and to reproach the deficiency of its predecessors, who, in their turn, ridicule its pretensions and organize movements to suppress it. Discussions result, and the feeling engendered in the clash of yea and nay has come to be the synonym for passion and hot temper—the *odium theologicum*. The exhibitions of this *odium* are unpleasant, but it is a consolation to reflect that they lead to a larger good, which is a wider view, a broader spirit, a closer approximation to truth.

Just at the present time some questions concerning the inspiration of the Bible are the subject of vehement and widespread discussion. On certain fundamental features of inspiration, it goes without saying, all Catholics are and must

* *De Inspiratione Sacræ Scripturæ.* Auctore Christiano Pesch, S.J. Sumptibus Herder: S. Ludovici.

be agreed. That the whole Bible in all its parts is inspired; that this inspiration makes it God's own book, and makes God in a true and unique sense its author; that inspiration is not confined to passages on faith and morals, but extends to every word of the authentic text; and, finally, that inspiration positively excludes all formal error—all this no Catholic denies. At least the first three propositions no Catholic denies; and as for the fourth proposition, so few Catholics question it, and so many authorities enforce it, notably Leo XIII. in the "Providentissimus Deus," following the unanimous consent of the Fathers, that it may be associated with the others as of binding obligation for a Catholic. These, then, are points of agreement for all schools of theologians and critics. A sound and broad platform indeed it is, giving safety to those that stand upon it, but not concord and union, in all respects. Let us try to explain briefly the delicate questions at issue.

The study of the human elements that attend the origin, environment, authorship, and literary structure of the Bible is called higher criticism. It is distinguished from textual or lower criticism, which examines the textual composition and textual history of Holy Writ; it is distinguished secondly from a theological investigation of Scripture, which would have for its purpose to discover the dogmas there contained; and it is distinguished finally from any mere artistic or ethical study, which would aim at bringing to light the beautiful passages or the moral precepts and counsels of the sacred volume. But such questions as: Who wrote this book? When was it written? What were its sources? How many writers or editors handled these sources? How is the book put together? Does it show diversities of thought and style? and What is its relation to non-Hebraic history and literature?—these questions pertain to that branch of biblical study which is called higher criticism. Obviously, therefore, the term "higher criticism" need not be anathematized. In itself the phrase is as neutral and as harmless as if one were to say "differential calculus," or "Chinese philology." Unfortunately some students of higher criticism have been prejudiced against theology and radical in their methods, and have, in consequence, brought odium upon the very name of their science, just as, to some minds, Darwin and Haeckel have laid a curse upon biology. But prejudice, radicalism, and unbelief are in men, not in sciences, and higher

criticism as a science not only has nothing to say against religion, but, when rightly studied, may have a great deal to say in favor of it.

The studies comprised within the higher criticism have been prosecuted with utmost ardor during the last seventy-five years, and have engaged the minds of some of the most brilliant men that have lived during that period. Speaking broadly, we may say that those studies have taken two directions, the one leading to an internal investigation of the structure and content of the biblical books; the other leading to researches into the religion, history, and literature of non-Israelitic peoples, with a view to determining the relations in which the chosen people stood to their neighbors and to their times. Both these methods —the literary-analytic and the historico-comparative, we may call them—have opened up problems which were absolutely unknown to past ages. What, for example, could the Fathers have known of the relation between the laws of the Pentateuch and the code of Hammurabi? Or what could Thomas of Aquin have answered, if some one, preternaturally enlightened so as to be able to anticipate in the thirteenth century the science of the nineteenth, had asked him if the law of offering sacrifice only in Jerusalem existed in the time of David and Solomon? These questions and difficulties would be meaningless and impossible in those old days. But they confront us to day, with a hundred others like them, and we, not, of course, without much light from the past, must fairly and squarely meet them.

In endeavoring to meet them some Catholics have made admissions which the Church has condemned. The great Orientalist, François Lenormant, in 1880, said that inspiration, while it extended to all parts of the Bible, did not guarantee the inerrancy of all parts, but only such as pertained to faith and morals. Cardinal Newman, in 1884, proposed the opinion that inspiration did not cover certain incidental phrases concerning minor and apparently trivial matters of fact, *obiter dicta*, as he called them. Mgr. d'Hulst, in 1892, cautiously put forth Lenormant's view again, notwithstanding that Lenormant's book containing it had been put on the Index. But these efforts, though they were expressed in language of the greatest caution, really were attacks upon one or other of the two classical axioms, which give the substance of the inspiration-doctrine: *Deus est auctor Scripturæ;* and *Nullus est*

error in Scripturis: God is the Author of Scripture; and There is no error in Scripture. And these attacks were decisively, and probably forever, repulsed and brought to naught by Leo XIII.'s Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus," in 1893. In that letter, in some respects the most remarkable and far-reaching act of the late Pope's pontificate, it is expressed in the clearest and strongest language that inspiration extends to the entire authentic content of Scripture, and that it is as im possible for Scripture to contain error as for God himself to contain it. The result of the Encyclical was to unite Catholics, as we said in the beginning, upon the two principles of plenary inspiration and absolute formal inerrancy.

Still in the detailed application of the second principle, *viz.*, there is no error in Scripture, difficulties were found on every side, and it is over the question of stretching that principle so as to cover the difficulties, that the present turmoil has arisen among, or rather between, Catholic critics and Catholic theologians. Inspiration and historic truth is the chief point in the dispute. Inspiration and the truth of physical science is a matter which the "Providentissimus Deus" itself settled with a common sense rule of universal applicability. The sacred writers wrote for men, and used the current language of men in describing or referring to natural phenomena, never in the slightest degree bothering their heads as to whether this current language exactly agreed or openly disagreed with what science might ultimately teach. Formally to affirm scientific statements was altogether out of their mind. They did not *intend* to teach men such things, says the Pope, but wrote of them, as all men write or speak of them, according to what appeared to the senses. Now, as a writer is personally responsible only for what he *intends* to affirm in his own name, it is of small consequence if something which he writes, not at all *intending* to vouch for it personally and formally, has certain points of discrepancy with objective fact. Error there is none, until a formal judgment of the mind is found to disagree with facts. Now, in matters of mere natural occurrences, the sacred writers formed no formal mental judgment at all about them, merely as natural occurrences. And this for the reason that they had no desire whatever, no intention whatever, to teach, that is to affirm, formally and personally, any scientific proposition as such, their function having been to

teach, directly or indirectly, religion, and not science. There is, therefore, in the Bible no scientific error, because there is no formal scientific teaching. Consequently it is quite beside the point to object that the Bible speaks of the sun having been arrested and made to stand still, and refers to the firmament as though it were a solid vault, and similar difficulties. These will be found to be no difficulties at all if the principle just given is remembered. The biblical writers, in describing such matters, had no intention of scrutinizing the underlying physical laws that rule the material world, they did not give a moment's thought to the composition of matter or the courses of the stars; they cared nothing about such subjects, and simply wished to tell of the incident or the thing in intelligible language, and according as the incident or the thing was related to the religious record which they were writing.

In a clear, complete, and straightforward manner scientific difficulties are solved by this principle, that error can be attributed to a man only when his formal judgment is against facts. If there is no formal judgment, there can be no formal error. Now, say a goodly number of Catholic critics, let us apply to historical difficulties what has served us so well in disposing of scientific difficulties. Just as the inspired writers fell into no formal error in science, because they did not intend to affirm formally scientific statements *as such*, may it not hold equally well that they wrote down many apparently historical statements without intending formally and in their own name to affirm and teach them in a literal historical sense? And if they did not intend thus to affirm and teach them, then the inspired writers are not responsible for the deficiencies which, when they are literally interpreted, may exist in them. For, once more, a man is responsible only for what he intends formally to affirm.

Put in a somewhat fuller form, the position of these critics is this: Whatever the Bible formally teaches is infallibly true. The Bible formally teaches only what the sacred author intended to teach. Consequently, to know whether a biblical statement is formally taught, it is first necessary to know whether, and in what sense, the inspired writer intended to teach it. In answer to the natural question, How can we discover the writer's intention? the answer is given that our chief means to this end is in knowing to what class of literature his

book belongs. Is his book a parable? Then we know that he does not formally intend to furnish us with accurate history, but rather that he puts together real or imagined incidents with the *intention* of teaching a moral lesson. It is my mistake, therefore, if I strive to extort accurate history out of a book which never intended to teach it. Again, is his book a poem dealing with historical incidents? If so, I should be utterly wrong in seeking in it an absolute critical accuracy in historical statements. I look for absolute historical accuracy in a scientifically written history; but in a historical poem I should expect to find only a general and substantial correspondence with fact, and should not be at all shocked if I discovered a certain free play of imagination, a certain license of impassioned utterance, a certain figurative ornateness of language which would not be admitted into a work of rigorously critical character. And no sensible man would say that the poet has taught error, that he is guilty of falsehood, that his work is to be despised. He did not formally intend to write accurate history, and it is unfair to try him by a totally different standard from the one he had in mind when he wrote. He wrote according to the standard of poetic truth, and only by that standard should he be judged, when there is question of his correspondence with fact. Still again, let us suppose, merely as a hypothesis, if one wishes to put it no more strongly, that the inspired author of Genesis put into his earlier chapters such ancestral lore and immemorial traditions as he could gather, concerning the origins of his own people and of mankind. What does he therein formally intend to affirm and teach? The Catholic upholders of the view we are now presenting answer: You can discover what he intends to teach through knowing the kind of book, or part of a book, in which he teaches it. Now, examining the early chapters of Genesis, we come to the conclusion that they belong to the species of literature called folk-tradition, ancestral lore, tribal memories of the beginnings of things. Consequently it is this lore and these traditions which the writer formally intended to set before us. And if so, he did not formally intend to teach critical, rigorously accurate history. Therefore, we should not judge those chapters by the severe truth-standards of critical history, but by the less exacting truth-standards of folk-tradition and ancestral lore. And in thus judging, we are primarily

wishing not to extricate ourselves from difficulties, but to do justice to the sacred writer by not forcing him to teach formally what he never intended to teach formally.

According to this view, therefore, it is by knowing the literary kind of composition to which a book belongs that we can find what the writer intended in a strict sense to affirm and teach. And, secondly, we must not set up the same truth-standards for all literary forms. There will be rigorously accurate truth for critical history; poetic truth for poetry; the general truth of folk-tradition for a book of folk-tradition; ethical truth for an ethical book; the looser truth of historical fiction for a book of historical fiction; and so on through as many literary forms as we may find. Father von Hummelauer, the eminent Jesuit scholar, enumerates ten different literary forms to be found in the Bible, and he warns us not to accuse the sacred writer of error until we have found which of these forms he has adopted, and have measured his statements by the truth-standard corresponding to that form. If we do this, Father von Hummelauer tells us, we shall never make the accusation at all.

One important word of caution the scholars who maintain this opinion never fail to utter. And that is, that whenever an historical statement in the Bible is an essential part of dogma, that statement is to be regarded as strictly and formally affirmed by the inspired writer. For example, that there was a fall of man is, beyond all doubt, taught formally by the author of Genesis. Of this Catholics are certain, not because of a literary analysis of the narrative, but because of a dogmatic pronouncement of the Church.

Even from this brief outline of a position on inspiration now in high favor among Catholic experts in Scripture, and in equal disfavor among some Catholic experts in speculative theology, it may be clear how far-reaching it is, and how well adapted to answering objections brought in the name of history against Holy Writ. There is still one other feature, however, which broadens still more our conception of inspiration, and we must not omit mentioning it. This feature consists in taking account of the quotations in Scripture. That Scripture quotes from non-canonical sources is a commonplace known to everybody. The second book of Macchabees is a quotation or

compilation from Jason of Cyrene. The books of Kings inform us that they make use of the book of the deeds of Solomon, the Annals of the Kings of Israel, and the Annals of the Kings of Judah. And as for first and second Paralipomenon, any one who has ever read them knows how dependent upon other sources they are. Now when a sacred author explicitly makes use of other documents, does he *always* vouch formally for the truth of those documents? We have no reason to think he does in all instances. The compiler of Second Macchabees transcribes a letter sent by the Jews of Jerusalem to the Jews of Egypt, in which it is said that at the time of the captivity Jeremias hid the ark in a cave. Does the inspired writer who gives us a copy of this letter intend to pledge himself to the truth of this incident? There is no dogmatic and most assuredly no critical reason for thinking that he does. He may have given us the letter, and he was inspired to give it of course, without intending to guarantee every statement it contained. And if we can say this of explicit quotations, where there is mention of the sources employed, why can it not hold of implicit quotations where no sources are mentioned, but where criticism nevertheless discovers traces of various documents? For example, when Paralipomenon and Kings openly disagree, or when, as sometimes happens, the books of Kings are not in harmony among themselves, is it not a legitimate conclusion that the authors of these books used source-documents which disagreed, even though they do not mention these documents? It certainly seems a legitimate conclusion, and equally lawful does it seem to infer that the sacred authors, thus implicitly quoting their sources, do not *always* intend to be formally responsible for what their sources contain. A decision of the Biblical Commission warns us that we are not to insist upon this view of quotations unless there is good reason for so doing, but the principle that the inspired man does not *necessarily* vouch for the objective literal truth of the documents which he quotes, still stands as unquestionably tenable.

With the help then of the two principles, that the literary form of a book indicates what the author intended formally to affirm, and secondly that quotations, whether implicit or explicit, are not always formally guaranteed by the sacred author, we may answer, say the broader school of Catholic critics, what-

ever difficulties higher criticism or comparative religion may fling against the veracity and inerrancy of Scripture. These principles at all events, whether one ultimately accepts them to the full or not, have this to recommend them, that the chief upholders of them are not only theologians, but scientific biblical critics also; whereas those that are foremost in opposing them are not, as a rule, versed in the method and acquainted with the processes of criticism, but are merely theologians who live in a mental world of abstract principles, and have not the critic's sensitiveness to facts. This, of course, implies no disparagement of theologians as such. It is simply saying that their science is predominantly deductive, and the science of criticism is predominantly inductive. But, as we have now reached the limit of our space, we must reserve for next month a more detailed account of the grievances of the theologians against their brothers, the critics. That controversy will bring us at length to the remarkable book which was named at the head of this article, a book which speaks in behalf of conservative theology, but in softer accents than, in such debates, we are usually accustomed to hear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POPE AND THE FRENCH SEPARATION LAW.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

N the October issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD Mr. Max Turmann has presented a comprehensive, clear exposition of the scope of the French Separation Law from the legal point of view, and set forth its character as a measure of legal confiscation on an enormous scale. He has also indicated, partially at least, how, notwithstanding its cynical preamble announcing that the Republic guarantees to all citizens liberty of conscience, it grossly outrages the religious rights of the laity, and interferes even more deeply with the clergy in the discharge of their sacred office.

The spoliation of the Church which it effects would alone be ample grounds for its denunciation by the Supreme Pastor. But the thought that occurs to many, not fully acquainted with the nature of the crisis and the principles at stake in it, is that, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread; and, would it not be wiser to conform to the Law in order to benefit by the concessions that it makes, rather than to lose all by refusing to establish the associations to which the Government is ready to turn over the churches, episcopal and parochial residences, seminaries, and movable church properties? Acceptance of the present Law, besides the incalculable benefit of placing in the hands of the Pope all ecclesiastical nominations, a privilege which he never enjoyed when Catholicism reigned supreme in France, would assure many other advantages. The edifices for divine worship would be indefinitely granted to the faithful; the enjoyment of clerical residences and seminaries, also, would be assured for a fixed period, with provision for renewal of the tenure; Catholic associations would enter upon the administration of two hundred million francs worth of ecclesiastical property; and the pensions and allowances legally secured would,

at least temporarily, provide for the personal support of the clergy. On the other hand, should Catholics refuse to form the projected associations before the beginning of next year, the government may, and, by many voices whose past prophecies have never failed to come to pass, it declares that, if the Law is not complied with, it will, to a certainty, take possession of every scrap of ecclesiastical property, real and personal, throughout France, and turn out of their residences, without a centime for their needs, every archbishop and bishop and every priest.

Nor do the consequences stop here. Reasoning from conditions with which they are familiar, Americans might say, and indeed the secular press has frequently said, that the execution of the Law, while it might impoverish the Church, would at least leave her perfectly free in France, as she is in America, to pursue her mission; and if faith is strong, the faithful would provide the necessaries for the religious worship and the support of the clergy. Then, independent of government interference, they could worship God according to their consciences. This is a mistake. French law is exceedingly strict concerning public meetings and associations of every kind. Such meetings are in danger of being suppressed by the police, unless they have legal authorization; associations, too, must have legal recognition before they can possess property. Now the Law of 1905 is not merely a law for the separation of Church and State; it regulates and prescribes the conditions under which public religious worship may be legally carried on. Can it be doubted that, in case Catholics should fail to legalize their status by compliance with the demands of the present Law, and should continue to exercise religious worship publicly, only a very short time would elapse before the legislature would proceed to the suppression of such assemblies? The temper of the French legislature for the past quarter of a century is a sufficient answer to the question.

Yet, in the face of this grave alternative, after long and harrowing deliberation, his Holiness has judged it his duty to forbid the Catholics of France to form themselves into such associations as the Law demands. Evidently behind this grave decision there is more than a question of material goods; a principle of supreme moment must be involved. To understand the paramount issue at stake, the point of view must shift from the legal to the canonical side of the question.

In the two Encyclicals which he has addressed to the French Church the Holy Father has plainly stated the reasons for which he feels bound to set his face sternly against any acceptance of the Law of 1905, as it stands. The first letter bears the date, February 11, of the present year. It opens with a review of the several steps taken in recent years by the legislature to de-Catholicize France and prepare the way to the final separation of Church and State. He recalls the patience and kindness exercised by the Holy See in the face of grave provocation, in order to prevent the rupture. He next lays down the Catholic doctrine concerning the relations of Church and State. If our limits allowed, his uncompromising words ought to be quoted in full; for they have not a merely local or transitory application; but we must be content to reproduce the principal passages. He says: "The thesis that Church and State are to be separated is absolutely false and a highly pernicious error. Based, indeed, on the principle that the State ought not to recognize any religion, it is, in the first place, gravely injurious to God; for the Creator of man is also the founder of human societies, and he preserves them in existence as he sustains us. We owe him, therefore, not merely private, but also public and social worship. Besides, this thesis is the negation of the supernatural order. It, in fact, limits the activity of the State to the mere pursuit of public prosperity during this life, which is but the proximate end of political societies; and it ignores, as a matter entirely foreign to it, their ultimate end, which is eternal happiness proposed to man at the close of this transitory existence. Yet, since the present order of things, which belongs to time, is subordinated to the attainment of the supreme good, the civil power not only ought not place any obstacles to this attainment, but it ought also to aid us thereto." The august teacher proceeds to expound the relations *established by God between the Church and the State:* "These two societies, the religious and the civil, have the same subjects, though each exercises its power over them in a sphere proper to itself. Whence it results that many affairs arise of such a nature that they fall within the jurisdiction of both. When, therefore, there is no accord between Church and State, these matters common to both easily produce disputes which may become very acute on both sides, and, to the great disturbance of minds, obscure

the truth." Besides, he continues, the State suffers; for it will neither prosper nor long endure unless it gives religion its rightful place. Therefore the Roman Pontiffs, notably Leo XIII., were ever on the alert to condemn the doctrine of the separation of Church and State. And the Pontiff quotes Leo XIII., in "Immortale Dei": "To exclude the Church, whose author is God himself, from the active life of the nation, from the laws, from the education of youth, from domestic society, is to fall into grave and pernicious error."

After demonstrating the injustice involved, from the diplomatic point of view, in the rupture of the Concordat, Pius X. comes to the Law itself, and points out its radically intolerable feature. It would organize religious worship on a basis in irreducible conflict with the divinely established constitution of the Catholic Church. "The Church is, essentially, an unequal society; that is to say, a society comprising two categories of persons, the pastors and the flock, those who occupy a rank in the different degrees of the hierarchy, and the multitude of the faithful. These categories are distinct from each other in such manner that in the pastoral body alone reside the right and the authority necessary to promote the end of the society and direct all the members to it; as to the multitude, it has no other duty than to allow itself to be conducted, and, like a faithful flock, to obey its shepherds."

The Pontiff proceeds to point out how completely the *régime* contemplated by the French legislators contravenes the hierarchical principle above set forth, by assigning to the faithful a preponderant voice in the administration of the temporalities: "Contrary to these principles, the Law of Separation attributes the administration and the guardianship of public worship, not to the hierarchical body divinely instituted by Christ, but to an association of citizens." It is not to be understood that the Law excludes the clergy from the corporations, nor that the Pope so reads it. There is nothing in the Law to prevent the priest or the bishop from being a member of the association. But it recognizes no right in him to be there in virtue of his office; still less does it acknowledge any authority to preside and rule. The Pope's meaning is that, ignoring the Church organization and its hierarchically instituted authority, the State creates by its own authority a civil

corporation with which alone it will have to do in all that concerns religious worship; and it consigns to this body the charge of ecclesiastical property. "On this association it confers a judicial form and personality, and in everything that regards religious cult it considers it as the sole possessor of civil rights and responsibilities. This association it is which will receive the use of the sacred edifices; possess all ecclesiastical goods, movable and immovable; dispose, though only temporarily, of episcopal palaces, presbyteries, and seminaries; regulate collections, and receive alms and legacies destined to the service of religion. On the hierarchical body of pastors it guards absolute silence."

Here, then, is the most obnoxious feature of the Law. Upon it, almost exclusively, has turned the immense volume of discussion that has arisen in France during the past six or eight months. Every clause of the Law derives its main importance from the bearing it has upon the exclusion of authoritative action in religious affairs. The Pope continues: "If the Law prescribes that the associations are to be constituted in conformity with the general rules of organizations of the cult whose exercise they propose to insure, on the other hand care has been taken to declare that, on all disputes that shall arise relative to their goods, the Council of State alone shall have competence. These associations themselves, therefore, shall be so subjected to the civil power that nothing will be left to the ecclesiastical authority. Nobody can fail to see at a glance how injurious this arrangement is to the Church, how adverse to her rights and to her divine constitution." Furthermore, the Pope remarks that the Law is so vaguely formulated as to lend itself largely to arbitrary interpretation, and that consequently there is reason to dread that, from the interpretation that would be put upon it, if it once were in operation, still greater evils might be dreaded. He dwells upon the results that would follow the application of the Law; the obstruction of religious teaching; the enactment of special penalties against the clergy under pretense of safeguarding public order; restrictions of different kinds on the exercise of worship; and, in short, the taking away from the Church "of the resources which constitute the human means necessary to her existence and the fulfilment of her mission." "Wherefore," the Pontiff

proceeds, "we solemnly and with all our strength protest, against the proposal, against the voting, and against the promulgation of this Law, declaring that it never can be alleged against the imprescriptible and unchangeable rights of the Church."

II.

While this act of the Pope condemned the Law *de jure*, the question still remained to be decided whether, within the limits granted by the Law, some *modus vivendi* might not be contrived which would permit a compromise that, while unjust and unsatisfactory to the Church, and, because of necessity, accepting the separation of Church and State, might nevertheless be tolerated by the Church, to avoid the greater evils of total sequestration. In the end of May the French Episcopate met to consider whether the civil law could be reconciled with the rights of the Church. A notable body of eminent French Catholics addressed to the bishops a petition begging that they would undertake to find a way out of the difficulty, and at the same time somewhat boldly indicated the basis upon which a satisfactory solution of the problem might, in their judgment, easily be discovered. The document was drawn up by M. Brunetière. The petitioners insisted that Article 4 contained the liberating phrase. To understand their contention it is necessary to recur to the text of the Law for the chief clauses of the articles which fix the character of the associations. The first runs thus: "Article 4.—Within a year from the date of the promulgation of the present Law, the real and personal property of the *menses*, parochial boards of trustees, presbyteral councils, consistories, etc., etc., subject to all the charges and specifications for their employment, with which they are encumbered, shall be transferred by the legal representatives of those establishments to the associations, complying with the general rules of organization of the religion of which they propose to ensure the practice, which shall be legally formed according to the provisions of Article 19, for the practice of that religion in the former districts of the said establishments."

"Article 8.—In the event of an ecclesiastical establishment having failed to proceed, within the period fixed by Article 4,

to the assignments above prescribed, the assignment shall be provided for by decree. In cases where the property assigned in pursuance of Article 4, and of the first paragraph of the present Article, is claimed either at once or subsequently by several associations formed for the practice of the same religion, the assignment which may have been made by such property, either by the representatives of the establishment or by decree, may be contested before the Council of State in its judicial capacity, which shall give its decision after taking into account all the circumstances of fact." Very slender powers of imagination are required to picture the possible disasters to religion that might be wrought by a Council of State, composed of men hostile to the Church, in case of a schismatical or rebellious group of a congregation endeavoring to make itself master of the church. The history of the *trusteeship* era in this country carries strong testimony on this point.

"Article 19.—These associations *must have for their exclusive object the practice of a religion*, and must have a minimum of membership as follows: In communes of less than 1,000 inhabitants, seven persons; in communes of 1,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, fifteen persons; in communes of over 20,000 inhabitants, twenty-five adults domiciled or resident within the ecclesiastical district." These conditions ensure the overwhelming predominance of the lay membership. "Notwithstanding any clause to the contrary in the statutes, the acts of the financial administration of the property carried out by the managers or directors shall be, at least once a year, presented to the control of the general meeting of the members of the association, and submitted to its approval." Other clauses follow permitting the associations to receive collections and donations for worship and for the maintenance of the buildings, as well as to give the surplus of their receipts to other associations formed for the same object. Article 20 authorizes these associations to form unions having a central administration or directorate. This article permits the formation of diocesan and national unions.

To the Commission of prelates, formed at the meeting of the hierarchy, consisting of the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Rennes, the Archbishop of Albi, and the Bishops of Luçon and Soissons, Mgr. Fulbert-Petit, Arch-

bishop of Besançon, presented a scheme of associations that would, it was maintained, prove to be at once legal and canonical. It provided for the authoritative quality of the pastor and the bishop; it laid down conditions of membership that would exclude all but orthodox and approved Catholics; and it provided for the constitution of diocesan unions under the control of the bishop. The scheme, which is said to have received the approbation of the majority of the prelates, was published in the *Siècle* towards the end of August, and was immediately assailed with severe criticism, which attacked it as being neither legal nor canonical. Besides, a strong party reprobated any attempt that would mean acceptance of the Law, which was denounced as a skilfully prepared trap designed to put the cause of Catholicism legally at the mercy of ulterior malevolent legislation. Meanwhile, the second Encyclical, "Gravissime Nos," August 10, appeared, in which the Pope categorically forbade Catholics to form associations in compliance with the Law. Reiterating his exposition of the antagonism between the Law and his divine rights, he declared: "Therefore, relative to the associations, such as the Law demands, we decree absolutely that they cannot be formed without violating the sacred rights which touch the very life of the Church." This clear command satisfied and strengthened the party of resistance, and struck at the movement towards acceptance.

But the Encyclical contained another passage of a less peremptory character, which seemed to suggest that it might be profitable to examine whether some other form of association, at once legal and canonical, might not be devised that would afford escape from the menacing disaster. "But," ran the message, "as we have no hope of this, the Law remaining as it is, we declare that it is not permissible to essay this other kind of association until, in a manner legal and certain (*legitimo certoque*), it shall be assured that the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and the bishops, as well as their authority over the goods necessary to the Church, particularly over the sacred edifices, shall, in the said associations, be irrevocably protected: Will the contrary we cannot, without betraying our charge and entailing ruin upon the Church of France."

This declaration cleared the air and brought forth a magnificent manifestation of devotion and obedience from all ranks of the French Church. Clergy and laity declared that, come what may, the orders and counsels of the Holy See shall be their rule of action. There did not, however, ensue a corresponding unity of view as to the immediate question of whether any satisfactory system of association, within the scope of the Law, might be arranged. On September the third, Mgr. Touchet published a *memoire juridique et théologique* severely criticising the plan presented by Mgr. Fulbert Petit. A prelate of equal learning and zeal, Mgr. Fuzet, issued a pamphlet, which received notice in the highest circles, in which he contends that it is possible to devise a plan of association that will not be less harmonious with canonical demands than is the form of ecclesiastical associations approved by the Church in Prussia. In reply to some of his critics, he has published an opinion delivered to him by the eminent jurist, M. Saleilles, professor of comparative legislation in the University of Paris. This authority states that a comparison of the Prussian and the French legal demands shows the latter to be less obnoxious to ecclesiastical rights than the former, especially with regard to episcopal authority: "La Loi de 1905 ne parle pas de l'évêque, mais elle le rend omnipotent. La loi prussienne en parle officiellement mais ce pour l'asservir, voilà toute la difference." Furthermore, he claims that the Prussian system introduces the principle of universal suffrage into the Church, gives to the lay assembly predominance over the pastor, and to the prefect predominance over the assembly. The Law of 1905 is, he judges, in many respects anti-canonical, but neither schismatic nor heretical. It is founded on an anti-canonical theory which substitutes the idea of association for that of foundation or establishment. "The Church," he observes, "may have her own conception of the right of ownership; she can, nevertheless, be a proprietor only on the condition that she conforms to the laws which regulate the rights of proprietorship in the country in which she finds herself."

At the present moment the discussion between the party of resistance and the party of acceptance, to use the terms of the hour, is prosecuted with a vigor that sometimes develops into acerbity, which must be excused in consideration of the tre-

mendous issue at stake. In some quarters the policy of resistance is inspired by the hope that, when the fateful moment arrives, the Government will recoil before the dangers to be dreaded from a rigid enforcement of the Law. It is doubtful whether there is much foundation for the hope. There is none at all if we may believe the statements of those spokesmen of the anti-clerical world, whose threats in the recent past have seldom failed of realization. When one observes the political affiliations of several organs of the press which are loudest in their advocacy of resistance, and almost ferociously oppose every project of compromise, one can scarcely escape the conviction that they are animated as much by political as by religious interests, and that the parties they represent would find some compensation for the losses inflicted on religion by a crisis that would array all Catholic France in solidarity with themselves against the Republic. All the journals and periodicals devoted to royalism, imperialism, or anti-Semitism vociferously applaud the condemnation of the Law; and they either ignore the provisions in the Law, which to others seem to afford a ground for settlement, or they persistently insist that these passages will not bear a favorable construction; and, proclaiming that no understanding between the Church and the Republic is possible, they denounce as liberals, or cowards, or traitors, every person whose voice or pen endeavors to promote a peaceful solution. Their effusive praise of Pius X. for his present action is all the more remarkable when one recalls that this same section of the press, as far as it dared, exhibited its loyalty to the Pope by sullen silence or disrespectful protest, when Leo XIII. advised French Catholics that the time had come for them all to unite in cordial acceptance of the form of government that their country had adopted.

Among the immense flood of publications that appear just now dealing with the momentous question of the day, several noticeable ones sustain the thesis that Article 4 implicitly provides for the recognition of hierarchical authority, and for satisfactory tests for the orthodoxy of all persons to be admitted members of the associations. If, runs the argument, the association is to be organized on lines conformable to the general organization of the cult it proposes to exercise, then a Catholic association must consist exclusively of persons in communion

with a *curé*, or pastor, in communion with a bishop, who, in turn, is in communion with the See of Rome. The Articles authorizing central unions embracing a number of parish associations, provide for the direct intervention of episcopal authority. It is said that the publications of two eminent writers, MM. Emile Flourens and G. Theray, advocating this view, have profoundly impressed the Vatican.

Another person whose ecclesiastical and civil standing, as well as his association with the Law, gives special authority to his opinion, the Abbé Gayraud, member of the Chamber of Deputies, speaks to the point in a recent brochure. His courage and eloquence contributed, in no small measure, to the elimination or modification of some of the most drastic features of the original draft of the Law. He recalls the fact that during the course of the long debates which marked the passage of the bill, M. Briand, who was in charge of it, several times affirmed in the Chamber that Article 4 was intended to guarantee that only orthodox Catholics, in communion with their pastors, should be eligible for admission to the Catholic associations, and that the associations should be organized with due regard to Catholic principles. Hence, even though the republican majority declares itself unalterably opposed to any modification of the Law, and are inexorably determined to press for its energetic and integral application, this resolution does not prevent them from permitting that what is implicit in the Law shall be made explicit. No modification is required. All that is needed is that the declared intention of the legislator be made absolutely evident, certain, and incontestable. When this is done the contingency contemplated in "Gravissime Nos" will be realized; associations can be formed which legally and with assured certainty will safeguard the rights of the Roman Pontiff. Abbé Gayraud promises, at the meeting of the Chambers, to propose some amendments to this effect. Will success crown his efforts? Were one to consider merely the reasonableness of his demands, there would be no hesitation in answering, yes. But it is only too true that, as his Holiness has stated, the whole Law is studiously vague on most important points. And there is reason to suspect that the astute minds that drew it up brought to their task much knowledge of law, both canonical and civil, which they em-

ployed to conceal in vagueness the full ominous import and scope of the legislation. Add to this the fact that the destruction of clericalism is the avowed object of the majority of the Chamber, can they be expected to budge from their position in order to provide for the continuation of clerical authority in France?

In the universal gloom there is one splendid gleam of light: that is, the loyalty evinced by French Catholics towards the Church. It is expressed by a group that have recently addressed the Holy Father; their words may be taken to express the universal sentiment: "Catholiques nous sommes parceque nous sommes avec vous; Catholiques nous demeurerons jusque dans le dechirement d'une guerre fratricide, parceque quoi qu'il arrive nous resterons avec vous." If one might venture a conjecture upon a condition of affairs so uncertain, it would be that some plan of association may be found that will satisfy the Pope. In any case, a general view of the situation affords reasonable grounds for trusting that to the last setting sun of 1907 France, the eldest daughter of the Church, will not present the mournful spectacle of the abomination of desolation standing within her holy places.

NOTE.—Since this article has gone to press it is reported that the Council of State has given a decision which interprets Article 4 to mean that only Catholics in acknowledged communion with ecclesiastical authority are eligible to membership in the associations.

FOGAZZARO AND HIS TRILOGY.

BY L. E. LAPHAM.

SOME twenty years ago the first remark heard on meeting a friend, was: "Have you read *Robert Elsemere?*" Likewise, for the last ten months, the Italians have been asking each other: "Have you read *Il Santo?*" Since the stir in the religious world made by the English novel, no book has appeared in any land that has created so much discussion, both *pro* and *con*, as Antonio Fogazzaro's *Il Santo*. *Il Santo* came to light most dramatically, amid a blare of sensational advertising and a blaze of multicolored posters, simultaneously in all parts of Italy, on the fifth of last November. It was recognized at once as a work of strong propagandist tendencies, in fact as a religious, political, and sociological tract in the shape of a novel, and calculated to do much harm or good.* It had a wide sale, and was read and discussed as no book has been read and discussed in Italy within the memory of man. It was enthusiastically received by the Liberals in politics as well as by the Liberals in religion, as a new gospel, and was as roundly condemned by the Conservatives as revolutionary in the extreme. After a career of five months *Il Santo* was placed upon the Index, and the author, who is a practical Catholic, made his submission to the decision of authority, in spite of the gibes of the Liberals and his political *confrères*, some of whom even went so far as to demand the expulsion of the novelist from the Italian Senate, of which he is a member.

Fogazzaro is a power in the intellectual life of modern Italy, and one of the leaders of a growing party within the Church in Italy, that must be reckoned with. This party, which was largely political at first, has, within the last decade, inaugurated a movement that is of the utmost importance to the life of the Church. The advance of modern science and the general decay of faith in the intellectual world have set many Catholic laymen thinking on lines for which they are but

* The author said publicly that his book was a "libro di battaglia."

ill prepared. While professing to be faithful to the dogmatic teaching of the Church, they feel that the Church is not up-to-date, that she is too backward in accepting modern science and modern philosophy, thereby neglecting to cultivate weapons of warfare that alone can defend her in the inevitable struggle with the powers of darkness. In such an effort there will always be men whose zeal outruns their discretion, and who bring down the thunderbolt of condemnation upon the whole movement by some inconsiderate act. Such a mistake we consider the latest novel of Fogazzaro to be.

Il Santo is the third novel in which the members of the same family figure, and forms, with *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, and *Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, a sort of trilogy. It is our purpose to introduce these novels and their author to those of our readers that have not already made their acquaintance.

I.

Born in the year 1842, Antonio Fogazzaro's youth was passed amid the exciting events that led up to the liberation of North Italy from the oppressive yoke of Austria, and in his father's house, a rallying place for the patriots of Vicenza, he imbibed that intense love of his fatherland which has always distinguished him in his literary and political career. The father, Mariano Fogazzaro, was a man of noble character, an ardent patriot, a student of the best literature, and a fair performer on the piano. The mother was a woman of charming manner and exquisite musical taste, devoted to the education of her children. Both parents, says Pompeo Molmenti, the biographer of the poet, were genuinely religious, and scrupulous in their observance of the rites of the Catholic Church. From his uncle, Guiseppi Fogazzaro, a priest, he early learned to venerate the name and to admire the works of Rosmini, a man destined to exercise an enduring influence upon the young Antonio's mind. At the Liceo of his native city he came under the influence of the Abbot Giacomo Zanella, a man of no small poetical genius, who incited the young student to a serious study of Æschylus and Lucretius, among the ancients, and Heine among the moderns. A French translation of Byron intoxicated the young poet for the time being, but Heine's influence was the more enduring, and found expression in his first novel, *Malombra*. Thus Antonio was reared in an atmos-

phere of patriotism, religion, and culture, three things that inform all his literary output.

As a young man Fogazzaro tried his hand at various kinds of poetry, but he was distracted by doubts as to the form of art to which he should devote his talents. At the same time he was disturbed in his belief, and, although profoundly religious in sentiment, he felt that he had ceased to believe in any positive form of religion. He devoted himself assiduously to the reading of the most liberal writers. This period of scepticism was, however, merely a phase in Fogazzaro's intellectual and spiritual development. His profoundly religious nature proved victorious. From the point of view of literary art such a victory proved to be of the greatest value. Only one that had passed through the fire of religious struggle could have drawn characters like Elena in *Daniele Cortis* and Luisa in *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico.* In later years Fogazzaro remarked to a friend: "I am a Catholic Christian; hence I accept all dogmas in their true and proper sense, from the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures to the infallibility of the Pope."

Fogazzaro's literary genius matured slowly, and although he had written a few occasional poems, and delivered three or four academic addresses, it was not till he had reached the age of thirty-four that he ventured before the public with his *Miranda*, a love tale in verse, for which the Frederika episode in Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" furnished the motive. Already his love of strong character contrasts, that finds its highest expression in *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, is seen in the gentle and faithful Miranda and the capricious and fickle Enrico.

Miranda was followed, in 1876, by *Valsolda*, a collection of lyrical poems, mostly celebrating the beauties of the poet's childhood home, which is still his poetic hermitage, on the Lake of Lugano. Full of ideal beauty and artistic sense of form, many of the verses gave a glimpse into the secret chambers of a soul that sees all things "apparell'd in celestial light."

> The light is born and dieth;
> What endureth of sunset and dawn?
> All, my Lord,
> Save the Eternal, in the world
> Is vain.

But it was not in the field of poetry that Fogazzaro was to obtain his greatest success. In 1872 he had addressed the Accadémia Olimpica of his native town, Vicenza, "On the Future of the Novel in Italy," and exposed his views of the scope and structure of the modern novel. Nine years passed, however, before the author put his theories into practice, in the novel *Malombra*. In the meantime, Zola had made Naturalism the shibboleth of novelists, which, under the more respectable name of "verismo," attracted many writers in Italy into its toils. It is to Fogazzaro's great credit that he resisted this tendency, and ranged himself on the side of Manzoni, Chateaubriand, and the French Romanticists. He is the legitimate successor of Manzoni, whom he considers his master in literature. *Malombra* is full of the extravagances and exuberances of sentiment and style that young authors find so difficult to avoid. At the time of its composition the author was especially interested in spiritualism and the problems of pre-existence; and the whole action of the novel revolves about a superstitious dream of the heroine, who feels herself possessed by the soul of her grandmother. Although severely criticised for its supernatural and spiritualistic elements, *Malombra* raised the reputation of the author very materially, and encouraged him to persist in this form of writing.

From the beginning Fogazzaro has taken his art seriously, and all his novels have a purpose. He delights in the most vital struggles of the spirit with the world, the flesh, and the devil. He delves deep into the secrets of the human soul, and exposes them by concrete, objective representation, rather than by psychological analysis. We learn to know his characters, not by description, but as we learn to know our friends, by daily converse with them, by seeing them act and hearing them speak. In *Daniele Cortis*, his next novel, Fogazzaro exhibits all the qualities of his genius, his power of describing a great moral conflict, and of making his characters live. Although *Daniele Cortis* comes very near being a *roman d'adultère*, after the French model, there is nothing of the sultry sensual atmosphere about it such as characterizes the latter. Fogazzaro always keeps his readers in the pure air of idealism, even when dealing with the most delicate questions of sexual love. He is a sincere writer and obeys his belief in the ideal, without blinking the real. In fact he is an Ideal-Realist, paradoxical as that may seem.

Daniele Cortis is the story of the love of a young politician for Elena, the wife of the Duke di Santa Giulia. Cortis is a tried Christian, a man of high ideals in religion, love, and politics, and asks only for the ideal love of his lady. Though not religious like Cortis, Elena has a lofty sense of honor and duty, and returns him the love he asks. We have here two extraordinary characters, but not improbable ones, much less impossible. With an open mind for all that is noble and beautiful, they are yet subject to all the modern passions; Daniele, profoundly religious, finds in his faith the courage and strength to resist; Elena preserves her virtue by obedience to the dictates of self-respect and loyalty to her principles of right. Inspired by the love for a woman that can never be his, and who has followed her worthless husband to America, Cortis throws himself into politics. Elected Deputy, he opposes the low, utilitarian views of his fellow-legislators. In his ardent imagination he dreams of a happy land where religion will inspire noble ideals and noble deeds. In spite of difficulties, he still clings to his Utopian ideas. He was not born for the base happiness of the multitude. He needs must love, and suffer for what he loves. "Then alone I am happy, then I feel the vital flame within my soul, like the benediction of God, then I feel all the dignity of my manhood, all my strength."

Cortis inaugurates a new party, a sort of Christian Democracy, a Catholic *via media* between the Clericals and the extreme Liberals. The programme of this party, as outlined in a speech of Cortis during his election campaign, is an expression of the author's own sentiments on the subject, for Fogazzaro stands out as one of the most prominent Catholic-Patriots, a combination of words that until lately was an absolute contradiction in the mind of most Italians. As an Italian gentleman once remarked to the writer: "The two things dearest to a man's heart are separated here in Italy. If you are a good Catholic you cannot be a good Italian, and vice versa." However, to be a good Catholic and a good Italian is just what Fogazzaro has endeavored to accomplish in himself and in others, although many Liberals as well as Catholics think that he has failed, in one respect or the other.

As a sort of intermezzo between the more serious novels, *Daniele Cortis* and *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, Fogazzaro gave to the world a charming, if somewhat exuberantly sentimental,

novel in *Il Mistero del Poeta*, a kind of modern *Vita Nuova*. Like the *Vita Nuova*, it is made up of prose and poetry, and the author has here included some of his most exquisite love-songs. Violet Yves is hardly possessed by her poet-lover, when she is snatched from him by death; but, like Beatrice, she still continues to be the life of his soul, the symbol of the ideal. He loves her with a spiritual love, and lives in the peace of anticipated reunion. In his conception of a love that finds its highest expression in being de-sensualized, Fogazzaro reminds us strongly of another Catholic poet, Coventry Patmore, who has made conjugal love the corner-stone of his poetical theology. In this as in other respects our author is almost Dantesque. Like Dante, he is a poet, a mystic, a theologian, a Catholic patriot. And like Dante he has also written a trilogy, not of hell, purgatory, and heaven, but of modern Italy, past, present, and future, as he conceives it.

II.

The first novel of this trilogy, *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, appeared in 1896, and took the Italian reading public by storm.* In this work the author seems to have reached his highest powers. For simplicity and interest of plot, for fine delineation of character that never descends into an over-nice psychological analysis, for beautiful descriptions of one of the loveliest regions of Italy, and for a high moral and religious tone that never becomes didactic, *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico* can hardly be matched by any modern novel in any tongue. It presents a deep and unified theory of life, that goes hand in hand with the faithful description of the daily life of the "Little Ancient World" about the Lake of Lugano, which the author knows so intimately from his long residence there.

At first this "Little World" seems small indeed, but it grows into larger significance by the interior life of the main characters, and their relation with the larger world outside, especially with the struggle for national independence. The political background of the story is formed by the events preceding the war of '59, when Lombardy threw off the yoke of Austria, a period corresponding with the youth of the author.

*Arturo Graf, the poet and critic, hailed it as the only Italian novel since Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* worthy to be compared with that immortal work.

All the characters seem to possess a real local color, and one cannot help thinking that many of the traits of Franco Maironi, the young hero, belong to the author himself. He is the "Signorino" of a noble and wealthy family, such as are found by the hundred in Italy to-day. Although endowed with a strong character, he suffers from the undisciplined education that such young men too often receive, and seems to be drifting through life in a dreamy manner. He is one of those that need to be acted upon by extraordinary external circumstances in order to bring out his sterling qualities of character. A man of the finest sentiment, a poet, a musician, he is unable to subject himself to any kind of discipline, and so remains a dilletante. He loves nature, art, his charming home, and his little bottle of choice wine; at the same time he is enthusiastic for all things high and noble, is filled with an ardent love of his country and its liberation, and dreams of joining the ranks of the fighters when the hour of freedom strikes. He hates the oppressors of his country with a passion that does not hesitate to vent itself in words. Besides he is very religious, and punctilious in the performance of his Church duties, but his religion is also a matter of feeling, of fervent emotion, rather than of intellectual conviction. In fact, he has an utter detestation of all philosophical and religious discussion. He is a quasi mystic, and truth is revealed to him intuitively. Desiring to convert his sceptical wife, he sets to work to study the *Summa Theologica*, of St. Thomas, with great eagerness, in search of "a reason for the hope that was in him." The study did not last long.

> The scholastic form of the treatise, the uniformity of the argumentation *pro* and *con*, the frigid Latin full of deep and colorless thought, dissipated in three days all his enthusiasm. He could not understand the arguments; he had them explained, and armed himself for the contest. But, like Saul's armor on David, they weighed him down. He could not present himself to his wife in cap and gown, a spear of theology in one hand and a shield of metaphysics in the other. He recognized that he was not made to philosophize, that he lacked the mind to argue logically; or, at least, that his emotional heart, full of likes and dislikes, was continually interposing for or against, according to his sympathies. One evening he was playing the *Andante* of Beethoven's Sonata,

> op. 28, when he exclaimed to himself, trembling with emotion: "That's it; that's it!" None of the Fathers, none of the Doctors could communicate the religious sentiment like Beethoven. He put his whole soul into the music and wished that Luisa were there that he might play the divine *Andante* to her in a prayer of unspeakable ecstasy.

No other passage of the book so well exhibits his religious temper of mind.

This undisciplined Idealist finds himself in an atmosphere in which the wind is quite sharp. The national movement has reached its flood tide. A deep chasm of sentiment divides the people, although the "Little World" moves on as usual, and the political friends of Austria live in kindly intercourse with her enemies.

Franco Maironi has been brought up, and still lives, in the house of his aristocratic grandmother, the Marchesa Maironi, thoroughly Austrian in sympathy, who wishes to marry him to a young lady of noble family in Milan, and threatens to disinherit him unless he gives up the girl of his choice, Luisa Rigey, the daughter of a French teacher, now dead, and an Italian mother.

The novel begins here. It is not a love story in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather the story of married life and of the serious conflict of totally different temperaments. Franco and Luisa appear from the first as antagonists, though bound to each other by a real and warm love.

Luisa, half French in character as she is in blood, possesses very little of the Italian femininity. She is clear-headed, decisive, and cold, where Franco is warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and irresolute. She hesitates to reveal her inmost thoughts even to her husband. To her, action is the only evidence of truth; to him, it is emotional insight. So her attitude toward religion is quite different from his; she welcomes every temptation to doubt, and endeavors to argue with it; while he, like a good Catholic, expels any idea that might in the least disturb his faith. She is strong-minded, and must know the reason for everything. Self-possessed, self-confident, daring in her speculations, sure of the decisions of her own mind, she resembles very decidedly the "new woman" in her attitude toward life. At the same time she possesses a certain enthusiasm, that is kept under restraint by her strong head.

The young couple are without means, and as the old Marchesa has disinherited Franco, they are dependent on Luisa's maternal uncle, a civil engineer in the employ of the Austrian government. This uncle is a magnificent character, a man of the largest heart and unselfish simplicity. He is one of those retiring, unobtrusive individuals, whose quiet influence is of the greatest worth to those about him. His one thought is to provide for the young couple during the first years of their married life. Franco accepts his help as a matter of course, and here the difference between his way of thinking and his wife's reveals itself for the first time. For Luisa feels that this idle existence at the expense of another is unmanly. Meanwhile the old Marchesa is at work, and arouses the suspicions of the Government in regard to her nephew's national sympathies. The house is searched, and an old sword, that the uncle has kept as a souvenir, is used against him and he is deprived of his position. Then begins a period of distress, relieved only by the sunlight brought into the house by their little daughter, Maria, the joy of her great uncle. Misery and want stare the young couple in the face, and force Franco into a decision. He determines to go to Turin, not only to work for the support of his family, but also to help the cause of Italian freedom. He has to leave in secret in order to evade the eyes of the Austrian spies. Just before he goes, however, Luisa is thrown into a state of great excitement by the discovery of the existence of a will made by Franco's grandfather, in which he disinherits the old Marchesa and leaves all his property to the grandson. Franco had known of the will, but had generously determined never to make any use of it, feeling that to make it public would brand his grandmother not only as dishonest, but also as a repudiated wife. When he learns that the friend who has the will in keeping has, as he supposes, at the instigation of Luisa, made an attempt to coerce the grandmother into a reconciliation, he is beside himself with anger; and the night before he leaves the little home he upbraids his wife most bitterly. This scene shows the utter incompatibility of their characters; the contrast between the energetic nature of Luisa, who insists upon her rights, especially against the usurpation of the grandmother, and the high moral idealism of Franco is powerfully drawn. They are as fond of each other as ever, but are

separated now by a world of temperamental differences. Only the little Maria, four years old, still forms a bond of union.

Luisa, at home alone with her uncle and child, feels more and more the consciousness of her self sufficiency. But a terrible punishment awaits her. Just as she goes out to intercept the grandmother and to upbraid her, even as she has the bitter words on her lips, the sharp cry pierces her ear: "Jesu Maria! Signora Luisa!" and her child, the little Maria, had fallen into the lake and was drowned.

This scene is painted with all the realistic power of the modern artist. The judgment of God seems at first too hard. Had she sinned so grievously in defending the rights of her child and of her husband? But as one punishes the dearest child most, so the author seems to plunge this beloved child of his fancy into the depths of misery in order to purify her soul.

The rest of the story is devoted to Luisa. All that has gone before seems merely a preparation for the struggle that takes place in her soul. The loss of Maria dries up the very springs of her being. She "skirts the howling desert of unbelief," doubts the existence of God, of a divine providence in the world. She tries to get into communication with her dead child by means of spiritualism, and in despair is about to take her own life. At this juncture she receives a letter from Franco, urging her to meet him at a certain point on Lake Maggiore as he passes through with the troops. She dreads a meeting with her husband, as she feels that the bond of union between them has been irremediably broken. But she finally yields to the entreaties of her good old uncle, and sets out with him for Isola Bella. The meeting proves to be Luisa's salvation. Under the sunlight of Franco's hopeful nature, and the warmth of his caresses her frozen heart melts, and she returns home with the hope of new life, born of motherhood, in her bosom.

There is a profound theory of life to be read in this novel, although Fogazzaro is too great an artist to expose it by analysis. The teaching, however, is unmistakable. It is evident especially in the last chapter, where the meeting is described.

> "For me," said Luisa, "it would be better to end all in the lake." Her husband put his arm around her and drew her from the parapet, released her, and, raising his arms in

> the air, exclaimed: "You talk like that! You who always said you accepted life as a struggle? And this is your way of meeting it? Once I thought you were the stronger. Now I see that I am the stronger, much the stronger!"

It is his religion, however unintellectual and emotional it may be, that gives Franco his strength, and enables him to grapple with the trials of life and throw them; while Luisa, much the stronger character naturally, but without faith, succumbs under burdens that her self-sufficiency cannot sustain. She has relied upon her own strength, and it fails when most needed. This strength she is to find by a return to her former faith.

We have spoken only of the main characters, but the subordinate ones are no mere lay figures. The old, formal Marchesa, with her aristocratic prejudices; the mild and religious Teresa Rigey, Luisa's mother; the simple-minded and generous-hearted uncle, Piero Ribera; the unscrupulous Pasotti—are so vividly drawn that they live in the memory as real people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Current Events.

Russia.

The problems of Russia still remain unsolved; in fact, no solution appears to be in sight. The empire seems to be one weltering mass of chaos and conflict, and yet it holds together and has, or is supposed to have, a certain majesty and power. However great the sufferings of large numbers of his subjects may be, the Tsar has not been withheld by them from the enjoyment afforded by yachting, fishing, hunting, although rumors have been afloat that a deep laid plot against his life was the cause of the prolongation of his vacation. M. Stolypin remains in the possession of such power as is possessed by a Russian premier, and is preparing for the election of the second *Duma*. This is the one ground of hope for the future. However strong the powers in favor of despotic power may be, they have not ventured as yet to abolish openly and avowedly the concessions hitherto granted, although the practical proceedings of the government are as much at variance with not only the spirit but the letter of those concessions as can well be conceived. When we bear in mind the lynchings that have so frequently taken place in this country, and the recent outrages inflicted upon the negroes in the South, it is not within our right to boast of our own perfection; nor do we; and it is not in the spirit of boasting that we record the outrages perpetrated in a country ruled upon principles diametrically opposed to ours.

Far from perfection as we are, we doubt whether such a proceeding as the following has ever been even possible in this country, to say nothing of the *pogroms*, of which at Siedlce another as barbarous as its predecessors has taken place since we last wrote. Some time ago a number of peasants destroyed the estate of M. Krivosheim, a former Minister. The chief of the district, a government official, arrived on the spot soon after the devastation of the estate had taken place, with a detachment of Cossacks. He assembled all the peasants supposed to have been concerned in the affair, and without making any investigation directed the priests to administer the last sacrament to them. The Cossacks were then ordered to beat the peasants to death. The scene of horror lasted four hours, 23 peasants being killed, and 130 receiving terrible injuries. The

Cossacks became exhausted from their work of brutality, and compelled other peasants to continue flogging their own fathers, sons, and brothers. As a matter of fact, all the sufferers were innocent, the real culprits having fled from the scene before the arrival of the Cossacks. On the first of October, at Kherson, the law courts took cognizance of the matter. It was not, however, the official or his Cossacks who were brought to trial. So far as is recorded, no blame or punishment was meted out to them. Nor was Russian justice satisfied with the punishment already inflicted on innocent victims. Some 63 more peasants were sent to prison for a crime which the most vindictive would have looked upon as amply expiated.

However much we may deplore the fact, we cannot wonder, when such outrages are possible at the hands of the government, that the surest road to the hearts of large numbers of the people should be found by those who oppose the constituted authorities. The more violent and even criminal that opposition is, the greater is the esteem and even veneration accorded to these opponents. Sir D. M. Wallace, as trustworthy an authority upon Russian affairs as is to be found, has been, perhaps still is, traveling through the empire off the beaten tracks, in out of the way districts. In Russia, as in places nearer home, the album of photographs is an indication of the household gods, and he found in many places that the album *par excellence* is a collection of photographs of assassins. On the fly-leaf of one of those was written in English:

> Lives of great ones all remind me
> I can make my life sublime.

Many Russians, the same writer says, are resolved that, as long as a charter is refused them, the right of assassination is theirs. It is called an act of Divine Justice transcending human laws; the exercise of that right if not a duty laid upon all, at least a privilege reserved for the elect. Some assassinations have almost universal approbation; when Plehve was killed the whole nation was delirious with joy. The repressive action which is being adopted by the government, in the judgment of Sir D. M. Wallace, can only increase the fever and make assassinations more frequent, more violent, and more popular.

However criminal these assassinations are, there are other

proceedings of the revolutionaries which make one even less hopeful of Russia's future. The very wickedness of assassination gives to it a halo of heroicity, coupled as it is with the extremity of self-sacrifice. But Russian revolutionaries have descended to the lower level of ignoble sordidness. They are in want of funds, and to obtain them have resorted to robbery on an extended scale, not merely from the government, but from private individuals, and in some cases have committed murder when they were not able to secure the money sought. An idea of the state to which Russia has been reduced may be formed from the following statistics culled from official telegrams during the four days ending September 15, and published in the *Bourse Gazette*. Armed encounters in various parts of the Empire resulted in the deaths of 8 soldiers, policemen, and officials, and of 88 private persons, the wounded in the same categories being, respectively, 7 and 133. Political homicide accounted for 5, 19, 6, and 37, classified as above. Nine trains were robbed, 2 tramways, 3 banks, 2 mills, 7 churches, 17 vodka shops, 3 mails, 5 stores, and 25 private persons, and in connection with these robberies the following casualties occurred, classified as above, 16, 4, 2, and 7, and there were 53 arrests. Two mills, seven country seats, 81 private houses, 15 *izbas*, and 2 government buildings were burnt. Twenty-six persons were condemned to death and 17 to hard labor. Altogether, 343 arrests were made. Four editors of newspapers were tried and two sentenced. Eight persons were killed and 14 wounded during disturbances in prisons, and 11 prisoners escaped. A total of 140 persons were killed, not including those who lost their lives in Siedlce. Such is the record of four days; a similar record could be given *mutatis mutandis* of the rest of the month. Great, indeed, is the need of a savior of the country; but there are no signs of his coming.

The action of the government has not been altogether limited to arrest, exile, execution. In addition to the preparations for the election of the new *Duma*, some progress has been made with the transfer by purchase of the land to the peasants. The government has published a programme which includes, in the first place, the giving of power by the communes to buy out any member wishing to start individual farming; secondly, the sale to the peasants by the Land Bank

of fifteen million acres belonging to the State and the appanages, and about eight million acres of private lands; and thirdly, a wide scheme of emigration to Siberia, and the sale at nominal prices of fifty-five million acres belonging to the Crown in the Altai regions, beside other enormous tracts. Already, in 167 districts of European Russia, land settlement Committees, consisting of landlords, officials, and villagers, have been formed to deal practically with the question, and it is hoped that the joint labors of the various classes affected will contribute to the solution of the question.

Various mutations of the numerous political parties which work in the open have taken place. Some have combined with others, while some have split into two. The most numerous of all—the Constitutional Democrats—were refused permission to hold their Congress, and have had to flee into the only part of the Empire where arbitrary will is held in check, and to hold their meetings at Helsingfors, in Finland.

It is not often that the money-power conduces to good; but in the case of Russia the fact that she stands in need of funds derived from outside sources, makes her in some degree amenable to European control. The extent to which she stands in need of help was revealed by the publication in a French paper of a confidential report addressed by the Minister of Finance to the Prime Minister. A qualified contradiction, it is true, has been made of the accuracy of this report, but the confidence felt in ministerial contradictions is not unbounded, and in those other seats of worldly wisdom, the stock markets of Europe, a wide credence was given to its truth—a credence which financial experts pronounce to be fully justified. According to this Report, taking it for what it is worth, for the first seven months of the current year Russia stands face to face with a colossal deficit of more than 75 millions of dollars, and this after making every effort to reduce expenditure. The prospects for next year are even worse.

Germany.

Army manœuvres have, as usual, been the principal occupation of the nations in the autumnal months. At the German manœuvres the Emperor was present and took the opportunity of making three speeches characterized by his wonted patriotic feeling and his reliance upon God. The most

remarkable of these speeches was the last, delivered at a banquet given to the provincial authorities of Silesia. The Kaiser concluded this speech with the declaration that he would tolerate no pessimists, expressing the wish or the will that the man who was not fit for his work should go away and try to find a better country. On this occasion his Majesty conferred upon Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest possible mark of distinction.

The Diary of the late Prince Hohenlohe, the publication of which has excited so much interest, while it affords another proof of Lord Acton's dictum, that most great men are bad men, by bringing to light once more Prince Bismarck's duplicity in his dealings with Austria, clearly shows how honorably and straightforwardly, in opposition to the Chancellor, the Kaiser acted in the same matter. It also shows that the Prince opposed the Emperor in the latter's proposal of the Labor Conference held in the beginning of his reign; that while Bismarck was ready to act energetically against the working classes, that is to say, to shoot them down, the Emperor was unwilling to begin his reign with such a stain upon it; he could only do that with a good conscience after trying his best to remedy the legitimate grievances of the working classes. It is true that his Majesty had also the desire to forestall the Catholics in the Reichstag, who were, together with the Socialists and Radicals, on the point of taking action. This, however, does not in any great degree detract from the praise to be accorded to the Emperor.

Notwithstanding the honor conferred upon Cardinal Kopp, and the supposed personal influence of the Emperor with the Holy Father, the Catholic party in the Reichstag maintains its independence and rightly refuses to become a government party. It is better for the government to depend upon it, than for it to depend on the government. It is largely due to the energetic action of leading members of the Catholic party that the exposure of the Colonial scandals, and the attempts at reform, are due. It would be well if Catholics in other countries would serve the well-being of the commonwealth by similar activity.

The death of Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, who has been the Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick since 1885, recalls to remembrance the events which followed upon the war with

Austria in 1866. Hanover, not having acted in the way which was pleasing to Prussia, paid the penalty by being incorporated as a province of that kingdom, and its King was deprived of his throne. On his death the Duke of Cumberland became the heir to his claims upon Hanover and would not renounce them. The Federal Council of the German Empire, therefore, refused to recognize his succession, even to the Duchy of Brunswick, on the ground that it was incompatible with the fundamental treaties of federation, and with the Constitution of the Empire that the claimant to the throne of Hanover should be a reigning Duke in the Empire. The Regency Council accordingly selected Prince Albrecht as Regent. The Regency, however, is not hereditary, and the choice of a successor upon his death has devolved upon the Diet. At its meeting for this purpose the Diet, instead of proceeding to the election of a new Regent, unanimously expressed the wish that the present provisional state should be brought to an end by the restitution of the Duke of Cumberland to his rights as Duke of Brunswick. It made an appeal to the magnanimity of the German Emperor. This appeal, however, has been made in vain, for the Chancellor of the Emperor has replied that so to act remains impossible. What will be done is yet to be seen.

The Social Democrats have been holding their Annual Congress. Their proceedings were mainly concerned with the relations between themselves, as a party, and the Trade Unions —whether or not they should co-operate with the latter in the event of a general strike being called, for political purposes, after the example of Russia. This was opposed by Herr Bebel, because he was sure that it would result in a failure, as it would certainly be put down, and that it would not be joined in by the South Germans. In the last extremity, however, it might be necessary to make the attempt. The Congress accepted the views of the great leader. The Social Democrats are making predictions that, at the next general election, the number of the votes for their party would be doubled and would amount to some 6,000,000. Others are less sanguine.

The better relations with England have been strengthened in some degree by the honor which the Emperor has conferred upon the King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, by making

him a Field Marshal in the German Army. On the other hand, the *Meteor* incident—the ordering, that is, of a German Liner to depart from the Naval Harbor of Portsmouth—stirred up a ruffle of bad feeling. Subsequent explanations, however, seem to have calmed the rising storm.

The relations with France, however, are not improved by the discussions initiated in Germany as to the way in which France must act unless she wishes to be conquered and partitioned. A certain Herr Reimer has published a work in which he institutes a minute and laborious analysis of the French population to determine how large a part is German in blood, and therefore worthy of being admitted into German unity in the event alluded to. The course of his studies is so exhaustive and satisfactory to himself, that he has decided the fate of France, and, strange to say, as it was in Cæsar's time, so it is to be in the near future. All France is to be divided into three parts—one is to be incorporated, the second is to have a certain autonomy, while with the third Germany is to have nothing to do.

Austria-Hungary.

Austria also has been the scene of army manœuvres, both in Silesia, at which the Emperor was present, and in Dalmatia. In the latter the army manœuvres were combined with those of the navy. The Emperor was expected to have been present; but at the last moment his place was taken by the heir-apparent, Francis Ferdinand. These manœuvres were a rehearsal of the defence of the coast by the army against attack by a supposed Italian Fleet—a proceeding which seems to be wanting in due consideration for the feelings of an ally. But, as the army acquitted itself so badly as to have led to the subsequent resignation of the Chief of the General Staff, the goodness of the omen may compensate for the wound to the feelings.

The relations between Austria and Hungary are quiet and peaceful—whether it is the quiet which precedes a storm, a few months will show. The only question pending at the moment is the somewhat prosaic one of the Tariff. An agreement has been reached to entrust the elucidation of the many points involved to a commission of experts, in preparation for a comprehensive settlement of the question on the completion of the Commission's work. An effort has been made to bring about

closer relations between Hungary and Great Britain by means of a visit recently paid to Hungary at the invitation of the government by the Eighty Club. This Club was formed on the occasion of the great victory of Mr. Gladstone in 1880 by the more Radical members of the Liberal Party. How far it can be considered fairly to represent English political thought is open to question. It was received, however, with enthusiasm by the undoubted leaders of politics in Hungary—M. Kossuth and Count Albert Apponyi. It is a favorite contention of Hungarians that the political institutions of England and Hungary very closely resemble each other. In neither country is there a written constitution, for it lives in the heart and the intelligence of the nation, the people are in the enjoyment of the liberties which were common in the Middle Ages throughout Europe, and while other nations fell under the control of absolute rulers, Hungary and England, on the whole, retained their privileges; not without a struggle, indeed, but, on the whole, a successful one. Undoubtedly those who take an interest in Ireland's struggle for Home Rule will watch events in the Dual Empire with keen interest. For the aim and purpose are almost identical, although the starting point is different. For Hungary has already an executive ministry of its own, responsible to its own Parliament. There are, however, certain ministers common to Austria and Hungary, and certain common institutions. These it is the purpose of the present Hungarian Ministry to abolish, and to leave the crown as the sole bond of union. Even the common Tariff is to be abolished and dues are to be levied on Austrian goods in the same way that the English Colonies levy duties on goods coming from the mother-country.

For many years these have been the proposals of the Independence party, of which M. Francis de Kossuth, the son of Louis Kossuth, is the leader. This party found its more numerous supporters among the peasants, and was democratic and popular and somewhat anti-Catholic, at least in tone. Count Apponyi, on the other hand, was the leader of what was called the National Party. This party, for some years having been the opponent, subsequently became united with the now defunct Liberal Party. In 1905 it passed over to the Independence Party. Count Apponyi and his followers represent the aristocrats of Hungary, the Magyar magnates, and have the

sympathy of the Catholic clergy. As both M. Kossuth and Count Apponyi, with their respective followers, have come to perfect agreement, this union gives to the ideas they support an overwhelming supremacy, and makes it practically certain, should it be preserved unimpaired, that what are called the principles of 1848 will supplant the settlement of 1867, however contrary to the wishes of Austria such a result will be. The practical experience of dualism has shown its incompatibility with the national aspiration of the Hungarians. The reasons which have led Count Apponyi to become a supporter of a movement, which for so long a time he strenuously opposed, will be found by those who are interested in the French Review "Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales," of October 1.

The Hungarians have gained another victory. They held Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, responsible for the five-minute interview last autumn, and for the extremely brusque treatment which their leaders received. The Count declared that he was in no way responsible. The Hungarians were not satisfied, however, and the resignation for which they wished and predicted is now an accomplished fact. For eleven years the Count has been in control of the diplomatic action of the Empire. Although no great achievements can be attributed to him, he has had the qualified success of having committed no fatal blunder.

France.

The fall, or rather the re-construction, of the Sarrien Ministry came as no surprise to those who have given consideration to French affairs. As constituted in the beginning, it was made up of incompatible elements, nor was the Premier the dominating power. In the Cabinet M. Clemenceau, the Minister of the Interior, was the greatest force, and he has found it impossible to retain a merely secondary place. There is also reason to think that the Church question has had an influence in bringing about the change. Unfortunately it is not those who are supposed to be in favor of moderation who have resigned, but those who are, as M. Clemenceau declared a few weeks ago, determined to enforce the Separation Law in its entirety, and to enter into no discussion of plans for its modification. But that there should be even in the Cabinet some who are in favor of a more moderate procedure gives

ground for hope that possibly the Chamber's sessions, which are just commencing, may lead to a change of attitude.

The Bishops held their second Assembly in the first week of September. Their proceedings in detail have not been published, but it is believed that a decision was arrived at to await the action of the government, and no attempt was made to form any kind of association. A Pastoral Letter of all the Bishops was addressed to the faithful, in which the entire body declared their complete adhesion to the decision of the Holy Father, and condemned the associations for worship established by the Separation Law as an attempt to subvert the divinely constituted organization of the Church, and to substitute a new organization subjecting it to the State. The Bishops promise to issue practical instructions in due time, as circumstances may require. They condemn the formation of any associations under the Law of Separation, and declare that they will be Catholic only in name.

This condemnation, however, has not prevented an attempt to form such associations. M. Henri des Hous, the author of a life of Leo XIII., and of an unsuccessful attempt to form a Catholic Republican Party, has called upon the laity to make an effective protest against the Bishops and the Pope. He is possessed with the notion that the condemnation of the associations proceeded from the influence of the German Emperor, who wishes to embroil France within her own borders, and that the Holy Father has been willing to act as his tool. This the Emperor has accomplished through the German Jesuits, and the election of a German as the new General of the Society is held to be a clear confirmation of the theory. It is hard, of course, for those who are of this world to conceive of any one acting upon principles which are not of this world. "With what wisdom shall he be furnished that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, and driveth the oxen therewith and is occupied in their labors, and his whole talk is about the offspring of bulls? He shall give his mind to turn up furrows and his care to give the kine fodder." So politicians, whose whole mind is engaged in devising schemes for immediate and tangible success, cannot enter into the mind of those who work for higher results. "The ordinance of judgment they do not understand, nor is it left to them to declare judgment" in Church affairs. The Catholic Church is founded on super-

natural principles, and does its work by supernatural means. "It is not I," Pope Pius recently declared, "who have condemned the Law, it is Christ"; and as to the results, he went on to say: "That is a question to which Providence alone can reply. The Pope has done what he was in duty bound to do, and what was commanded by the moral welfare of the Church and the respect for Catholic doctrine which is of divine essence, and of which he is the guardian. Providence will decide as to the future, and fix the human consequences of a resolution taken in accordance with the will of God. I await the manifestations of the will of Providence." Even for the time being, however, no great success seems to follow the efforts of M. des Hous.

One of the most plausible objections to the Pope's action, and what seemed a strong argument in support of the German proclivities attributed to him, was found in the fact that by a law passed in 1875 German legislation delivered up the temporal property of the Church to church councils and to parish assemblies elected by all the adult Catholics of the commune, and that those provisions were accepted by the Church. According to those provisions, the Bishop in all administrative affairs merely ratifies the wish of the elected lay representatives of the parish, and in the last resort he remains subject to the civil authorities. There is, however, an essential distinction between the German law, accepted by the Church, and the French law, condemned by the Church. Although the German law does not refer to the Pope, it names and officially recognizes the Bishops. The French law refers no more to the Bishops than it does to the Pope. Some have concluded from this that the law, therefore, leaves to the French Bishops a fuller liberty than is left to the German Bishops, inasmuch as they are not subjected to the State as are the German in temporal things. It is here precisely that the snare lies which has been detected by the Pope. The law can be so construed that after the associations have once been formed they can be worked in the interests of a schism. It does not safeguard the rights either of the Pope or the Bishops, in a sure manner. On the opening of the Assembly the Abbé Gayraud, Deputy for Finisterre, will propose to add to Article 4 of the Separation Law an article to this effect: "The Catholic public worship associations shall and will remain constituted under the

authority of the Bishops." The reception accorded to this proposal will reveal the thoughts of many hearts.

The Sunday Closing Law is meeting with considerable opposition; the Ministry, however, seems determined to enforce it. The love of fresh bread seems to be a main cause of discontent, and as the law allows *employés* in any trade to substitute for the Sunday any day which they may prefer, Monday is for the bakers to become the day of rest.

Spain.

The government's action with reference to civil marriage and the burial in cemeteries has called forth the condemnation of several bishops. The Bishop of Tuy, in particular, was so outspoken that he seems to have passed due limits, and was on the point of being prosecuted had he not made explanations, and this it is said he did at the wish of the Holy Father. Another conflict, however, has arisen. A bill has been drafted by the government to regulate the position of religious communities; the authorization of the Cortes is to be necessary for the establishment of a religious order. Minors are not allowed to join. The State will support any member who wishes to leave. Authorizations once given can be withdrawn for cause. University degrees are to be necessary for teaching. Some half a dozen similar proposals are made. They are as yet only proposals, and it is very doubtful whether they will be accepted by the Cortes or the nation. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that it is a Liberal government which is making this attempt to restrict liberty.

Morocco.

The affairs of Morocco are again attracting public attention. Anarchy is reigning and manifesting itself in outrages in every part of the Empire. The Sultan places implicit faith in a sorcerer who is full of hatred for everything foreign, and who shows that hatred in a practical manner. The police which, according to the provisions accepted at Algeciras, were to have been organized are still non-existent. In fact the treaty has not yet received the necessary ratification of most of the Powers. It is practically certain that the well-being of Morocco was the thing which the Powers had least in view in the long protracted negotiations.

New Books.

WESTMINSTER LECTURES. The publications of this excellent series of popular apologetics* continue to grow along the lines which it has followed from its beginning. Each lecture is devoted to the discussion of one particular salient point or aspect of some great fundamental truth or problem, which is treated as thoroughly as may be done in a single public lecture of reasonable extent. Necessarily the lecturer is obliged, usually, to be satisfied with laying down an outline that may serve as a guide, and provide suggestions, for further study. Thus, in *Science and Faith*, Dr. Aveling first insists upon distinguishing between what deserves to be called science in the strict use of the term, and the body of speculation, or transcendental science, as he calls it, which is associated with the former. Father Rickaby exposes the Scriptural and Patristic witnesses to the divinity of our Lord, not from the merely historical standpoint, but in the light in which they stand, and have always stood, in the mind of the Church, the living witness of Christ. It is no unfavorable reflection on the other numbers to say that one of the very best of the entire series is that on *Miracles* by Mr. Gideon W. B. Marsh, who is particularly forcible in his refutation of Hume's great objection. His statement of the case, too, obviates much rationalistic criticism which finds a plausible ground for argument in that not quite correct definition of a miracle as a suspension of the laws of nature. Father Sharpe essays the old problem of the existence of evil, the force of which he does not evade. The Scholastic and Patristic arguments are employed to meet the difficulties as they are popularly formulated. At many points of his discourse one expects to find him strengthen his position with the truth of man's immortality; but he does not appeal to it; probably for the reason that to do so effectively would carry him beyond the limits of a single lecture. Dr. William Barry explains the nature and scope of biblical criticism, as it takes its place in the Catholic system of authority; the objects of the higher and the lower criticism; and the services which criticism, guided by authority, may render us in the clearing up of biblical problems.

* Westminster Lectures. *Science and Faith.* By Rev. F. Aveling, D.D. *The Divinity of Christ.* By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Miracles.* By Gideon W. B. Marsh. *Evil: Its Nature and Cause.* By Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A. *The Higher Criticism.* By William Barry, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

HANDBOOKS OF SCRIPTURE.

Judging from the character of the manual prepared by Madame Cecilia,* on the Gospel of St. Luke for the use of Catholic pupil teachers and of young Catholics preparing for the English Local University Examinations, the knowledge expected of such candidates is vastly more extensive and thorough than is acquired by the pupils in even the best of our colleges and convents. Indeed, the seminarians who would not dread to face an examination on the contents of this closely packed volume of over eight hundred pages, are very few. The work has an introduction treating of authenticity, date, literary character of the Gospel; and furnishing tabulated analysis of the chief contents and characteristic features. Next follows the text in Latin and English, accompanied with a wealth of footnotes, exegetical, geographical, historical, and philological. The remaining portion consists of additional longer notes, explanatory of parables, discourses, and significant events, or matters of Jewish history and ritual throwing a light on the Gospel. The book is a marvel of industry and systematic arrangement.

In Mr. Hart's manual for the use of secondary schools and colleges† the historical elements of the Old Testament are set forth in a chronological narrative. As far as possible the exact words of the Bible are preserved, set in a context conveying, by paraphrase, or added explanation, whatever light is required to make the meaning and import clear. The pupil may obtain here a very complete knowledge of biblical Jewish history, together with some useful notions of the Old Testament as a whole and the relation of its prophetical element to the New.

A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Since Mr. Montgomery Carmichael and Father Benson have practically demonstrated that fictitious biography may be written so cleverly as to deceive even the literary elect, we pick up with only alert suspicion this anonymous autobiography of a woman,‡

* *The Gospel According to St. Luke.* With Introduction and Annotations by Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Manual of Bible History. I. The Old Testament.* By Charles Hart, B.A. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *A Modern Pilgrim's Progress.* With an Introduction by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers.

recounting her long intellectual journey, occupying nearly a life-time, starting from Low Church Anglicanism, to end, at last, in Catholicism, after passing successively through, or surveying at close quarters, Unitarianism, Scepticism, Materialism, Agnosticism, Kantianism, Buddhism, and High Anglicanism. In the introduction, however, Father Bowden sets suspicion at rest; for he gives his assurance that the pilgrim, whose wanderings in search of a religion are here described, is a person of flesh and blood. She was born in England, of Protestant parents of some social importance. At an early age she accompanied them to one of the colonies. She soon lost her belief in the divinity of Christ, and entered upon a desultory study of Colenso, Strauss, Renan, and lesser Rationalists; and, afterwards, turned first to Kant, and next to Herbert Spencer, without finding anywhere a satisfactory answer to the riddle of existence. Returning to England, though given to the pleasures of society, her restless mind continued to be harassed by the religious problem. In succession Mgr. Capel, Mr. Mackonochie, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Littledale, Cardinal Newman, contribute to the pilgrim's progress, which comes to an end in the church of the Dominicans, in Paris.

The writer has confined herself to presenting a history of her religious opinions, offering but the merest glimpses of her life in general. Nor does she attempt any systematic presentation of the arguments which carried her through the many phases of her intellectual transitions. Feminine intuitions and aspirations of an unsatisfied heart, rather than logic, were the kindly light that guided her to truth. She gives us a study in practical psychology, rather than in polemical dialectics. For this reason, this history of a soul will, it may be hoped, prove a useful friend to a class of inquirers who find but little aid in books of abstract controversy; who look for reasons that touch the heart rather than the head. They will recognize a case similar to their own in the writer's account of Dr. Pusey's failure to pluck the rooted thorn from her mind. After reproducing a letter written by her to Pusey, and his reply, she writes: "Later I paid Dr. Pusey a visit, and from him received kindness, but no help. I do not quite know how to express what I mean, but I felt that, kind as he was, he did not understand me in the very least. I felt that he thought me very wicked for having questioned the divinity of Christ.

Heavy on my heart lay the burden of doubt, and I felt that no such weight had ever crushed his; no leeches of scepticism had ever sucked his life blood, and he could not understand the phantoms that haunted my brain. Had I gone to him sorrowing over a grievous fault, I would have had his kindly and abounding sympathy; but, as it was, he seemed merely to view my doubts as unrepented sins; and not at all as difficulties; nor did he help me to overcome them. When the question drifted to the claims of the Anglican Church to be considered as a part of the Catholic Church, I could not see his position, nor could he see mine. He was too good and too learned to be able to understand me; I, too ignorant of history to understand his arguments. Of ancient manuscripts and forged decretals I knew nothing, and cared less. The authority of ancient manuscripts did not appeal to me. Perhaps the fact that I had lived for years in a new country, where everything is modern, predisposed me to regard modern facts as more convincing than historical proofs derived from ancient documents. The fact that the Catholic Church exists to-day, with all her wonderful characteristics, was to me a far stronger proof of Christ's divinity than any record of a former age. . . . I shall always be grateful to Dr. Pusey for the trouble he took, always proud to have known one so learned and good, but he did not help me." There is a wealth of suggestion here for those who seek, and for those whose duty it is to provide, light. The lesson would be thrown into bolder relief by setting side by side with the above passage the writer's account of her visit to Cardinal Newman, who "appealed to no ancient documents, discussed no remote historical questions, but spoke to the voice of conscience within." But for this passage we must direct the reader to the book itself.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.
By Williams.

In this single volume* there is the making of two books. The first one would be an erudite treatise on Mary's place in Scripture and in the Church, with a full vindication of the prerogatives acknowledged in her by the Church and the devotions paid to her by Catholics. By eliminating, extensively, from the au-

**The Mother of Jesus in the First Age and Afterwards.* By J. Herbert Williams. New York: Benziger Brothers.

thor's pages a good deal of personal exegetical speculation, and taking care to distinguish between inferences of the individual and doctrine guaranteed by Catholic authority, a judicious editor might extract from Mr. Williams' work an instructive and convincing work, which, if suffused with the spirit of sweetness and love that one expects, and usually finds, in writings intended to promote the glory of the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, might assist non Catholics to the Church. The second book that might be extracted from Mr. Williams' pages, would consist of an angry, acrimonious attack on English Protestantism, and an arraignment of English converts from Protestantism, on the grounds that their acceptance of the Church is not a true submission to authority, but a mere exercise of private judgment. The converts secured would be designated "callow" and "not Catholics, but Protestants who judge the Church to be right." We would be told that the policy adopted to bring in converts has lowered the Catholic faith, and "it is a foolish policy to bring in strangers at the cost of turning out the family." Finally, there would be a quantity of *obiter dicta*, conveying the opinion that Newman was not sufficiently Catholic in his attitude towards devotion to the Blessed Virgin, nor in his notion of what real conversion to Catholicism is; and that, while the Cardinal's doctrine of development is hurtful, his philosophy of religion is absolute scepticism. Mr. Williams has, evidently, grievances against a large section of his fellow-Catholics in England. It is to be regretted that his propensity to air them spoils a book which otherwise, notwithstanding its lack of sobriety in respect to the value of his personal conclusions and interpretations, would be a deserving addition to our library of popular Catholic theology.

MY QUEEN AND MY MOTHER.
By R. G. S.

It is a relief to pass from the heated controversial atmosphere in which Mr. Williams is enveloped to the serene, ardent piety of these meditations.* The author makes each invocation in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin the text for a simple meditation, replete with suggestive thoughts, that flow easily and naturally from the idea expressed in the invo-

* *My Queen and My Mother.* By R. G. S. With Preface by the Bishop of Salford. Third Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

cation or petition. The writings of the Fathers and the Holy Scriptures are drawn upon to furnish the materials of a paraphrase. Thus the doctrine of the Church concerning the Blessed Virgin is explained and inculcated; and at the same time an easy training in the art of mental prayer is placed within reach of everybody. It is a pleasure to welcome this third edition of a book which first appeared so recently as 1904.

LAMENNAIS' CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.
By Marechal.

This hitherto unpublished work* is considered by its editor as the original form of the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie*, that began to appear from the pen of Lamennais in 1840, and was destined to be promptly placed on the Index. Lamennais had written out a sketch of his philosophic system before 1831. Two manuscript copies are known to have existed; but neither of them can be found now. The present work is based on two sets of notes taken by pupils of Lamennais in the year 1831. Between this date and 1840 Lamennais' troubles arose. It was believed that his difficulties with Rome so far influenced his ideas as to impart to the *Esquisse*, in the form in which it was actually published, a character seriously at variance with that of the work in its original expression. Though no copy of the original manuscript is available, the editor holds, for reasons which he relates, that the note-books of Lamennais' pupils are substantial equivalents of the lost original. It would be a subject for rejoicing if, indeed, this work should, after careful inspection, turn out to contain, in systematic form, purged of their unorthodox leaven, the valuable elements contained in the system of Lamennais. Judgment can be given on this point only after the present work will have passed through extensive criticism by many minds.

SERMONS ON THE GOSPELS.
By Fr. Ryan.

The appearance of a second edition of this work† indicates that its merit has been appreciated. The preacher who employs it in preparation for his Sunday sermon reaps a double harvest from

* *Essai d'un Système de Philosophie Catholique (1830–1831).* Par F. de Lamennais. Par Christian Marechal. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

† *The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals.* With an Introduction, Parallel Passage, Notes, and Moral Reflections. By Very Rev. Cornelius J. Ryan. 2 Vols. New York: Benziger Brothers.

it. He makes, under a learned, practical teacher, a full and systematic study of the Gospel text, which is sure to benefit himself spiritually and intellectually. Besides, he is afterwards in a position, out of his own overflowing abundance, to deliver to his audience a rich, impressive discourse on the Gospel of the day, without straying from his subject. He, in the exact sense of the phrase, preaches the Gospel. In order that a congregation may intelligently understand the words of our Lord, the significance of his actions, and the meaning of the narrative, they stand in need of much helpful explanation, which is not always provided by the preacher. The result is that many a faithful, intelligent Catholic, who assists at Mass every Sunday, and hears the Gospel of the day read, knows, beyond the great events of our Lord's life and death, very little indeed of the contents of the New Testament. Yet the intention of the Church is that the public reading and exposition of the carefully selected portions of the sacred text, assigned to the Sunday Mass throughout the year, should render the entire body of the faithful familiar with the whole Gospel story. Few printed sermons will serve the preacher who is willing to devote some time to preparation as well as will these volumes for his regular Sunday discourse.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Hall.

A layman whose interest in the Oxford Movement would not extend beyond a desire to be acquainted with the general course of events, and the salient features in the chief personalities involved in it, will find what he wants lucidly related in this handy little volume.* Confining himself to the facts, the writer passes no judgment on the controversy; nor does he enter on any appreciation of the spiritual struggles which wrung the souls of many of the men who pass under his eye. In his pages there is but little indication of religious prepossessions of any kind. Some readers, however, will probably detect a bias underneath some passing remarks and a few passages, of which the following may be cited: "Wiseman, although it was inexpedient for him to become in any way publicly identified with the movement, or to be apparently mixed up with it, yet largely influenced its development. It produces rather a dis-

*_A Short History of the Oxford Movement._ By Sir Samuel Hall, M.A., K.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

agreeable effect to read Newman's pathetic account of his spiritual struggles, and Mr. Ward's rather opinionated and ignorant demonstrations of Rome's supremacy, and then to read of the astute Roman ecclesiastic at Oscott watching and quietly giving a help now and then, when and where he considered it desirable, to guide Anglicans to the haven where he would have them go." Exception may be taken also to some of his observations, especially in his introductory sketch of English religion, as, for instance, when he states that there was no distinction between Church and State before the Norman Conquest.

THE EARLY SCOTTISH CHURCH.
By Dom Edmonds.

The purpose of this volume,* the character of which is worthy of Benedictine scholarly traditions, is to establish the Roman origin of the Ancient Church of Scotland. Against the theory of Todd, which Professor Bury and Archbishop Healy, in their recent biographies of St. Patrick, have utterly swept away, Dom Columba marshals the proofs for the Roman mission of Ireland's apostle. He then takes up the question of the doctrine, discipline, liturgy, and ritual observances of the Ancient Church of Scotland; and shows that, notwithstanding the duration of the paschal controversy, and the existence, temporarily, in Scotland of some peculiarities in unimportant detail, that church exhibited in all essentials complete uniformity with Rome. The first third of the book is devoted to the defence of Papal supremacy, infallibility, and the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. The introduction of this apologetic renders the book rather too heterogeneous in character to satisfy the standard set for scholarship to-day. The author, however, was preoccupied much less about the achievement of academic approbation, than he was to furnish an effective antidote to local error.

THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY.
By Benson.

Father Benson's latest historical novel† completes a trilogy which covers the whole story of the Reformation movement in England, except the brief but important reign of Edward VI. The pres-

* *The Early Scottish Church: Its Doctrine and Discipline.* By Dom Columba Edmonds. Edinburg: Sands & Co.

† *The Queen's Tragedy.* By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder.

ent volume takes up the reign of Mary, and here, more than in either of its predecessors, the sovereign occupies the stage. Her marriage with Philip, her expectation of an heir, her disappointment in that hope, the faithlessness of her husband, the cold-blooded calculation and teaching of the great mass of her courtiers, Mary's steadfast zeal for her religion, her failure to enlist either love or sympathy, except from a very few—these are the chief ingredients with which Father Benson has composed a novel which, though it is a creditable piece of work, is scarcely on a level with either *By What Authority*, or *The King's Achievement*. The author has certainly succeeded in portraying Mary's character in vivid colors; and he makes plain how greatly the temperamental differences between the two sisters contributed to turn the tide in favor of Protestantism by rendering the one an idol and the other an object of suspicion for the nation. "Elizabeth, flushed with youth, narrow-eyed, supple, indomitable; Mary, withered, peevish, pathetically dignified, heart-broken. Each invited allegiance. The one with years and honors before her, with rewards in her hand, the hope of a restless people fixed on her, and who placed their hearts and bodies at her service, with a religion that made little claim on faith or life, and a policy that flattered an island's pride. And the other, sinking down into the grave, hated by those who knew her, and distrusted by those who did not, powerless to help or to reward, except with thanks, and sparing of those, with a faith so keen that it could not abide unfaith, and a plan of rule that would make England one with the nations instead of setting her aloof in a fierce and capable insularity." For picturesque writing the description of the burning of Ridley and Latimer will compare with the story of the Tyburn executions in Father Benson's earlier story.

DIVINE AUTHORITY. By Schofield.

In *Divine Authority** a convert from Anglicanism states again the case for the Catholic Church, and exposes the baseless character of the Anglican claim to Apostolicity: There has been a Divine Revelation; Revelation implies a permanent living authority to

**Divine Authority*. By J. F. Schofield, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Late Rector of St. Michael's, Edinburg. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

guard, interpret, and teach it; Such an authority was instituted by Christ, *viz.*, the Catholic Church. The pretensions of Anglicanism are shattered by the fact that it can establish no historical continuity, it has no consistent tradition, and at present its living voice is not one, but a Babel. The writer merely indicates the Scriptural and Patristic proofs for authority. He dwells more fully on the constitution and practical efficiency of the Church as at once the manifestation of authority in its actuality, and, consequently, the demonstration of its legitimate descent from Christ. Though, of course, there is nothing novel to be said on the topic, and the ground has been covered by many others, this little volume has a merit of its own chiefly on account of its conciseness and the forcible fashion in which it brings out the confusion that reigns in Anglicanism.

APOLOGETIC ESSAYS.
By Fr. Fei, O.P.

In a pamphlet of one hundred and ten pages * P. Fei, O.P., of the University of Fribourg, gives us three studies entitled: "De Evangeliorum Inspiratione"; "De Dogmatis Evolutione"; "De Arcani Disciplina." These subjects are too vast for pamphlet treatment in our judgment, and while Père Fei has set them forth in interesting fashion, he has hardly thrown any new light upon them. After a rapid sketch of recent Catholic theories concerning inspiration, Père Fei declares that he has no desire to be caught up by novelties, and affirms his adhesion to St. Thomas' notion of inspiration. Unintentionally he thereby recalls to our mind the historical fact that when St. Thomas first began to renovate philosophy and theology many of his brethern, not less zealous than himself for the purity of doctrine, reprobated him as a pernicious novelty-monger. Père Fei's adhesion to St. Thomas manifests an excellent spirit, and his statement of principles is irreproachable. But it is the statement of a theologian looking only to great general principles, rather than of a critic who perceives great difficulties in the application of principles, and finds that he is compelled to acknowledge the existence of exceptions. Until a theologian has gone painstakingly over the ground of biblical studies, he

* *De Evangeliorum Inspiratione, Etc.* Auctore P. R. M. Fei, O.P. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

is not in a position to declare in what inspiration consists; the Church has not yet done so.

The chapter on dogmatic evolution is a brief presentation of the position that development simply means making explicit what was before implicit. In the final chapter, on the "Disciplina Arcani," the author seems to favor Battifol's view that, for two hundred years at least, there was no such thing as a discipline of the secret in the Christian Church. This opinion has our cordial approval. Few lost causes of historical study seem more completely lost than the attempt to assign to the discipline of the secret either a universal application or an apostolic antiquity.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
By Wyatt-Davies.

As a text-book for secondary schools this history* is worthy of the highest commendation. The author follows the chronological order, and presents an epitome in which events and changes are related with due regard to the relative importance and the significance of each. The pupil is not merely taught a string of facts and names. He is assisted to an understanding of what history means. Affairs involving questions of religion are interpreted from the Catholic point of view without any lapses into blind partisanship. At the beginning of each chapter the chief persons and dates are given in heavier type; and every paragraph has its contents similarly indicated on the margin. A large number of well chosen illustrations will help to stimulate the interest of the young student; while a dozen maps will aid him to get a good grip on the facts. Any boy or girl who masters this text-book fairly well will have acquired a respectable acquaintance with the outlines of English history; and, though our educators seem too often to forget it, such a knowledge is indispensable to any intelligent study of either American history or English literature.

* *An Elementary History of England.* By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A. (Cantab.) With illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (15 Sept.): A commentary on the last historical work of Father Heinrich Denifle, O.P., "Luther und Lutherum in der ersten Entwickelung." It is hardly to be expected that Protestant critics will ever accept Fr. Denifle's estimate of Luther; and in fact the writer himself is not disposed to adopt the work without considerable qualifications. However, the book may help to bring about a more rational method of dealing with mediæval theology.——A leader compares the letters of Renan and Lacordaire, written in the months preceding their definite action regarding the priesthood. The chief difference is shown to be that, while the latter was essentially a crusader, the former was always the savant. The care of Lacordaire was feeding the soul of others, of Renan feeding the intellect of himself.

(22 Sept.): An attempt was made recently to reopen the vexed question of the Polish Catholics in the United States. It was reported that Mgr. Weber, Titular Bishop of Darni, had been appointed itinerant Bishop of all the Poles in America. There is no intention in Rome of making such an appointment. The excitement of two years ago has calmed down and time is settling the question in the proper way. The rising generation of Poles is learning English rapidly, and the vast majority is showing a laudable desire to fall in with the ways and ideals of their fellow-Catholics in America.

(29 Sept.): The Newman Memorial Church at Birmingham was solemnly opened on October 9—an event of great interest to all English-speaking Catholics.——A full account of the Catholic Conference at Brighton is given in this number, also the full text of the opening address by the Archbishop of Westminster on the Church in France, and of papers read by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., on Agnosticism, by the Rev. Hugh Benson on Christian Science, and by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet on the Christian Family Life in Pre-Reformation Days. Abbot Gasquet's paper is reproduced in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.——Cardinal Newman, speaking of Father Faber's "Eternal Years," said: "Many people

speak well of my 'Lead Kindly Light.' But this is far more beautiful. Mine is of a soul in darkness—this is of the Eternal Light."

The National Review. (Oct.): "Episodes of the Month" concerns itself with German attacks on the *entente* between England and France; disarmament; and the "Roman Catholic Crisis."——A. V. Dicey, K. C, writes "A Protest Against Privilege," the aim of which is to show that the Trade Disputes Bill ought not to be made a law, first, because it would make trade unions a privileged class; and secondly, because it would lead to grave practical evil.——"King Leopold and the Congo at the Bar of Belgian Public Opinion," by Scrutator, is a review of the widely discussed conditions in the Congo.——"Blind Leaders of the Blind" is a protest against disarmaments. ——W. H. D. Rouse endeavors to show that free scholarships have ceased to fulfil their aim, and points out other means of securing education for deserving but needy persons.——The author of *The Garden that I Love*, contributes some "missing" chapters of that work.——In "Modern English Spelling" Professor Skeat calls attention to the lack of knowledge on the part of writers concerning the true history and meaning of the spellings which we use. He remarks that the writers, who have recently expressed unfavorable opinions on the spelling question, consider only the appearance of a new spelling, and fail to examine, conscientiously, the question on its merits. He maintains that the written word is not a perfect representation of the language itself, but that the spoken word alone is really the true standard, and that the history of our language should be studied from a phonetic standpoint.——A very interesting paper is contributed by "Our Special Commissioner" on "Russia From Within."——And Sir Joseph Lawrence writes on "British Patent Laws and Industrial Employment."

Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): A complimentary review of Mr. Dudden's *Gregory the Great* is given in this number. The reviewer touches chiefly on these points: (1) The age in which Gregory lived; (2) His life as typical of that age. In maintaining that the great Pope was essentially a man of his time there is afforded some ex-

cuse for the letter written to Phocas. The times were incredibly cruel. Gregory, therefore, acted as seventh century conditions permitted. The conclusion of the reviewer is that Gregory's greatness "rests more securely upon his character as a man of action than as a speculative thinker and theological writer."——J. P. Arthur has recently put into English dress two little books of Thomas à Kempis. The subject-matter of these volumes is mainly historical, giving an account of Gerard Groot, his disciples and his monasteries. A deep vein of devotion runs through both works; making them of permanent value for souls both within and without the Church.——"The Order of St. Benedict has always been noted as a home and nursery of learning. All students of ecclesiastical antiquities are in its debt." These words begin an article dealing with the recent work of Dom Ferotin on the liturgy of the early Spanish Church. The learned Benedictine has given us a keenly critical study of the Mozarabic rite. Parts of it are shown to date from as early as the fifth century; and other parts to have arisen in the sixth and seventh. The reviewer expresses the hope that other "voyages liturgiques" of this learned Benedictine may lead to a collation of many MSS. of the Masses and choir services of the rite, on which may be founded a critical edition of the Missal and choir offices.

The Crucible (20 Sept.): Hoping to stimulate organized effort in Catholic Social Work, the Editor makes proposals for a league of Catholic women workers. The editor insists upon the need of combined endeavor. Illustrative of the advantages of organized social work, the writer outlines the progress made by Catholic women's associations in Germany.——F. F. Urquhart, discussing "Catholics and History," examines how far attachment to certain theological dogmas need interfere with our judgment of the past. In many Catholic books there is a good deal of historical partiality, which has no connection with any dogmatic teaching, and which can and should be avoided. To view the history of the Church in a favorable light, and to minimize the faults of her pastors, is natural in Catholics, but it is not always

quite honest. When history and dogma come into contact, it would seem that an absolutely open mind is an impossibility for a Catholic. His religion may occasionally conflict with his historical criticism. This disability affects every man who has any principle in life, any dogma, any firm ground from which to view the chaos of shifting opinion. Caution must be exercised in bringing deductions from theology into the historic sphere. The historian may neglect theological opinions, but when he comes into conflict with positive revealed doctrine, let him recognize his master.

Le Correspondant (10 Sept.): "Agriculture and Agriculturists in the Centre of France" is a title sufficiently suggesting the contents of the article that follows. Since 1892 the agricultural industries of France have gone forward in leaps and bounds. Bright as are the prospects for wealth in these walks, the younger generation is flocking to industrial and commercial centres. What remedy can be applied to cure this evil? The writer suggests the organization of musical societies, of gymnasium clubs, etc., and always the holding of *fêtes*. Most important of all, societies ought to be formed which would insure the farmer against fire and accidents, etc.——Dr. Charpentier contributes an article on "Drinking Water," how it should be procured, and what constitutes ideal sources, etc. Filtered water alone should be used; if that cannot be obtained, then the water ought to be boiled.

(25 Sept.): The certitude of scientific laws is discussed in an article entitled "The Laws of Science." What weight have scientific formulæ? What amount of authority do they possess? The conclusion reached is this: that in all physical sciences, mathematical physics not excepted, there is not a single law that presents the character of certitude.——De Lamzac de Laborie contributes "Some Aspects of Social Life in Paris under Napoleon."——Auguste Boucher, in his "Political Chronicle," reviews the latest phases of the Church's troubles in France. It was decided at a meeting of the hierarchy, held early in September, not to form any associations of worship. For some days after this the French Cabinet deliberated on this decision. What course they determined to pur-

sue is not known, but M. Clemenceau and M. Briand sometime afterwards declared, before a party of newspaper men, that the Law would be carried out according to the letter and spirit.

Études (20 Sept.): The Church of France is going to be saved, and we will owe it to our great Pope, were the words uttered in the first assembly of the Bishops of that country. In a letter to the Sovereign Pontiff, the French episcopate share in his sentiments by protesting against the sacrilegious usurpation of ecclesiastical goods, churches, etc. His Holiness, in his reply, marks out the line of conduct for them to pursue; he tells them that their struggle must be one not of sedition and of violence, but of perseverance and of energy.——Paul Bliard writes on "Episodes of Terror."

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (July–Aug.): J. P. Quentel writes of the mysteries of Eleusis, showing the agricultural origin of these rites in honor of the earth mother. On their religious side these mysteries represent the effort of the soul to reach union with the divine. By means of frenzied enthusiasm, hierophantic drama, and carefully graded stages of initiation, these old Greeks endeavored to solve the soul's perpetual problem, redemption from human limitation, and oneness with God——Antoine Dupin continues his studies in the Trinity doctrine of the first three centuries. He traces the Logos idea to Philo, and shows how gropingly and painfully Christian theology fought its way to the conception of a three-fold divine hypostasis.——Auguste Diès contributes his third article on the Evolution of the God doctrine in Greek Philosophy.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Sept.): M. Boudinhon, reviewing Canon Chevalier's monumental book on the *Holy House of Loretto*, says that this work makes it practically impossible to hold any longer to the legend of the miraculous translation. M. Chevalier shows exhaustively that absolutely nothing was known of the legend for two hundred years after the supposed miracle had taken place; that the people in Palestine and Nazareth did not dream of the marvel until the story was imported from the West; and that the Popes and Congregations that first dealt with the Holy House showed considera-

ble scepticism with regard to it —— M. Urbain concludes his remarkable and astonishing study of Bossuet's friendship of forty years with Mlle. Mauléon.——P. Gaucher continues his effort to prove that we may have moral certitude that we are in a state of grace.

(1 Oct.): M. Dubois writes in justification of the theological teaching on the pains of hell.——M. Boudinhon reviews the various attempts that have been made for the reform of the breviary.

La Quinzaine (16 Sept.): Though England and Russia are apparently friendly, both seem to be preparing for trouble which is certainly brewing in Central Asia. In view of this Robert Bailly acquaints us with the present conditions and resources of these two Powers in that section. ——The co-ordination of authority and liberty is always attended with difficulties. Yet this is the task that V. Ermoni undertakes on a psychological basis. In his article he dwells, by comparison, on the respective merits and characteristics of conscience and religion. The analysis of the duties of conscience should produce the rights of authority and the supreme inspirations of religion. Just as conscience is the supreme ruler and judge in the activities of the human soul, so it is right to presume that it will not abdicate this *rôle* in the religious and moral life, and as such it is the authority which has the last word. Thus does authority rest on a firm foundation, affording due respect to the dignity of man.

(1 Oct.): A sketch of G. Ferrero, "the new historian of Rome," opens this number.——The editors of the works of Lacordaire overlooked some conferences given at Toulouse. Joseph Bézy has collected these and publishes them in this number.——Among the devoted followers and close friends of Lamennais, writes C. Latreille, was Mme. Yemeniz. She it was who remained firm in her devotion to him, never despairing of his return to the Church. Her attempts at bringing about reconciliation were futile, as we all know, but her persevering friendship is a title of highest glory for Lamennais. "If I have remained devoted to that friend," she wrote, "unfriendly to my religion, it is because I have never despaired of his heart. He is so noble, so good,

and has accomplished so much. God will take this into account and will accept it in compensation for the evil which he had wished to do."——G. Olphe-Galliard discusses the question of retired workmen in the United States.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): Abbé Dimnet has an analytical study of Fr. Tyrrell's *Lex Orandi;* and takes occasion to pay a tribute to the conductors of the *Month* for having had the courage to express high approbation of this work.——Professor Leclère completes his plan of apologetics, which gives a large place to the principle of immanence.——M. Giraud, writing on the modernity of Pascal, which he considers the secret of Pascal's undying popularity, shows that in him many a great thought or theory of recent days is anticipated.——M. S. Muller commences a sketch of the intellectual physiognomy of the late Professor Schell, of the University of Wurtzburg.——The study of the psychology of mysticism, begun in the August number, is continued; the author treats here of the first steps in the transition from the sensible and intellectual order of cognition to the mystical.——The editor contributes an able review of M. Rivaud's recent philosophic work, *Le Pròbleme du Devenir.*

Civiltà Cattolica (6 Oct.): An article discusses attempts made to interpret away the meaning or to lessen the authority of the Papal Encyclical to the Bishops of Italy (28 July, 1906).——P. Grisar continues his studies on the reliquaries in the Sancta Sanctorum, and the traditions gathered about them.——A review of Dom Leclercq's *Christian Spain* draws attention to some shortcomings.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Sept): V. Marchese writes on the parish as a Christian social centre.——E. de Gaetani writes on the Royal Navy.——F. Pagani discusses Wagner.——E. S. Kingswan comments on foreign books and reviews.

Razón y Fe (Sept.): L. Murillo shows the opposition between the anti-clerical democracy and the hierarchical constitution of the Church.——V. Mintegniaga denounces the new regulation about civil marriages as illegal and unjust.——L. Sanvicente describes a miracle which took

place in Quito (Ecuador), on the 20th of April, when, it is reported, an image of our Lady of Sorrows was seen to open and shut its eyes.

Hibbert Journal (Oct.): The Editor, writing on Church and World, says that the distinction between these two terms has taken the place of the old distinction between Christian and non-Christian. Changed ethical conditions are pressing with irresistible force upon the form of religious belief and demanding from theology a recognition which they have not yet received.——Sir Oliver Lodge makes a plea for the broadening out of the domain of the National Church "until it includes all aspiring workers who are casting out devils in the one Name."——William Tully Seeger writes on the Hindu God idea, as just what the Occident needs to appropriate, if it is to see through life's falsities and lay hold of its spiritual realities.——John Masson writes of an episode in the conflict between theology and early science, Pierre Gassendi's opposition to Scholastic Philosophy. A decree of the Parliament of Paris in 1624 proclaimed that on pain of death no one should either hold or teach any doctrine opposed to Aristotle. In 1678 the Oratorians, in union with the Jesuits, issued a proclamation forbidding lecturers on physics in colleges to depart from the physics or principles of physics of Aristotle.——J. Arthur Hill affirms that one result of the recent development of science is that belief in historical religions is diminishing. Christianity as a religion relying on the record of events of twenty centuries ago has become an impossible religion for the scientific man of to-day. A new basis of religion has been discovered by the Psychical Research workers; and their arguments make religion again a possibility for a critical and scientific mind.——Father Gerard publishes a dialogue on Eternal Punishment in which he enlightens his readers as to the fact that all the Catholic Church teaches as *de fide* on the subject of hell is that there is eternal punishment in store for the wicked; and he goes on to show that at the very worst the Catholic teaching cannot be proved to be irrational; and further, that there is a great deal said by reason in its favor.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN spite of the present remarkable revival of scholarly interest in the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi—or, perhaps, rather on account of it—it is to be feared that the true teaching of the Seraphic Patriarch may be obscured or even lost sight of. Indeed, there is a marked tendency in many of the works on St. Francis, issued of late years under non-Catholic auspices, to ignore altogether the very side of St. Francis' teaching which is the explanation of all the rest—the supernatural side. Moreover, in their anxiety to prove that St. Francis "belongs to humanity, and not to the Church," these extern critics have sought to give to the views of the "Umbrian prophet" a color of "undenominationalism," and to represent the drift of his teaching as one in which the value of orthodoxy was discounted to make room for a fuller presentation of the "gospel of humanitarianism." There are even some writers who have set out to show that St. Francis was not a Catholic at all, but at most only a "spirit and truth" Christian, impatient of exterior rites and hostile to hierarchical principles; a poetic Pantheist, governed not by religious opinions, but solely by sentiment; an independent reformer who preached a personal imitation of Christ strange to all dogmatics, and practiced a popular religion having its roots in a purely subjective affection.

This counterfeit presentment of St. Francis, which has become current in our day through the writings of M. Paul Sabatier and his school, meets its best refutation in the writings of St. Francis himself and of those who walked with him in the days of his flesh. It is to these sources we must go for the true interpretation of St. Francis' teachings, and not to the dainty duodecimos issued by the energetic workers of the International Society of Franciscan Studies. One searches in vain among the ancient documents for a shred of evidence to show that St. Francis was in any sense the precursor of religious subjectivism, much less a harbinger of the "Reformation." Even the most casual study of the saint's writings, and of the oldest Franciscan "Legends," as the early biographies were called, leads inevitably to the conclusion (1) that St. Francis was ever a Catholic in mind and heart, and this, moreover, at a time when the name "Catholic" had a clear incommunicable signification and an exclusive application; (2) that his teaching had nothing in common with the unformulated variable "philosophy" of refined rationalism, but was based on the well-defined *Credo* of the Roman Church; and (3) that his work from first to last was conceived and carried out in a spirit of devoted obedience to the Holy See. So true is this that any attempt to call the orthodoxy of St. Francis into question is to lay violent hands on history and to abandon common sense.

Happily for those who are interested in the study of the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi there are few saints so far removed from our time of whom so much first-hand information has been preserved. The principal

works dealing with early Franciscan history are available in such collections as the *Analecta Franciscana*, the *Bibliotheca Franciscana Medii Aevi*, etc. There are English translations of many of them. An English version of the *Works of St. Francis of Assisi*, translated by a Religious of the Order, was published by Washbourne, London, in 1890. This excellent volume, being primarily intended for devotional uses, is compiled with small regard to critical principles, and so includes not a little that is obviously not the handiwork of St. Francis. A critical English edition of the genuine writings of the saint, newly translated from the original Latin, has been published by the Dolphin Press.

The following bibliography has the approval of the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., now assigned to the Franciscan Convent at Brookland, D. C.

Among the "Legends" or Lives of St. Francis, that compiled by St. Bonaventure, in 1261, holds the first place. It has been translated into English by Miss Lockhart, with a preface by Cardinal Manning (Washbourne, London, 1898).

There is still need of a good biography of St. Francis in English from an able Catholic pen. The following Lives may, however, be consulted with advantage:

History of St. Francis. By Abbé Le Moner. Translated by a Franciscan Tertiary, with a preface by Cardinal Vaughan (Kegan Paul, London).

Life of St. Francis. By Father Leopold de Cherancé, O.S.F.C. English translation by R. F. O'Connor (Benziger Brothers, New York, 1901).

Life of St. Francis. By Father Candide Challippe, O.F.M. (Sadlier, New York, 1877).

St. Francis and the Franciscans. Edited by Father Pamphilo da Maghano, O.F.M. (O'Shea, New York, 1867)

A Sketch of the Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Amelia L. Cotton (Washbourne, London).

A short English Life by Father Jarlath Prendergast, O.F.M., based on St. Bonaventure's "Legend," is published by the London Catholic Truth Society.

The Golden Sayings of Blessed Brother Giles. Newly translated into English (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia).

Other works in English of special interest to students of Franciscan history are:

The Mirror of Perfection. An early record of St. Francis erroneously attributed to his confessor, Brother Leo, which has been translated by Constance Countess de la Warr (Burns & Oates, London, 1902).

As regards the other translations of the Franciscan classics, issued by Messrs. Dent, these volumes, spite of their attractive form and the cheap price at which they are sold, are considerably marred by misleading and erroneous notes. For a searching criticism of these works see the articles published about them in the London *Saturday Review*, for November 29, 1902; January 31, 1903; February 7, 1903; June 18, 1904; and September 10, 1904. It may be added by way of precaution that M. Sabatier's *Life* of St. Francis, of which the English translation is issued by Messrs. Scribner,

has been placed on the Index of Prohibited Books by the Sacred Congregation.

Reference may also be had to *The Inner Life of St. Francis*, by Father Stanislaus, O.S.F.C. (London Catholic Truth Society, 1900); to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1906, which contains articles by Montgomery Carmichael, Rev. Paschal Robinson, Father Cuthbert, and others; THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September, 1906, which contains a special article on "Non-Catholic Work in Franciscan Studies"; and to *The Real St. Francis*, published by the *Messenger*, New York, 1904. See also "The Writings of St. Francis," in the *Month*, London, for February, 1904; "Franciscan Studies," in the London *Tablet*, January 24, 1903; and "St. Francis of Assisi," in the New York *Times*, April 18, 1903.

Blessed Giles, or Ægidius, was, as is well known, the foremost among the first companions of the Poor Man of Assisi, whom he survived more than thirty-five years. After the death of the Seraphic Father, men of every state came from all sides to interrogate his disciple and hear from Giles' lips the "words of life." The answers and advice these visitors received were talked over and committed to writing, and thus was formed, in course of time, a collection of the *Golden Sayings of Blessed Giles*, which have given their author a renown reaching far beyond the Umbrian hills.

The *Golden Sayings* are brief, practical, and popular counsels on Christian perfection, full of force and unction, and often bearing a striking likeness to the *Imitation of Christ*. Saturated with mysticism, yet exquisitely human, and possessing a picturesque vein of originality, they have a special value, not only for their own sake, but also because they reflect so faithfully the early Franciscan spirit and teaching which Giles (though he probably never wrote anything) became a potent means of propagating and perpetuating.

The first attempt at a critical Latin edition of the *Golden Sayings* was made last year, when the famous *Patres Editores*, of St. Bonaventure's Franciscan College, at Quaracchi (near Florence), issued the *Dicta B. Ægidii Assisiensis* as the third volume of their *Bibliotheca Franciscana Ascetica Medii Aevi*.

It is from this edition that Father Paschal Robinson has translated the present work, which is the first complete English translation of Blessed Giles' *Sayings* given to the public.

Father Paschal's volume is the only authorized English version of the Quaracchi text. But it is much more than a mere translation. It is enriched by a valuable biographical sketch of Blessed Giles—whose life so far has never been treated in English, except in a fragmentary and dependent form—and by a literary Introduction dealing with the origin, collection, history, and characteristics of the *Sayings*.

The *Dicta* themselves are comprised in twenty-six Chapters and two Appendices. Among the subjects of which they treat are: Faith; the Fear of God; Sloth; Patience; Prudence; Unprofitable Science; Temptations; Unworldliness; besides various notable questions discussed by Blessed Giles.

* * *

Though *Cecilia of the Court*, by Miss Isabella Hess, is about a colony of

little Sweeneys, Flynns, Dalys, and McGuires, and one red-headed little musician in particular, very boastful of her saint's name, it is not the children but the grown-ups who derive most pleasure from reading it. It is a pathetically beautiful story of one of the tenement districts of New York, told, if not with the true Dickens' touch, certainly with all his sympathy for the poor, half-frozen, half-starved little waifs; told directly, simply, in a way to grip the heartstrings, and to make the tears come in spite of oneself. Though it is a slum story, and all the misery, all the poverty, the seeming hopelessness of life under such conditions, are convincingly put before us, to the author's credit be it said, she has made it a clean one. It seems as if drunkenness were the most deplorable evil she could point out in an Irish slum. Another thing to be noticed is the absence of the priest in the houses of trouble, at the bedsides of the sick and the dying; we all know that in any poor district, in an Irish one particularly, he is the first one to be sent for—always to be relied upon for help and comfort. Miss Hess, though she does not possess an Irish name, certainly knows the Irish character. In her book she gives the natural little touches of Irish humor, the sharp, jealous speeches of the women, which suggest the idea of noses being elevated much higher than nature originally intended, and the warm-hearted Irish generosity, bringing painfully home to us the truth of the old Cockney's saying: "Lor, Sir, it's always the poor what helps the poor." These people of Miss Hess had only half a crust to give, yet they gave that same willingly, cheerfully, with a "Sure what would I be doing with it? Sure take it, I'll never be wanting it, at all, at all."

The characters are all well and truthfully drawn, the making of two in particular seems to have been, with the author, a labor of love. The fiery-headed, fiery-tempered little Cecilia, and her guide, philosopher, and friend, James Belway, are certainly worth knowing. Quiet, gentle, proud old Jim, whose eyes were young and whose heart was a flower garden in spite of the surrounding wilderness. Jim, who loved the children of Flanery Court, loved to gather them in his little box of a shop, for be it known he was shoemender to the little Court, where dimes and dinners were equally scarce, and his fire was the only bit of cheer in the whole place, to which they were welcome. Jim, who went without enough to eat that he might hoard up apples and candy just for the pleasure of seeing the brightening eyes in the child-faces, and the eager, clutching baby-fingers. Jim, who played the flute for them and told them stories, the right kind of stories, too. Jim who, as the doctor said, had led "the clean life you can't buy; and a clean life in that God-forsaken Court is a finer achievement than anywhere else." Cecilia's character is just as beautiful as Jim's. She wanted to be good, so good, but how could she in Flanery Court, with no father, a drunken mother, and not enough to eat; and above all, not to have enough for "Puddin" (her little brother), whose love for her was the one bright spot in her life? Jim had been through it all; she had still to face the struggle; no wonder it seemed worse than hopeless to her young eyes. Jim took hold of the poor starved little body, helping the starved little soul, teaching her lessons of charity towards, and patience with, all men. Then her prayers became that God would let her grow up a woman to take care of "Puddin," only not a woman

like *her*, Lord—meaning her mother; and that he never let "Puddin" know his father died in the Penitentiary.

We cannot close the book with the thought that these are exaggerated cases; we know they are not. The fact that this story ends in general joy and thanksgiving makes the heartache all the greater, for we know, too, that the lives of these people is one long struggle with the Giant Despair, and seldom, if ever, do they receive the reward of virtue this side of the City that lies over the Hill. The book is productive of sadness of a healthy kind; makes one long to be up and doing for the poor we have at our doors. The story, too, is better, in a negative way, than a whole series of sermons on contentment; the sense of contrast rendering the daily prayer: "For what we have, O Lord, we are truly thankful," more real and earnest.—*E. M. M., of the D'Youville Reading Circle, Ottawa, Canada.*

* * *

Few men of our day comprehend the commanding intellectual position held by Pope during the latter period of his life, and for a long period after his death. There has never been anything approaching it in the history of our own literature or of any literature. In the opinion of vast numbers he was not merely the greatest English poet of his time, but the greatest English poet of all time; not merely the greatest of English poets, but the greatest of all poets that ever existed. Even those who took the lowest estimate of his character—and of such there was no small number—entertained the highest admiration for his genius. They expressed themselves with an extravagance of praise which astounds the modern reader, too apt to go to the other extreme of unwarranted depreciation. They did not content themselves with according him mere greatness; to him belonged perfect greatness. It was assumed by his friends as a matter of course; it was conceded by the indifferent and even by those personally hostile. As one illustration out of many, a poem appeared in 1733, entitled "An Epistle to the Little Satyrist of Twickenham." It was full of the severest reflections upon Pope's character. It spoke of him as an object of universal scorn. It charged him with being under the influence of ill-nature, spleen, envy, malice, and avarice. Yet it admitted that not only in early youth did he surpass others, but that his powers had increased with advancing years,

> Till to perfection you at last arriv'd,
> Which none have e'er excell'd that ever liv'd.

This was no sentiment of a solitary individual. It was a widespread feeling at the time; and it did not die out suddenly. If anything, the belief increased in strength after Pope's death. We can get some idea of its force by the few verses summing up his character, which were immediately produced by the man against whom, for a quarter of a century, the poet had been directing the shafts of his satire. The year before Pope died Colley Cibber had been substituted in place of Theobald as the hero of "The Dunciad." He had every reason to feel and express the bitterest resentment against the author of the satire, so far as a nature almost absolutely free from

rancor could entertain such a sentiment.—*T. R. Lounsbury, in Scribner's Magazine.*

* * *

Nothing would have amazed Mr. Lincoln more than to hear himself called a man of letters; and yet it would be hard to find in all literature anything to excel the brevity and beauty of his address at Gettysburg, or the lofty grandeur of this second inaugural. In Europe his style has been called a model for the study and imitation of princes, while in our own country many of his phrases have already passed into the daily speech of mankind.

His gift of putting things simply and clearly was partly the habit of his own clear mind, and partly the result of the training he gave himself in days of boyish poverty, when paper and ink were luxuries almost beyond his reach, and the words he wished to set down must be the best words, and the clearest and shortest, to express the ideas he had in view. This training of thought before expression, of knowing exactly what he wished to say before saying it, stood him in good stead all his life; but only the mind of a great man, with a lofty soul and a poet's vision, one who had suffered deeply and felt keenly, who carried the burden of a nation on his heart, whose sympathies were as broad and whose kindness was as great as his moral purpose was strong and firm, could have written the deep, forceful, convincing words that fell from his pen in the later years of his life. It was the life he lived, the noble aim that upheld him, as well as the genius with which he was born, that made him one of the greatest writers of our time.—*Helen Nicolay, in St. Nicholas.*

M. C. M.

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THE

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THE SACRAMENT OF DUTY.

BY JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

Do willingly what lies in thee,
According to the best of thy ability and understanding.—*À Kempis.*

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! . . . I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour.—*Wordsworth.*

The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men, . . .
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.—*Lowell.*

ORIGINALLY, in the forms of Roman Law, the word "Sacrament" denoted the pledge which the losing party to a suit had to devote to religious purposes; later, it was used to signify the oath which bound the legionary to his standard; and then, in Christian times, it came to mean the solemn rites and mysteries of the New Dispensation. To the influence of scholastic theology may be traced a further and, at first sight, arbitrary narrowing of the term; for modern Catholic usage restricts the application of it to those institutions by means of which the Church conveys to the believer the seven great and peculiar graces which Christ entrusted to her keeping. These, however, really form a class apart; and with good reason have they, as the noblest and most efficacious of external rites, appropriated to themselves a name which etymology and the older

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custom would extend to all such things as symbolize and impart the blessing of God to the soul of man. Yet a relic of the more generous usage is still discoverable in the title applied to "Sacramentals"—a great group of objects and actions recognized by the Church as beneficent to believers who use them reverently. It is with an eye to the older and less definite sense of the term, that we venture to speak of duty as a sacrament.

By "duty" is here meant all that conscience commands—the whole content of the moral imperative pronounced in the soul of any human being. Man may differ from man in his notion of what he is bound to do or to endure; and, in fact, every conscience must include some matters which are personal and distinctive, some obligations arising out of the particular circumstances in which the individual lot is cast. But to all the inner voice speaks with the same imperiousness; each one must do its bidding or suffer its condemnation. At present, let us be reminded that this imperiousness is an echo of the supreme authority of God; and that his sanction is placed upon whatever conscience may dictate.

Persons speak sometimes—especially, it may be, in these latter days—as if duty were separable from God; as if the significance and the authority of conscience could be discovered within the limits of the visible human order; as if no necessary relation existed between the admonitions of the inner voice and an eternal law transcending time and space; in a word, as if one might do all one's duty without ever taking account of the Creator. This is denying what we here affirm—the sacramental character of duty.

Duty is a sacrament, because it is an expression of the will of God and a means of entering into communion with him. Under a visible shell and envelope, it bears a holy significance and secret power; it is a channel of heavenly grace; it is the meeting-place and marriage-chamber of the human will and the divine. Not because it is in harmony with man's nature, not because it ensures comfort or progress or culture or physical salvation to the race: for none of these reasons, does the bidding of conscience attain its supreme and sacrosanct dignity, but rather because it is the medium of God's message to man and of man's response to God.

Not only is the foregoing interpretation of duty true; it is

also effective in the order of practical conduct, as no other interpretation has ever been. The moral systems which eliminate God make fair promises; but in actual accomplishment they have never surpassed, never even equalled, Christianity. In the face of history, to predict that the world will grow better when once it has succeeded in emancipating itself from the old idea of an overruling God is, to say the least, rash. All that has been done up to the present—be it little, or be it great—has been done by, or with the help of, Christianity; whereas the great achievements of independent morality exist only in promise—and a promise which is without either bond or guarantee.

Although the conception of duty as independent of God might, with reason, be called an irreligious conception, it unfortunately receives some encouragement from persons who are popularly understood to be religious. At times they set the claims of religion over against the claims of duty, as if the former were clothed with a higher dignity and under the shadow of a diviner sanction. This results in lowering religion in the opinion of men who refuse to believe that the good-pleasure of God can be divorced from the fulfilment of human obligations, or that life has an interest distinct from the perfecting of human souls. To them religion, when contrasted with ethics, wears an inhuman, if not an unholy, aspect; and they discuss the possibility of substituting a more practical system for the doctrines of Christianity. A strong attack upon the Church is made in the name of the apparently neglected moral interest; the argument is advanced that Christians prefer orthodoxy to virtue. Rationalists point out that religious "practice" and moral achievement are not found in direct proportion, either among individuals or among communities; that "piety" and indifference to natural virtues may possibly go hand in hand.

Any such divorcing of religion and natural obligations—in so far as it does actually exist—is traceable to the failure to appreciate duty as a sacrament. That which we face in the concrete, that which we touch and see and deliberate about—the action, or submission, or course of conduct, prescribed by the inner voice—should be to every Christian the shell and envelope of the divine will. It is not an ultimate, but a medium; it finds its significance, as it finds its sufficient sanction, in its power to affect the relation of the soul to God. Like every sacrament, duty presents most prominently an out-

ward and visible element; and by the superficial observer this alone may be noticed. But, like every sacrament, it has a more precious element hidden within; and to train the spirit in the discernment and use of this inward, divine element, is surely one of the highest functions of religion. In the discharge of this function the Christian Church must retain a certain pre-eminence or be without a sufficient reason for existing. The true Christian is bound to be more, not less, dutiful than other men. It would be a fatal concession to admit that outside the fold a higher standard or a more exact observance of natural virtue generally obtains. Grace lends itself to nature for the perfecting of natural powers; and the system of Christian sacraments is arranged with a view to the sharpening and the strengthening of every moral faculty native to the soul of man. That any other conception of the relation between the supernatural and the natural should prevail, would be a great misfortune.

It would be equally unfortunate if Christians were to offend primary ethical instincts by investing the external requirements of religion with such dignity as to overshadow and obscure the inner divine realities; were they to exalt the positive precepts above the indispensable dictates of the natural law; were they to magnify the need of explicitly knowing the full truth, and, by contrast, to minimize the need of doing the full right. Now, although these distortions of Christian teaching are not openly proclaimed, nor even perhaps consciously implied, they are suggested to the mind of the critical observer who observes us putting charity below conformity and expediency above the truth; who sees church-goers attending service from motives of vanity, curiosity, or fear, worshippers hurrying through prayers with a mechanical habit of body and an inattentive drift of mind, and communicants approaching sacraments under the pressure of human respect, national custom, or mercenary desire. To the critic it looks as if, according to Christian standards, the husk is more valued than the kernel, the mental processes made more precious than the action of the will, and the interests of the organization distinguished from the interests of God.

It is a scandal if such exaggerations ever take place; yet they will not seem so strange, if we recall that, to some extent, misunderstanding and abuse must occur with regard to

all sacramental institutions—with regard to the physical humanity in which God appeared among men, since the Magdalen's unregulated affection for it had to be checked by an admonition from Christ himself; with regard to the visible Church, whose temporal prosperity has sometimes been ranked as an object of more pressing importance than the fulfilment of Christ's own commands; with regard to the whole external system of worship, since the Most High God, in subordinating himself to human service, often encounters a vain superstition which attends less to his presence than to the worthless and senseless things created by his hands.

These instances indicate how readily man abuses the gracious dispensation by which creatures are converted into channels of the grace of God. In the measure that we grow quick to discern the divine significance of all duty, however, we shall be less likely to limit our interest to the outward aspect of any religious observance; we shall be better able to appreciate at their true value the divine elements which lie hid within.

The habit of frequenting the sacrament of duty is not only an effective way of attaining to God, but the only way. Religion is true and actual only when it avails to strengthen the soul in the performance of its duties, to urge it toward keener watchfulness and mightier effort. Divorced from duty, religion becomes the merest phantom, a sham, a worthless fiction. We speak of certain institutions of the Church as necessary, in the sense that the law of God imposes them; of others again as necessary, in the sense that no one who wilfully neglects them can ever attain to heaven. In a higher and more exclusive sense we may speak of the fulfilment of duty as a prerequisite for admission to the presence of God. Fidelity to duty without formal religion, we might conceive of; religion without duty, never. The performance of duty includes, of course, the fulfilment of supernatural, as well as of human, obligations: prayer, public worship, ecclesiastical obedience, the established means of grace, must be made use of in the measure that our light and our opportunities allow. The failure to realize these as grave obligations of the conscience makes the error of the indifferentist. But an error less worthy of being condoned is that of contemning commonplace duties, as if lack of fidelity in regard of them might be compensated for by intense application to supernatural activities. That the supernatural ele-

ments of life should loom large is right and just; but there is an essential defect in the conception which exalts them at the expense of the natural. A deep meaning underlies those old stories which come down to us from the very oldest records of organized striving after perfection, and which represent the just man as having won God's favor by relinquishing the enjoyment of special divine favors for the sake of fulfilling the commonplace duties of his daily rule.

It is a sign that we have grown in the spiritual order, when we develop a keener appreciation of the hitherto neglected opportunities of grace in our every day routine. The young enthusiasm of inexperience would drive us abroad in search of some chance tide of destiny, some sudden windfall; but as we grow in wisdom we are less attracted by the prospect of adventure, and we aim rather to reap the harvest of our fields at home. With the years that go by we meet ever new evidence that perfection lies for us in enduring the unpleasant pressure and meeting the exacting demands of our homely lot. Gradually our powers of vision are enlarged; each of us learns, as in another order humanity at large has learned, the worth of the infinitely little:

> "The old way's altered somewhat since,
> And the world wears another aspect now:
> Somebody turns our spyglass round, or else
> Puts a new lens in it: grass, worm, fly grow big:
> We find great things are made of little things,
> And little things go lessening, till at last
> Comes God behind them."*

Is it too much to say that the longer one lives and the better acquainted one becomes with the various achievements, trials, and disappointments of men and women, the more thoroughly is one convinced that by no other means than by the appreciation of duty as a sacrament can the soul attain to lasting happiness and imperturbable peace? We encounter people who are hopelessly entangled in the toils of poverty, or disgrace, or unrequited service and affection; we meet them struggling wearily along under a sense of wasted years and undeveloped opportunities; we see them tortured by fears of the

* Browning.

future, by loss of loved ones, by physical pain, by never-ending temptation; and as our experience widens and our discernment becomes more penetrating, we clearly perceive that to each one the sense of duty may be made the vehicle of eternal and divine goods, that it alone can be relied upon to save the great mass of humanity from the pitfalls of pessimism and despair. This sense will save them, because it will make clear the worth of unsuccessful striving and tell the enduring triumph which shall be the issue of every blameless defeat. Gradually it will unfold the momentous truth that ethical values are the only realities in the life of the soul, and bring home the conviction that all else is going to matter comparatively little if to its own sense of mission the conscience shall remain unshakenly loyal. Under the inspiration of such a conviction discouragement, hardness, and unfaith are obvious impossibilities. Enthusiasm, perhaps, will not be given us; money and the fruit it bears, comfort, luxury, leisure, we may never have; in no earthly shrine of fame will posterity read the names of us who are born to die obscure. But of the peace which surpasseth understanding we shall possess abundant measure; grace will be poured forth in the land where we abide; souls will conquer the temptation of selfishness by the aid of our example; and the great designs of the God who made us will be realized in our lives. Few who ponder these truths will turn aside to seek the rewards of selfishness and infidelity. For the mind which has meditated on the rewards of duty will have learned to see beauty and holiness and eternal worth in lives of patient suffering and honest toil, to rank vocations as noble in proportion to the selflessness for which they call, to discern the possibilities of divine perfection in the monotonous round of a man's daily duties, and to regard the soul's everlasting struggle with temptation as the successful building up of the true kingdom of God. To be charitable, sympathetic, helpful, forgiving towards our neighbor; to be tender and generous with wife, or husband, or sister, or brother; to be just and truthful and ungrasping in our business relations; to be conscientious in the discharge of our whole responsibility as citizens: these are the high ideals which the cultivating of a finer sense of duty will help us to make our own.

Thus to be faithful despite every trial, and to rise triumphantly beyond the reach of enticing pleasure and menacing

pain, implies, of course, perfection; and to this result will the sacrament of duty unfailingly conduct its recipient. Something of the peace of the contemplative soul will be given the man who is in constant communion with God through the medium of suffering bravely borne and deeds nobly done; and many who might never rise so high through the routine of the cloister will be brought wonderfully near to God by the discharge of the humble duties of a secular life. One strong act of the will is worth many lofty thoughts; the former rather than the latter is of universal obligation. After all it is the saint not the theologian who knows God best and embraces him most closely; for in this life God is, as has been said, an object of the will more than of the intellect.

He that keepeth the commandments is the true lover, Christ tells us. So we cannot help believing that there must be many children of his adoption who have not learned to recognize his features or to invoke his name. In the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, and many a commonplace deed of duty, they have ministered to him unawares. Thus, by the free choice of their wills, they have been bound and indentured to his service and become the bondsmen of a master whom they do not formally own. Theologians unfold the implications of the human sense of right and wrong, and show that the man who is trying to do right is implicitly recognizing and obeying God. Very little power of analysis is needed to perceive that faith and hope and love are necessarily involved in the conduct of those who follow the natural light of conscience to the very limit of its leadings. Of the many, therefore, who at different times and in diverse ways have gone forth to die as martyrs to duty—sometimes even with unconscious blasphemy upon their lips—not one has been displeasing to the Most Holy, granted that he was not sinning and had not sinned against the inner light. But this same comfortable teaching, which makes for the peace of the honest-hearted, strikes fatally at the soul which is sluggish, or cowardly, or consumed by selfishness in any of its many other forms. Even though such a craven be numbered among the children of the promise, he shall hardly be the equal of those who lay down possessions and life as a sacrifice to the Unknown God; for the command of the great Father and lover of men, spoken to all the race, is obeyed unto merit, even though the

heavenly voice be mistaken for the mere promptings of human instinct. Hence we believe that right conduct will be rewarded with the ultimate gifts of faith, in so far as faith is necessary for the entering of the kingdom of heaven. For the doer of the word is justified more than the hearer. As real reverence is shown less by profession than by obedience; as patriotism can be measured better by a man's willingness to die than by his eloquence; so, too, the struggle undertaken to fulfil duty and to resist temptation is the surest test of love, and the keeping of the commandments the firmest bond between the soul and its Maker.

No one will deny that perfect loyalty to conscience makes stern demands upon us; that it constitutes a high ideal. Yet there is consolation in the thought that we are never bound to impossibilities, that duty is, so to say, automatically regulated: when it becomes impossible, it ceases to be duty. We are never held responsible except for the issues which we can control. Knowledge, ability, and freedom must be ours, or no shortcoming can be charged against us; and every new difficulty of a task inevitably heightens its moral value.

It is needlessly, therefore, that we are troubled by the phantom of duties we may be unable to perform. The will to do right can effectually cast out all such fear. Perfect peace is the right of a soul which is determined not to be shaken off from duty by the turbulence of any passion, or to be frightened away by the darkness of any trial.

To the development of a finer sense of duty, then, and to the training of the will in the habit of obeying conscience perfectly, much time and energy must be devoted by all who seek peace upon earth or enduring success in eternity. Nothing else can be substituted for this. The lesson is easy to learn. It could not be simpler or more evidently true. It leaves unanswered no problem which man is called upon to solve. School carefully, therefore, your vision and your will; and when there occurs a struggle in the choosing between what is painful and what is wrong, set your will resolutely to the receiving of the sacrament of duty.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

THINK it was either John Bright or Richard Cobden who once expressed the opinion that, in politics the only thing certain is the uncertain. It is, consequently, with some hesitancy that I now enter upon an attempt to lay before the readers of these pages as accurate an idea as I can of the political situation in Ireland at the time of writing, because before these words can possibly appear in print developments may have arisen which will largely alter the conditions with which I have to deal. While this consideration cannot be overlooked, it is, nevertheless, allowable to hope that even should any such developments as those referred to occur, the chances are that the information now afforded will enable a more correct appreciation of the causes which have produced them than would otherwise be possible.

I must, at the outset, guard against misapprehension of the opinions I am about to express, by declaring that, so far as personal observation can be relied on as a basis for judgment, there never was a period in the long and chequered history of Ireland wherein the overwhelming majority of her children held a more correct or more unanimous view regarding what constitutes the full measure of their National Rights. They hold that their country is entitled to enjoy a Parliamentary Constitution of its own, precisely equivalent to that defined in the famous resolution of the Volunteers of 1782 when, under the guidance of the illustrious Henry Grattan, they affirmed that: "No power on earth save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland hath right to make laws for the people thereof." I believe I am correct in saying that—if it were possible to re-create the political and social relations which existed in 1782—very many of those who now constitute the Unionist minority would be found willing to change sides and to rank themselves with the Nationalists. No such alteration in the prevailing conditions is, however, possible. Grattan's Parlia-

ment was exclusively Protestant, but it is to its eternal credit that it largely repealed the Penal laws, that it founded and endowed Maynooth College—not only as a place of education for the Catholic clergy, but also for the Catholic laity—and that it enacted a Statute—still unrepealed—authorizing the establishment of a second college within the University of Dublin for the use of Catholics. Notwithstanding these facts, however, the majority of the members of Grattan's Parliament were rigorous in their determination to maintain the essentials of Protestant ascendency, and it is historically certain that those amongst them—like Speaker Foster, for instance—who fought most determinedly for its preservation and the rejection of the Act of Union, did so because they regarded it as their only safeguard against Catholic emancipation and that reform of popular representation which would give the Catholic majority of their fellow-countrymen their just share of power in the direction of the legislative concerns of the nation. It is only because the clock cannot be wound backwards that very many of the Unionists of to-day are not Home Rulers. It was, also, because things stood as they did in 1800, that many Irish Catholics—including most of their bishops—approved the passage of the Act of Union, confiding as they did in the pledges conveyed by Pitt, through the Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, that the enactment of that measure would be immediately followed by the removal by the new Imperial Parliament of all the Catholic disabilities. The pledges referred to were, however, basely broken, owing to the opposition of King George III., and they were only given statutory fulfilment when the courage and determination of O'Connell, backed by a gigantic popular agitation, extorted from his reluctant successor, King George IV., in 1829, the royal assent to the Catholic Emancipation Act.

Despite the passage by the Westminster Parliament of the last named measure, it is a curious and instructive fact that, so far as the distribution of Governmental patronage in Ireland is concerned, its provisions have been largely set at naught. This fact was recently brought out in striking fashion by the Very Rev. Dr. Hogan, of Maynooth College, in a paper read at a meeting of the association of its alumni, known as the

Maynooth Union. Dr. Hogan, after referring to the refusal of Parliament to abolish the insulting and obnoxious Coronation Oath, denunciatory of Catholic beliefs and practices, imposed on successive English Sovereigns since the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, said:

> But whilst the King must be a Protestant, what need is there that his representative in this Catholic country should be a Protestant? Not only, however, must the King's deputy be a Protestant, but when he goes to England for a holiday or for business, the Lords Justices who replace him must be Protestants. Catholic judges, no matter how loyal and how distinguished, are disqualified on account of their faith. Then the Lord Lieutenant is assisted in the government of the country by a Privy Council, which consists of sixty members. Of these over fifty are Protestants and only seven Catholics. Besides the £20,000 a year which the Lord Lieutenant receives from Parliament, his household is maintained at the public expense, and he thus gets an opportunity of surrounding himself by thirty or forty gentlemen who draw salaries according to their rank and labors. From this charmed circle Catholics, as a rule, are excluded. Now and again a few are to be found, but there are not more than three or four out of thirty or forty. Nearly the same proportion is observed in the Chief Secretary's office. The Chief Secretary, of course, himself is invariably a Protestant, and of the officials who work directly under him the proportion would probably be about five or six Protestants to one Catholic. If you take the trouble to look into the Record Office, the State Paper Department, the Office of the Treasury Remembrancer, or Deputy Paymaster, you find everything worth having in the hands of the dominant party. In the Local Government Board, of the three principal officials, Secretary, and Law Adviser, only one is a Catholic; and, in the long roll of its inspectors, medical officers, engineers, auditors, and even clerks, the principle of ascendency in its most drastic form is maintained. Some years ago two of the heads of this Board and the Law Adviser were Catholics. All these except one have now been replaced by Protestants. In the Board of Works the three heads are Protestants. The solitary Catholic, Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, who recently retired, has been replaced by a Protestant; and in the list of surveyors, land inspectors, draughtsmen, accountants, and so

forth, the number of Catholics can be very easily counted. In a return made to Parliament on the 4th of February last, at the request of the late Mr. M'Govern, the list of the officials connected with the Department of Agriculture is given, with the salaries which they receive. Some slight changes may have taken place since then; but they cannot be of much importance. Now, looking over this interesting return, I find that at the head of the Department there are five officials, with salaries ranging from £850 a year to £1,350, together with other allowances which considerably enhance the value of the position. Out of these five officials, there is only one Catholic, and the appointment of that single Catholic has provoked a storm of bigotry and intolerance, the like of which we have not witnessed in this country for many a day.

The gentleman referred to in these last words is Mr. T. P. Gill, at one time assistant editor of the *Catholic World*, whose appointment as Secretary to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, despite unscrupulous Orange denunciation, stands to the immortal credit of Mr. Gerald Balfour, Sir Horace Plunkett, and Lord Cadogan. Dr. Hogan proceeded:

Passing on, however, from the general staff to the various branches of the Department, I find at the head of the Agricultural Branch three Protestant gentlemen, with salaries of £954 7*s.* 6*d.*, £620, and £365 respectively, all provided with first-class railway and other expenses. At the head of the Technical Instruction Branch I find six gentlemen having salaries from £315 to £700 a year, with the usual railway and hotel allowances. They are, I understand, all Protestants. At the head of the Fisheries Branch I find a Protestant clergyman, with a salary of £900 a year, with railway fare and other expenses. This whole branch, with eight or nine officials, all well paid, seems to be an almost exclusive Protestant monopoly. In the Veterinary Branch the chief inspector, with £700 a year, and the two traveling inspectors at the head of the list, with £440 and £260 a year, wear the favorite colors, I am told, whilst a few clerks and messengers are Catholics. At the head of the Science and Art Museum, with a salary of £742 10*s.*, is Lieutenant Colonel Plunkett, whose sympathies are well known, and in whose office, you may be sure, the in-

terests of the brethren are not forgotten. In the National Library of Ireland the librarian, with £550 a year, and the three assistant librarians, with £237, £220, and £200 a year, all belong to the dominant creed. Among the attendants, paid at the rate of 7½*d.* an hour, there are, I believe, some Catholics; but three and a half millions of Irish Catholics could not furnish even an assistant librarian to the National Library of Ireland. The keeper of the Royal Botanic Gardens, with £400 a year and other allowances, is a Protestant; and nearly all the officials of the Metropolitan School of art, with salaries from £500 a year to £145, are of the same denomination. Another institution that is now under the Department of Agriculture is the College of Science. In this institution there are eleven professors, three of whom are in the enjoyment of £750 a year each, with railway and other allowances; four have £600 a year each; two have £400 each; and two have £350. Out of the whole eleven there is not, I believe, a single Catholic. Amongst three-fourths of the Irish people you cannot get as much as a Professor of Chemistry or a Professor of Mathematics.

Turning away now from these Government boards and departments, which are far from being exhausted, let us direct our attention for a moment to the great professions of law and medicine. In the legal profession you had not long ago an Irish Catholic judge in the Court of Appeal of the House of Lords. He has now been replaced by an Englishman and a Protestant. In 1880 the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Baron, and about half the judges of the higher Courts were Catholics. Now out of sixteen, three remain Catholics. Out of four Recorders only one is a Catholic. Out of twenty-two County Court Judges only seven are Catholics. Catholic Louth, Catholic Donegal, Catholic Tipperary, Catholic Kerry, and practically the whole province of Connaught, the most Catholic province, I suppose, in the whole world, must of necessity have the law laid down for them by Protestant judges, whose moral worth and legal acquirements Catholic barristers could not be expected to approach. Out of forty-four Benchers of the King's Inns only nine are Catholics. In the Land Commission, out of three Estate Commissioners only one is a Catholic. Out of six legal Commissioners only two are Catholics. According to a return made to Parliament in 1902, at the request of Mr. MacVeagh, M.P., out of 68 Resident Magistrates there are 49 Protestants and only 19 Catholics. Of the four Dublin City Police Magis-

> trates, only one is a Catholic. Out of six Police Inspectors promoted to be Resident Magistrates by the present Government, not a single one is a Catholic. Out of 1,272 Justices of the Peace there are 1,014 Protestants and 251 Catholics.

The condition of things described by Dr. Hogan continues practically unchanged to-day. Yet violent denunciations are constantly heard from the Ascendency faction whenever one of the new local governing bodies, entrusted with the control of rural and urban concerns, bestows an appointment on a Catholic Nationalist, although most of the better positions in their gift are still capably filled by the admittedly able Protestant officials whom they took over from the old Grand Juries.

Now, it is as well to point out to whom the creation of the present District and County Councils of Ireland is due. They are constituted under the Irish Local Government Act, carried through Parliament by Mr. Gerald Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, with the support of his brother, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and of the Unionist majority in the Houses of Lords and Commons. By that measure absolutely the entire administration of Irish local affairs of a purely municipal or sanitary kind, such as lighting, drainage, etc., so far as such works have already been authorized by Parliament, is entrusted to the direct representatives of the ratepayers, subject only to the right of appeal by the latter to the body known as the Local Government Board, if they think they have reason to complain of corruption, extravagance, or mismanagement. Auditors, appointed by the Board, annually examine the accounts of the local bodies, to see that there is nothing in the nature of illegal expenditure. As I write, the Dublin newspapers are recording the fact that the General Council of the County Councils of Ireland —composed of representatives of those bodies—has just adopted a resolution reaffirming the national demand for complete legislative autonomy. The adoption of a similar resolution previously led to the withdrawal from the Council of its Unionist members, on the ground that all its proceedings should be non-political and have reference only to the legally assigned duties of the bodies whom they represented. It may be asked how it came about that a Unionist Ministry was induced to establish the system of local government just described? The question

is easily answered. The only logical basis of defence of the Unionist refusal to restore Ireland's Parliament lies in the claim that the Westminster Parliament can and is willing to do for the Irish People everything that one sitting in College Green could possibly do. It was admitted that the old Grand Jury system of county administration was anachronistic. It involved taxation, without representation, of the great majority of the ratepayers who were nearly all of different creed and politics from the Grand Jurors, who applied their rates as they liked. Obviously, no modern Irish Parliament would allow such a system to continue a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, and, accordingly, the Unionist Administration introduced and carried into a law a measure which—like the Irish Land Purchase Act, of 1903, which Ireland owes to Mr. George Wyndham—completely knocked on the head the olden Unionist contention that it was impossible to place trust in the loyalty and legality of the Irish democracy. Regarded as a whole, the County and District Councils have fulfilled their obligations admirably. A few exceptions, perhaps, exist, but every one knows what exceptions prove.*

Such were the conditions of Irish administration—Local, Governmental, and Parliamentary—existing when the General Election of January, 1906, provided Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues in the then recently formed new Liberal Ministry with an unexampled and overwhelming ma-

*In a letter to the London *Times*, dated from Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, Co. Cavan, October 16, 1906, Colonel Saunderson, M.P., leader of the Orange members in the House of Commons, thus described the course of events in Ireland since the passage of the Local Government Act: "A great argument used repeatedly by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and other Home Rulers was that the Irish minority was needlessly apprehensive as to the treatment they would receive at the hands of a Home Rule Government. We were promised every species of fair play. The fact of being a Protestant was not to militate in the slightest degree in the distribution of office or against the ordinary prizes of public life. Because Irish Unionists refused to believe they were classed as hopeless bigots and, as Mr. Redmond puts it, 'humbugs.'

"What has happened since those days? The Irish people had a great opportunity of proving that our fears were baseless and that the promises made on their behalf had been verified up to the hilt. What has been the lesson taught by Irish history in the last few years? The County Government Bill was passed for Ireland, which conferred on the Irish people the power of proving their love of fair play and their ardent desire to fraternize with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. What happened? In almost every case every Protestant and Unionist was swept out of public existence, so far as it was possible, myself amongst the rest, and Roman Catholics and Nationalists given entire control of those Irish counties where Protestants and Unionists found themselves in a minority." As to the substantial accuracy of this statement there can be no question, but in face of the facts set out by Dr. Hogan, what other could be expected when once the people got the opportunity of redressing the balance?

jority in the House of Commons. This majority renders the present Government absolutely supreme over any possible combination of the Nationalist, Conservative, and Labor sections in that assembly. In the House of Lords, however, there exists an anti-Ministerial majority which will accept no measures proposed by the Cabinet which it does not believe to be approved by the overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain. For Irish opinion it cares little, if anything, save so far as it is endorsed by the democracy of Great Britain. Now, what are the facts concerning the attitude towards Ireland of the members of the Liberal majority in the House of Commons? Regarded generally, and within strictly defined limits, they are favorable to the accomplishment of economic and other reforms in Ireland. With comparatively few, although very notable, exceptions, they are not Home Rulers, and, if the Ministry introduced a Home Rule Bill to-morrow, it is practically certain that the measure would never reach the House of Lords. Again, the aforesaid majority is overwhelmingly Nonconformist in composition, the present House of Commons being the most Nonconformist which has been elected since the days of Oliver Cromwell. As a consequence, there is little or no friendliness towards Catholic claims. To propose the repeal of the blasphemous Coronation Oath, for instance, would be worse than absurd, and could only result in the recording of a gigantic vote in favor of its retention. By a mere coincidence, a letter which I lately received casts light on the position of affairs now referred to. The two members for Brighton are Liberals. They are, I believe, friendly to Ireland in the sense already indicated. Both were elected, however, after they had pledged themselves to vote against the establishment of an Irish Parliament or the foundation of an Irish Catholic University, and for the compulsory governmental inspection of convents! They are merely types of most of their colleagues. In view of such facts as those which I have enumerated, it almost baffles comprehension how it is that presumably responsible Irish politicians, speaking and writing in America, Great Britain, and Ireland, have expressed themselves in a sense calculated to impress the public with the idea that Home Rule is imminent. There is not even an atom of foundation for the idea, and the best evidence that this is the case is the recent declaration by Mr.

T. P. O'Connor that an Irish Parliament may be created within the next quarter of a century. A great many things may easily occur within the period named. Macaulay's New Zealander, for example, may sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from the broken arch of London Bridge, but few of the present generation of Irishmen will be left to appraise the worth of his artistic efforts.

In face of conditions such as these, it only remains to ask if Irishmen are condemned to mere apathy and despair until the accidents of politics bring about another General Election and an alteration in the state of parties in the House of Commons? Happily, the answer to such inquiry can honestly be negative. There is an alternative, and one which it seems not unlikely Ministers will offer as a means of enabling them to employ their energies in the practical service of their country. This lies in the scheme known as Devolution, relative to the merits and demerits of which so much has lately been heard, and with the formulation of which the names of Sir Antony MacDonnell, Under Secretary for Ireland, Lord Dunraven, Lord Dudley, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and others are closely associated.* Broadly speaking, Devolution would consist in the constitution of an Irish National Council, to which would be transferred the duties and powers of the various castle boards or departments now engaged in administering the system of government which has its centre at Dublin Castle. This council would not be a legislative body—that is, it would have no power to make laws, but merely to apply those previously passed at Westminster. Obviously, however, any recommendation from it as to the need for new legislation on any subject could scarcely be disregarded by the Imperial Parliament. Moreover, it would necessarily be entrusted with the control

* Forecasting the probable course of events in the 1907 Session of Parliament, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., Under Secretary for the Colonies, in a speech delivered at Manchester on the 18th of October, 1906, said: "Ireland, which had wrecked one great Liberal majority, must occupy the attention of Ministers. They might congratulate their predecessors on the condition in which they left Irish affairs. The wise policy of Mr. Wyndham, supported by the late Prime Minister and Lord Lansdowne, twin leaders of the Unionist Party, was to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas; and that pious aspiration took the practical form of appointing Sir Antony MacDonnell, a Liberal and a Home Ruler, to a position of exceptional, peculiar, and paramount importance at Dublin Castle. The results of that policy had been wholly good. Never before in the history of the two countries had there been so much goodwill and so little ill-will on both sides of St. George's Channel."

of the moneys now annually voted by Parliament for Irish purposes, and would, consequently, be enabled to apply to other ends of national utility any savings effected in the working of an administrative system inordinately extravagant. It is not unreasonable to expect that, simultaneously with the formation of a National Council, would be created a tribunal, such as now exists in Scotland, for dealing with Irish Private Bills—measures proposed for the approval of Parliament, relative to local enterprises of a municipal or business kind, for the accomplishment of which statutory powers are needed. During the hundred and six years which have elapsed since the passage of the Act of Union, it is no exaggeration to say that many hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of pounds sterling of Irish money have been expended in London in the promotion of measures of this kind. Every penny of this huge amount could have been retained in Ireland, if a tribunal such as that—the formation of which is believed to be contemplated—had been in existence. Not very long ago an Irish cemetery company was obliged to promote a Private Bill, in order to obtain Parliamentary powers to acquire some land necessary for the enlargement of their graveyard. The purchase price of the land in question was £1,000. The cost of promoting and obtaining the Bill was £4,000.

It is to the credit of the original planners of the Act of Union that some of them, at any rate, foresaw the seriousness of the injustice which would be perpetrated if all Irish Private Bills had to be sent to Westminster for examination, and honestly endeavored to devise a means whereby this necessity could be obviated. On the 24th of December, 1798, the Duke of Portland, Prime Minister of England, wrote from Whitehall to Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Dublin, as follows:

> One of the greatest difficulties which has been supposed to attend the project of union between the two kingdoms is that of the expense and trouble which will be occasioned by the attendance of witnesses in trials of contested elections, or in matters of private business requiring Parliamentary interposition. It would, therefore, be very desirable to devise a plan—which does not appear impossible—for empowering the Speaker of either House of the United Parliament to the

Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in Ireland, or to such other person as may be thought more proper for the purpose, requiring him to appoint a time and a place within the county for his being attended by the agents of the respective parties, and reducing to writing in their presence the testimony—for the Contents and Dissents, as the case may be—of such persons as, by the said agents, may be summoned to attend, being resident within the county—if not there resident, a similar proceeding should take place in the county where they reside—and such testimony as taken and reduced into writing may, by such Chairman or by the Sheriff of the County, be certified to the Speaker of either House, as the case may be.

The hearing of petitions relative to misconduct in Irish contested elections has for many years past been confided to the Irish judges, who report to the speaker of the House of Commons the result of their investigations. No similar step, however, has been taken up to the present in the case of Irish Private Bills.

With reference to the question as to whether or not the National Council to be set up in Ireland under the Devolution scheme should be entrusted with the control and application of the moneys annually voted by Parliament for Irish purposes, it must be noted that the existence of a separate Irish Exchequer was actually provided for in the Act of Union. It is, consequently, difficult to see how any modern Unionist could reasonably object to its re-establishment. Ireland's independent Exchequer ceased to exist in 1817, when the, so-called, Irish Debt had been enormously and artificially increased by charging to her a vastly disproportionate amount of the cost of the Napoleonic War. The manner in which the Irish Debt was thus augmented is shown by the following figures, extracted from "Thom's Almanack":

Unredeemed Debt of Ireland, added to the Debt of Great Britain.—[From the Treasury Return of the 15th of April, 1824.]

	Great Britain.	Ireland.	Total.
	£	£	£
5th of January, 1801, . . .	420,305,944	26,841,219	447,147,163
" 1817, . . .	688,820,032	107,380,158	796,200,190
" 1818, . . .	755,737,972	21,004,430	776,742,402

By the assumption of the Irish Debt, on the consolidation of the Exchequers (on the 5th of January, 1817, per Act 56, George III., cap. 98), Great Britain in effect made up so much of the Irish contribution to Imperial Expenditure, from the Union to the end of 1816, as the surplus of Irish Revenue over separate Expenditure and Loans raised in Ireland did not provide. The consolidation terminated the ratio of contribution to Imperial expenditure, fixed by the Act of Union; and the greater part of the Loans raised to provide it became British Debts. The whole amount of Revenue collected in Ireland, from the Union to the consolidation of the Exchequers (including charges of collection), was, in that period of sixteen years, under eighty millions British. This is really the sum of Ireland's actual payments in unborrowed money, for her own charges, for Interest on Debt, and for Imperial charges, in the period.

There has not been a separate debt of Ireland since its consolidation with that of Great Britain in 1817. On the 5th of January, 1818, the unredeemed Debt in Great Britain was increased £66,917,940, out of £86,375,728 taken from the unredeemed Debt of Ireland as it stood on the 5th of January, 1816. In the intervening time there was transferred to the names of the Commissioners for Reduction of National Debt, £22,348,528. The action of the Sinking Fund, therefore, covered all additions in the year, and provided for the diminution appearing in the total on the 5th of January, 1818.

The fashion in which the taxation of Ireland, with a declining population, decaying commerce and industries, has been unfairly increased during the last half century or so may be gauged from the following extract, also taken from "Thom's Almanack," a standard work of reference for all who desire to understand the economic condition of the country:

It appears from Parliamentary papers that the gross revenue collected within Ireland was, in the year ended 5th of January, 1853, £4,414,413 3*s.* 2*d.*; in the year ended 31st of March, 1857, £7,008,555 9*s.* 8*d.*; and in the year ended 31st of March, 1862, £6,781,088 16*s.* 8*d.*; and taking the receipts of ordinary revenue of Great Britain and Ireland respectively, in the five years ended 31st of March, 1862, the proportion of Irish Revenue to British was one-ninth. It further appears

from the Annual Finance Accounts that the revenue collected within Ireland was, for years ended 31st of March, in 1865, £6,468,385; in 1870, £7,287,127; in 1871, £6,923,402; in 1872, £7,274,547; in 1873, £7,482,726; in 1874, £7,462,888; and in 1875, £7,545,198. Later returns give the gross inland revenue collected in Ireland for years ended 31st of March, in 1881, £7,351,785; in 1882, £7,483,916; in 1883, £7,774,452; in 1884, £7,762,550; in 1885, £7,770,626; in 1886, £7,531,857; in 1887, £7,558,900; in 1888, £7,565,306.

I must now draw my readers' attention to the manner in which the annual tribute drawn from Ireland has increased during the last seven years—1899–1905. The following table makes it apparent:

Years ended 31st March.	Customs.	Excise.	Estate, &c. Duties and General Stamps.	Property & Income Tax.	Post Office and Telegraphs.
	£	£	£	£	£
1899	2,002,000	5,518,000	1,035,000	687,000	846,000
1900	2,159,000	6,274,000	945,000	694,000	878,000
1901	2,335,000	6,323,000	1,159,000	949,000	903,000
1902	2,244,000	5,822,000	1,072,000	1,143,000	923,000
1903	2,717,000	6,011,000	922,000	1,244,000	960,000
1904	2,545,000	5,904,000	1,033,000	1,038,000	980,000
1905	2,575,000	5,584,000	1,016,000	1,013,000	1,002,000

Years ended 31st March	Miscellaneous, including Crown Lands and Fee Stamps.	Total Revenue.*	Estimated True Revenue.	Per Cent of Total Revenue of United Kingdom.	Per Head of Estimated Population		
	£	£	£		£	s.	d.
1899	159,000	10,247,000	8,202,000	6.88	1	16	1
1900	167,500	11,117,500	8,664,500	6.74	1	18	2
1901	149,000	11,818,000	9,505,000	6.77	2	2	7
1902	149,000	11,353,000	9,784,000	6.38	2	4	0
1903	148,500	12,002,500	10,205,000	6.33	2	6	1
1904	146,500	11,646,500	9,748,500	6.63	2	4	2
1905	150,500	11,340,500	9,753,500	6.52	2	4	4

It is not alleged, of course, that there has been no counterbalancing expenditure from the Imperial Exchequer in Ireland during each of the years dealt with in this return; but the fact remains that, when full allowance is made for such expenditure, Great Britain has still very much the best of the bargain. The next table shows the amount of Imperial ex-

* Including Local Taxation Revenue.

penditure in Ireland and the surplus contribution towards Imperial purposes which has remained out of Irish taxation:

Years ended 31st March.	Consolidated Fund.	Voted.	Local Taxation Accounts.		Total Civil Charges.
			Local Taxation Revenue.	Exchequer Revenue.	
	£	£	£	£	£
1899	176,000	4,265,000	447,000	404,000	5,292,000
1900	179,000	4,072,000	409,000	1,053,000	5,713,000
1901	171,000	4,374,000	402,000	1,054,000	6,001,000
1902	169,000	4,271,000	389,000	1,055,000	5,884,000
1903	168,500	4,357,500	383,000	1,058,000	5,967,000
1904	170,000	4,569,000	376,000	1,059,000	6,174,000
1905	166,000	4,547,000	374,000	1,059,000	6,146,000

Years ended 31st March.	Collection of Taxes.	Post Office Services.	Total Expenditure.	Estimated True Revenue.	Contribution.
	£	£	£	£	£
1899	242,000	943,000	6,477,000	8,202,000	1,725,000
1900	242,000	1,025,000	6,980,000	8,664,500	1,684,500
1901	244,000	1,061,000	7,306,000	9,505,000	2,199,000
1902	243,000	1,087,000	7,214,000	9,784,000	2,570,000
1903	246,000	1,140,000	7,353,000	10,205,000	2,852,000
1904	248,000	1,126,000	7,548,000	9,748,500	2,200,500
1905	249,000	1,172,000	7,567,000	9,753,500	2,186,500

It other words, during seven years the Imperial Exchequer has drawn from Ireland—from poor, depopulated Ireland—£15,517,500 more than were required for the ordinary working of the administrative system of that country. If Ireland had been self-governing during the same period, the huge amount named would have been available either for the reduction of taxation, for the inauguration of public works, or as security for the borrowing of money to be devoted to the development of the natural resources of the country.

It is easy, of course, to decry Devolution as being by no means a complete satisfaction of the National Claims. No one admits more readily than I do that it is not. The question, however, which reasonable Irishmen have to consider is whether or not they can possibly gain anything by refusing to facilitate the present Ministry in carrying through Parliament a measure which would, in at least some degree, mitigate the present anomalous condition of Irish administration. It is absolutely necessary to exercise ordinary common sense in endeavoring to

arrive at a proper understanding of the existing situation in the House of Commons and House of Lords, and I unhesitatingly challenge denial of my assertion that overwhelming majorities in both assemblies are, at present, opposed to any re-establishment of an independent Irish Parliament. In the House of Commons the Irish Nationalist representatives number only some eighty odd members, and their powerlessness in face of the existing temper of the House has been convincingly shown by their inability to secure even the slightest modification of Mr. Birrell's secularist Education Bill in favor of the Catholic schools of England.* Eloquent speeches in plenty were delivered, and a gallant fight made, but for all the results obtained the Irish members might as well have remained at home. The truth is that, if Home Rule is ever conceded to Ireland, and I believe it will yet be granted, it will be conferred by a Conservative administration, because only a Conservative Ministry is likely to be able to command a sufficient majority in the House of Lords to enable the passage of a measure reconstituting the Irish Parliament. While this is the case, however, the stars in their courses are fighting for Ireland. It is an open secret that his Majesty, King Edward VII., who is the most sagacious non-party statesman of his age, earnestly desires to link all the peoples of his widely scattered dominions in a great brotherhood of Imperial unity. The King knows—for he has had actual experience of the fact—that in no part of the Empire is he held in more genuine personal affection and respect than in Ireland, whose quick-witted and warm-hearted people fully distinguish between him personally and the successive English Ministries whose blunderings and plunderings in the past played havoc with our national liberties and prosperity. Devolution will not cure all our ills, but it will, at any rate, assuage some of the political unrest which for decades of years has sadly impeded the progress of Ireland

* The composition of the House of Commons at the close of the General Election, January, 1906, was as follows:

Liberals,	403	Nationalists,	83
Conservatives,	128	Laborites,	53

It will be seen that even if the Nationalists, Laborites, and Conservatives coalesced against the Ministry, they would still total only 264 votes, as against the Liberal 403. On the question of Home Rule, however, the Conservatives would join hands with the great majority of the Liberals in resisting it. It is probable that most of the Labor members would act similarly.

on the path of material prosperity.* It will, if rightly devised —so as to give proportionate representation to all classes and sections in the community—tend to produce harmonious working between Irishmen of different creeds and ranks in the common service of their common country. It must, also—subject to the previous reservation—lead up to the gradual reform of the anomalous condition of things described by Dr. Hogan, in connection with the distribution of Governmental patronage, while it will, at the same time, bring about that mitigation of sectarian and partisan animosity which now too often finds reflection in the attitude of local administrative bodies towards those who are of different creed or politics from the majority of their members. Devolution will not give Ireland a Parliament of her own, but it will give her almost complete control of her internal national concerns, of the portion of her revenue now available for application to the general administration of the country, and it will do this through the establishment of a great National Council, whose representations upon any question of Irish or Imperial moment no British statesman of ordinary sagacity would be at all likely to ignore.

* At a complimentary dinner given at the Liverpool Reform Club, on October 18, 1906, to Sir John Brunner and Sir Edward Evans, the Right Honorable R. R. Cherry, M.P., Attorney-General for Ireland, remarking on the relations between the Government and the Nationalist party, said one Irishman in the House had lamented that "life was not worth living since this horrible peace had broken out." Mr. Cherry went on to speak of Irish legislation. He said the Government would introduce a measure which would have the effect of establishing a still further system of constitutional government in Ireland, and give Irishmen in a great measure the management of their own internal affairs. He believed the English people were sincerely anxious that Ireland should be ruled as England was ruled, and should manage its internal affairs, which could be done without tending to separation, which would be more injurious to Ireland than to England. The great mass of responsible Irish people, he believed, had no desire for separation. Nothing should be done by way of setting up a rival to the Imperial Parliament, or that would tend to separate the two countries. They did not want to drift apart like Norway and Sweden. Liberty to Ireland for self-government, self-reliance, and self-advancement would promote the prosperity and contentment of Ireland, and create a united and glorious Empire. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Cherry, in reprobating anything like separation, merely expressed the views of the great majority of Irishmen —Nationalists as well as Unionists.

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BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

IF Mr. Biggins were a fool, as Miss Carhart had so gently remarked, at least his forebodings in regard to her health proved to be well-founded. The next morning, in consequence of much sitting out between dances, and an occasional flitting to the veranda "to see the stars," she was so hoarse and feverish as to be obliged to keep her room. Then, as her illness became more pronounced, a doctor was summoned and pronounced it an attack of influenza. She was really quite ill for a few days, and required constant and careful nursing. Mrs. Fleming and Marjorie were indefatigable, the house was kept hushed and still; Jack was required to leave his boisterous spirits on the threshold, while Will and Philip were always in waiting should their services be needed in any way. While there was danger of a serious illness, the latter showed considerable brotherly anxiety, but as soon as it was definitely announced that Molly was better, and on the road to recovery, Marjorie could not avoid being struck by the thought that the little irksome duties of life were unspeakably annoying to him. To sit in his sister's hushed and darkened room for an hour at a time was evidently a fearful tedium; to lower his voice and adapt his subjects to her state of weakness was a bore. He escaped it all as much as possible; and sometimes when he did come, Marjorie thought—and blamed herself for thinking—that it was to save appearances, and, perhaps, to see herself, as he would generally have beguiled her downstairs to talk. And Will was so different, she reflected, with quite a new tenderness. His natural joyousness did not seem to prevent his being also gentle in attending a convalescent. His hand

was so deft in arranging the pillows of a lounge; his eye so quick to see when a window should be raised or lowered; and a thousand little impromptu attentions he paid constantly and as if they were a pleasure to himself. "It was enough to make any girl—" Marjorie concluded her reflections by shaking her little head sagely, as who should say Molly's heart was in great danger.

"Glorious news, Molly," she said one morning, entering the room where Molly reposed among her lounge pillows, with fruit and flowers beside her. "You are to come down this evening for a very little while. The doctor says you are getting on famously; only to be a little careful. And so that you shall not tire yourself, some one will carry you up and down."

"That will be richness," observed Molly, trifling with her grapes.

"Horace Montague has just called to inquire for you," Marjorie continued. "You know he has left his card for you several times. He told me that it was 'a beastly boah' to have you ill."

"Dear creature! I hope to see him soon. Did you say"—very indifferently—"that 'old Big' had been here?"

"Oh, he has called to inquire every day. He sent that basket of fruit this morning and flowers regularly."

"There is a laugh in your eyes. What has he been saying rude? I insist upon knowing."

"Well, it is your own fault, now, if you do not like it. At *first*"—smiling—"he said that there was a delightful stillness downstairs now. Then he said, very gruffly, whenever he came: 'Hum—hum, shouldn't wonder if she had a bad time, sitting round in draughts with a lot of young jackanapes!' When he was assured that you were getting better, he said blandly: 'Maybe a little indisposition would do her good—tone her down—take off some of that flightiness, perhaps.'"

"Beast!"

"To-day he asked me very seriously if your mother or my aunt, or somebody, had no influence at all over you—to save you from the consequences of future folly, in the shape of pneumonia or tuberculosis?"

"He is too kind"—ironically—"perhaps his own soothing remarks will do me good."

"Well, his acts are kind if not his words," answered Marjorie.

She met Will that afternoon outside Molly's door. "You know," she said, "Molly is to be carried down this evening!"

"Let me carry her"—with alacrity.

"No"; somewhat hastily, "her brother will take her; we will wait for him."

"And why should not I?"

"Oh, well, it would be more—more proper for him."

"Why, Marjorie"—staring at her—"you are jesting, surely! 'Playful, but severely proper,' eh? Since when did you become Mrs. Grundy?"

"Oh, just as you choose"—shrugging her shoulders and leaving him.

He gazed after her in some bewilderment, and then an idea dawned on him. Could she be just a little jealous? It was too delightfully impossible, yet it recurred to his mind several times during the evening.

Molly reclined among her cushions in the library, taking a pleased interest in the desultory chat going on, but still too weak for her usual active share in it. After a silence from Will, which he had employed in gazing abstractedly alternately at her and at Marjorie, he said suddenly: "Mother, why should we put off our southern trip much longer? It will be getting warm down there pretty soon. Miss Carhart will be strong enough to travel before many days, and she needs a change to complete her recovery. It will do yourself good, and it will be as well to take Marjorie away before the bleak winds of March."

"You would not think it, to look at me," cried Marjorie, laughing, "but I am 'the daffodil that comes before the swallow dares' and 'takes the winds of March' in the shape of croup or whooping cough."

"No one makes mention of *this* delicate flower," observed Jack.

"*You* are to stay at home and study," said his mother.

"What!" he cried, taking her in his arms and whirling her about, until she begged for mercy and promised that he might go with them.

"Molly can be spared to us?" Marjorie asked of Philip.

"Do you mean that Molly, only, is invited?"

"Why, no; you are also expected to join the party. We only feared you had not time."

"I will *make* time," he said; and Will looked curiously at his friend, wondering how ambitious schemes fared in this late puzzling idleness.

They all fell to discussing plans and routes. "Perhaps," said Will, "we could reach New Orleans in time for the Mardi Gras"; and maps and time-tables were in great demand. In the midst of it Mr. Biggins was announced.

"He need not come in here, Molly," said Marjorie, "unless you wish."

"It does not matter in the least," replied the convalescent.

Hastily greeting the others, Mr. Biggins marched straight to Miss Carhart's lounge. "I am glad," he said, taking her reluctant hand, "yes; I am really glad to see you again"—as if it were an unworthy concession wrung from him. "You look a little pale, but it might have been worse. It might have been worse. Perhaps you will make use of my mackintosh the next time I offer it."

Seeing Molly's gathering wrath at this remark, Marjorie hastened to effect a diversion by telling Mr. Biggins of their purposed trip South.

"Very good idea," he declared, "escape the bleak weather here, and see something of the South." And during the rest of his call he appeared to be pondering something very deeply.

In a few days Molly was strong enough to take the air in Mr. Montague's dog cart; and Marjorie, who needed fresh air likewise, having been much confined to the house during her friend's illness, was induced by Philip to ride with him in the Park. The noon sun was bright, but the air crisp and cold enough to make rapid exercise pleasant. They cantered swiftly along, a glow springing to Marjorie's cheek and a light of enjoyment to her eye. Her habit fitted to perfection; her wide sombrero became her well; she sat her horse admirably. Philip turned in his saddle to look at her.

"You remind me of Perdita," he said: "'What you do still betters what is done. When you speak, I'd have you do it ever. When you sing, I'd have you buy and sell so. When you dance, I wish you a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that. And all your acts are those of a queen.'"

"'Your praises are too large,'" she answered quietly. "What

I like least in you—pardon me—is that trick of compliment. I remember noting it in Martres, when you were most flattering to a crude girl."

"I was sincere then. I am more sincere now."

"There are no relative degrees in sincerity. One is sincere or insincere."

"I wish to heaven," he broke out recklessly, "that I had never gone to Martres! It seems somehow to be a stumbling block—a hindrance—in my way. If—if I had just only met you now—"

She glanced at him for a second as Ophelia might have looked at Hamlet if she had grown proud and careless and indifferent.

"You forget," he went on eagerly, "that you told me yourself that Martres was of the past; and that, if I wish to be noted, I must begin afresh. Then remember from now, I beg you, that there is no such place as Martres; or that we have never been there."

"For myself," she answered lightly, "I would not choose to forget much happiness and enjoyment which I had there. But for you, if you prefer, there shall be no such place. We did not meet you at all last summer. You were making the Norway tour."

"Exactly. But this trip to the Southland—I will make with you. We will make it together."

"Yes"; carelessly, looking around at the bare branches of the trees, "and I fancy we shall find spring already there. Green trees and birds, magnolias and orange-blooms." And then she passed on to criticism of the bronze figure of "The Falconer" seen down the vista of a bridle path against the sky.

That evening Will delivered his lecture before the "Archæological," and they all went except Molly, who was not permitted, and stayed home with Mr. Montague to amuse her. The savants and literati mustered in great numbers; and Will, whose manner was graceful and self-possessed, seemed to hold them interested and absorbed from first to last. Mrs. Fleming looked fondly at him, even when she did not listen; and Marjorie showed an exulting pride in him, which Philip decided was most cousinly and altogether natural.

"It has always seemed to me," he observed, when it was

over and Will was receiving numerous congratulations, "that Will rather lacks ambition. To have spoken to-night was an unusual effort for him. He does most things easily, but more for the sake of doing them well, and satisfying himself, than for any distinction he gains by them. In a word, I think his friends will have more chances of finding him lovable than of being proud of him, in general."

"They might do both," she said very quietly; but something in her tone disturbed him. Yet, on the way home, from her manner, equally gracious, playful, and friendly with both young men, it would have been hard to determine her preference, or to imagine, indeed, that she thought at all seriously of either one.

"And did Mr. Fleming's eloquence electrify you all?" asked Molly, who was found sitting up for them and all alone.

"I far surpassed every famous orator of Greece and Rome," responded Will for himself. "And I have brought back a pleasant bit of news for you. Mr. Biggins came up after the lecture, and said he had long been intending a trip South and would like very much to join our party. So I was obliged to give him a cordial invitation, and he will go."

"He will!" cried Molly. "Richness, truly, to have 'old Big' along! Do you hear that, Marjorie? Well, he will serve to amuse Jack and me; and when we have nothing better to do, we can have a battle royal with him."

"What did you do with Mr. Montague?" asked Marjorie, when they were safely upstairs?

"Oh, *he* wants to go South too. It is an epidemic. Everybody wants to go South. But I sent him off, offer declined."

"Why, I thought you rather liked him."

"Oh, he amused me; but I was tired of his 'nahsties,' and 'aws,' and 'beastly boahs.' Besides, he wanted to go in a new character—'The Anglo-maniac Fiancé,' for instance."

"Oh, Molly, what a pity!"

"Not at all, my dear"—cheerfully—"he will get over it after another visit to London. I sent him off; and if it were not for old Biggins, there would be no cloud on my present horizon."

"Well," said Marjorie with a laugh, "you may have a chance to make use of his mackintosh yet."

When Philip took his leave that night, he had gone straight to his hotel and his room, where he entered and closed the door. His next proceeding was to draw a glove from his pocket, much too small to be his own, and gaze at it for some minutes. He had picked it up that day when it had been dropped by Marjorie, and he had quietly retained it without her knowledge. He pressed it now repeatedly to his lips, and laid it down softly as if it had been a sentient thing. Then he went to a window and looked out with his arms folded. "If I knew of any other idiocy to perform," he thought bitterly, staring hard at the unconscious stars, "no doubt I would do it. I have heard of such fools before with sceptic doubt. I know one now, a motley fool. An idiot, a drivelling idiot. There is no use shirking it any longer—I am her lover, her servant, what she will. She has but to call with that soft voice of hers and I go anywhere; but to beckon with her white hand and I follow to the ends of the earth. I have seen other men this way and I have laughed at and pitied them. And it is to me—Philip Carhart—this has happened! What has become of my well-poised insensibility; and where are my engrossing dreams, the only ones until now, of fortune and honors? Why, I would gladly barter my title for the faintest chance of winning her. I would give up all I have or hope to gain to call her mine. I would rather live forever in obscurity with her than be famous without her. It is a precious privilege to touch her robe or hand. And once"—beginning to pace the room excitedly—"yes, once—I could almost swear to it—I might have taken her in my arms unrebuked, and kissed her cheek and mouth, and called her mine with her willing consent. And now it is all doubt and dread. Perhaps during this southern trip I may again have my chance. Oh, I wish to God that I had thought this way in Martres; or that I had never seen her; or that I saw her now for the first time! I wish—I wish—" And the breaking dawn, looking in at the window, found him still wishing many impossible things.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is just too bad," Jack confided to Molly many times on their southward journey, "to have that old Big come along with us and spoil everything." For when a youth has attired himself in the latest irreproachable traveling rig, with various expensive and useless articles slung around him by straps; when he considers, in fact, that he far outdoes any of his seniors in point of appearance, and has begun to stroke his upper lip complacently, it is provoking to be looked at through spectacles by a stout, elderly person, and told to: "Hand me that box, like a good child"; or, "Jack, my boy, run and tell your mother," etc.

Not his mother's presence or that of Mrs. Forest, a pleasant acquaintance of Mrs. Fleming's, and their latest recruit, would have restrained him from many an answering impertinence, but when he had started a small disturbance once or twice, he found, to his disgust, that his sworn confederate, Molly, had, as he expressed it, "gone back on the boys." Indeed, her spirit must have become a trifle broken latterly; for when Mr. Biggins, who seemed to resent her manifold imprudences with regard to health as a direct and personal injury to himself, began to take matters into his own hands, after a few sharp *rencontres*, in which she found no amount of resistance to avail against his determination, she gave it up as hopeless. And now she submitted to have the car window slammed down, which she had just raised, while it rained; or to have an extra wrap put about her when the heat was allowed to go down, with no other remark but an ironical: "Oh, thank you; you are really too kind!" "He actually bullies me!" she complained to Marjorie.

"Well," was the laughing answer, "it is evidently for your good, and it delights me to see that any one *can* do it. Even *you* must admit, Molly, that he is really an acquisition to the party. For all that matters, not even Will could be more thoughtful or considerate about our comfort; and he is certainly clever and most entertaining."

"Um–m," murmured Molly, "that is all very well; but he does not talk to you as he does to me."

Their traveling had at first been a little unpleasant from

bad weather and the usually over- or under-heated trains; but as they progressed downward the air grew softer and balmier. The landscape changed its wintry aspect for a more verdant and smiling one, and by the time they reached Savannah spring was there ahead of them. The elder ladies feeling now some fatigue, it was decided to remain over a few days to rest, and the younger ones of the party made the most of them. Out from the breakfast hour until twilight, all the beautiful roads to the city were explored. Marjorie was usually on horseback, and if Philip rode on one hand Will was as surely on the other; for he said to himself resolutely: "I will not yield my chances now to any man—least of all to him." And Philip's self-contained mien was changing day by day into an eager, worn, and restless look. Even had he been able to find more opportunities of seeing Marjorie alone, she seemed to think of nothing else these days but revelling in the young, fresh beauty of the earth around her.

"'She is so glad of spring, she helps the birds to sing'"; Will repeated again caressingly, on one of their expeditions.

"They need no help," she said. "Listen," waving her hand to the tall trees overhead. "Hear that little head chorister; and now the rest follow."

"Their own notes are so sweet, one would wish the mocking birds without that special gift of mimicry," said Philip.

Will had ridden a few paces into a golden vista and came back with his arms full of fragrant yellow jessamine. "I can't get you cornflowers from the old field by the château," he said to Marjorie, "but here are jessamine blossoms instead."

She selected a spray. "Put the rest in the carriage," she told him.

"No"; protested Mrs. Fleming, "Jack has almost driven Mrs. Forest and me out of our senses, rushing into our rooms with quantities of gray moss and elder and jessamine and what not for us to put in our trunks to take home."

"They *shall* carry home souvenirs," said Jack stoutly, "if I have to pack their trunks myself."

"Curious effect this hanging, Spanish moss gives the scenery," said Will, "it seems to throw a sort of weird glamor over it all; and the tree-tops form Gothic arches overhead, cathedral-wise, and it is all so hushed and still."

"I hate that moss," declared Mr. Biggins, "it's damp and

gloomy and unwholesome. How much fresher the trees would look if it was nicely scraped off."

"Oh!" cried Marjorie; and, "Barbarian!" murmured Molly.

"What did you say, Miss Carhart?"

"That I did not think your taste good."

"You are mistaken"—looking at her steadily through his glasses—"I believe that I have excellent taste."

They had all meant to loiter awhile in Florida, but concluded next day to defer that until their return, and to go on now at once to New Orleans, not to lose any of the Mardi Gras festivities. As they approached that city, the scenery grew yet more distinctively Southern in character, and the population apparently more largely African in descent.

They reached their destination in the night time; and, after much shouting by black cabmen and a general confusion, were driven to their hotel through the lighted streets; and being tired and dusty and sleepy, and possibly a little cross, separated soon for the night. The next morning, however, they were all out early on the great gallery in front of the house which stretched out quite across the sidewalk.

"A very soft breath from the sea," said Mrs. Fleming, alluding to the gentle breeze which fanned their cheeks. The atmosphere was redolent of violets and flowering olive and various fragrant plants with which the neighboring balconies were filled. Birds sang from the tree-tops and the air, and, less fortunate, from window cages near.

"There are some sparrows down below for you to throw stones at," said Marjorie with a smile to Philip.

"I beg your pardon," he answered absently. He was wondering if it was a favorable sign, her remembrance of these trifles of the past; or only showed her good memory. Soon after breakfast there came to call upon them Mr. Jules Lefort, a young lawyer of New Orleans, and a friend of Will's.

"You come a day after the fair," he told them, "a day after one fair, at least. It was yesterday the Knights of Momus had their pageant and tableaux. But, never mind, you will see Rex and his cortége, and the Mystick Krewe. Now what do you prefer to do to-day?"

"We will explore," said Mr. Biggins, with the air of Christopher Columbus bent on discovering a new continent.

"Just so," said Mr. Lefort, bowing, "and I will be your cicerone, with permission."

With him, they drove and walked all day, and went everywhere. He showed them theatres and shops and public buildings; and took them to the quaint old market place, like no other anywhere else; and explained that "Creole ducks and chickens" were not so called, as Jack suggested, because they quacked and cackled Creole French, but because they were raised on native soil.

"It is an expression here," he said with a shrug; "they begin to call everything Lousianian 'Creole.'"

"Those wooden cisterns in all the courtyards, for instance?" suggested Philip. "They are not very ornamental."

"No"; admitted Mr. Lefort, "they are ugly; but we get all our drinking water so."

They were glad to rest after dinner on the great veranda, instead of going to any of the theatres; and the stars twinkled down through the tree-tops on a very lazy and contented party.

"It is an interesting, dingy old place," decided Will, "almost as grimy as Martres in some parts; but picturesque and fascinating, especially the French quarter. How old some of these buildings must be."

He paused to listen to a knot of negroes jabbering a sort of patois in the street below. "Hear them," he said. "If we did not wait to distinguish words, we might fancy it was last year and that we were listening to the potter's men down at Etienne's father's."

"I had a letter from 'Colette last week," said Marjorie, "and she writes me that she is as happy as '*un ange de paradis.*'"

"Like a woman—in extremes," observed Mr. Biggins.

"Her paradise will not last long," said Molly sweetly, "if it depends on a man."

Under cover now of a slight passage at arms between Molly and Mr. Biggins, Philip managed to say to Marjorie: "I never was at Martres, you know; but I fancy it must be beautiful, and I wish we were there now."

"You never were at Martres," she assented, "as you say. As for me, I am content here, also."

"Stay a moment, Marjorie," said Will, detaining her as the rest went off the veranda, Philip lingering as he went.

"Hurry, then," she answered lightly. "It is so late, I must go."

Not heeding her, he waited until they were quite alone, then took her two hands in his: "Did I not hear you say just now that you would rather be here than in Martres?" he asked in eager tones. "Was it because—? Sweetheart, I have been very patient; but I can wait no longer. I must have your answer to my love now—now, my dearest, or I will never ask again."

There was a moment's pause, while the tree-tops rustled close by, and the lamplight from the street showed her face flushing and paling. Then she said, with a little, agitated laugh: "Oh, don't, Will. You—you hurry and frighten me. Wait until after the Mardi Gras. I will tell you then, I promise you." And drawing her hands from his, she had fled swiftly away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LATEST WORD OF THEOLOGY ON INSPIRATION.*

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

II.

AST month we briefly summarized the position on biblical inerrancy which is held by what we may call the broad school—*école large*—of Catholic Scripturists. It may be remembered that we set it down as fundamental that the Catholic student, antecedently to all investigation, shall believe, without doubt or compromise, the two dogmatic formulas: "God is the Author of Scripture"; and "There is no error in Scripture." Whatsoever difficulty, therefore, the Catholic may encounter in his study of the Bible, how hard soever he may find himself beset by the methods and conclusions of higher criticism, he must save those formulas, for they are sacrosanct. We then recalled that many Catholic critics, finding difficulties growing up on all sides of them, and discovering too that there is much truth in higher criticism, whatever its exaggerations, have had recourse to a method which allows a large field to criticism and rather diminishes the province of the two theological formulas. This method consists primarily in seeking to interpret, not the *material* words which the inspired author put on paper, but the *formal* purpose or intention which he had in the secrecy of his own mind when he put them on paper. So that in matters of history, let us say, we are not to think that the inspired writer erred, if we read in his book some statement which does not agree with known fact; but we are to believe, rather, that the author did not formally intend that statement to be taken as literal history. And as he is responsible only for what he formally intended, he cannot be charged with an error, responsibility for which he never assumed. How we are enabled to penetrate to the secrecy of the inspired man's mind, so as to discover his formal intention, was sufficiently dwelt upon last month in our remarks upon

* *De Inspiratione S. Scripturæ.* Auctore Christiano Pesch, S.J. Sumptibus Herder: S. Ludovici. 1906.

the literary forms of the sacred writings, and upon the theory of implicit quotations. Let it be enough to remark here that this school of Catholics notably reduces the number of formal affirmations in the holy books, and thus builds a barricade against any admission of formal error.

It must be acknowledged in favor of this position first, that it supplies us with a convenient instrument for disposing of difficulties; and secondly, that the scholars who maintain it are not merely theologically expert, but are also, as we have said already, specialists in the critical study of the Bible. Among them are such men as Lagrange, Poels, Bonaccorsi, Hummelauer and Prat. These, and others like them in growing numbers, are masters of biblical erudition, and, from having painstakingly gone over the ground, are acquainted, as no man who has merely studied theology ever can be acquainted, with the perplexities and problems which have arisen in recent years, and are demanding that an Inspiration-theory take account of them. It must, on the other hand, be admitted that this theory will not make the slightest impression on critics outside the Catholic Church. It is purely for domestic use; and cannot avail as a weapon of propaganda. It aims at answering, not: "How can we win over rationalist critics to our view of inspiration?" but rather: "How can we preserve our doctrine of inspiration in the face of rationalist critics?"

This theory, therefore, is an adaptation of an old doctrine to new exigencies. And, as always happens in such cases, there are strict conservatives who are crying out: "You are carrying your adaptation too far; you are compromising the faith!" And just here lies the battlefield whereon there is now going forward a struggle which is destined to be memorable in the history of theology. The conservative theologians are pouring out books and pamphlets with zealous rapidity to show that the new school of Catholic critics is dangerous and deserving of condemnation. The critics, on their part, seem to be taking the matter a little more serenely, but they are not remiss in defending themselves, and seem to be awaiting, with perfect confidence, the verdict of all-pacifying time. As a typical instance of the conservative attitude, we may quote a letter addressed by the late Father Martin, Superior-General of the Jesuits, to the Provincials of the Society. This letter, which is dated November the fourth, 1904, is an attack upon the

"historical method" of biblical study, especially as this method is adopted among Catholics. By the Catholic followers of the historical method, we are to understand the men that favor the broader view of inspiration, of which we have been speaking. Concerning these Father Martin writes: "I am aware that the new school that have followed after these disastrously exaggerated opinions make it their boast that they have furnished Christian faith with new weapons and a new plan of campaign against the attacks of the rationalist and the ungodly. But how vain and empty this boasting is we can see from the fact that the true doctrine of inspiration, the common teaching of Catholic theologians, yes, and even the laws of sound logic, are set at naught by this school, in its madness *(deliramento)*. . . . It will be the duty of your Reverence, therefore, to keep your province free from this pest, and to see to it that all our Fathers shall scrupulously avoid the dangers of this school, not only those of them who teach Scripture or write for publication, but all of whatsoever station who may have to deal with these controversies in the work of the ministry, or any other department of their vocation. . . . I have certain knowledge that nothing is dearer to the Sovereign Pontiff than that all, and our Society in particular, should stand far aloof from these errors."

After reading this, we shall not be astonished to find that members of the Society of Jesus, always distinguished for obedience, are foremost in attacking the progressive critics. Not that all Jesuits are thus minded by any means. For Father Hummelauer, S.J., and Father Prat, S.J., have done as much as any men living to spread the broader view of inspiration. But these exceptions, though illustrious, are few. On the other side we have Fathers Brucker and Fontaine, both grown gray in the fight against liberalism of every stamp, Fathers Murillo, Darsch, Delattre, Billot, and Schiffini. All these men are highly learned in theology, but only Father Delattre has thus far, to our knowledge, displayed any notable acquaintance with Scripture. Fathers Billot and Schiffini are *ex professo*, dogmatic theologians, and both are highly reputed in that department. It is to be regretted that Father Schiffini has not undergone the severer discipline of critical method; for we venture to say that, if he had, he would not have lowered the tone of the debate, as he has done, by the extreme abusiveness of his language. To use the word *mendacium*, in writing of the opinions of loyal Catho-

lics and good priests, is to re-introduce a style of theological discussion which most of us would fain leave buried in the past.

The peaceful reader of these wars and rumors of wars need not be troubled. Domestic controversies of this kind have always been going on, to greater or less extent, and they have resulted in good. This one will result in good also; and in great and abiding good. So let us look on with unexhausted good-nature, spiced, perhaps, with a grain of quiet cynicism, while the learned reprisals pass from one camp to the other, and each is sure of the conquest of the foe.

It is probably obvious why the conservative theologians have taken alarm. To their mind these admissions of implicit quotations, which are not necessarily guaranteed by the inspired author; and this wide application of the theory of literary forms, which would admit folk-lore, tribal-tradition, and historical fiction into the Bible, destroy the divine authority of Scripture. How, they ask, can you, in such a theory, maintain: "*Deus est Auctor*"; and "*Nullus est Error*"? Their opponents answer with another query: How can you account for the facts, and solve the difficulties, flung against us by higher criticism, without interpreting these two formulas in our manner? And there is the present situation. The critic feels the weight of the facts which are his stock in trade; the theologian feels the weight of the formulas which are his stock in trade; and between them there is no clear road thus far. Both agree, of course, that the two formulas must be preserved. The objection of the theologian is that the critic's method of preserving them will end with destroying them. Beyond all doubt, and without expressing any personal judgment as to the controversy, which we have not the slightest intention of doing at all, we must say that the new theory puts an entirely new face upon the old formulas. No Fathers, Doctors, or Councils of former times ever had the slightest prevision of the lengths to which this recent inspiration-theory is stretched. And, consequently, the theologians, to whom tradition and the *consensus scholæ* mean so much, have real justification for their rigid attitude. If they depart from tradition, whither shall they go? They see no stopping-place save that attenuated liberalism which accepts the Bible as an ethical and spiritual book, but utterly rejects it as an historical document. And they refuse to be reassured, even when the

critics hold out the consolation that Catholics are in no danger of going so far, since they have the Church as a supreme and infallible teacher.

The mention of this *impasse*, brings us at last to the recent work of Father Pesch, which bears many signs of being a devoutly intended *Eirenicon*. Father Pesch is not a professional biblical student, but a dogmatic theologian of high rank. Notwithstanding, however, that his studies have lain outside the province of criticism, he takes pains, in the most admirable and conscientious manner, to acquaint himself with the past and present status of Scriptural science, and he deserves the praise, which is unmerited by many a writer on controverted questions, of having examined and pondered the arguments of those with whom he differs. He uses no harsh words towards opponents; he seems to be much impressed with the difficulties raised by modern study; he loyally recognizes the justification for many positions of the broad school; and he brings forward theology as a barrier to criticism only when he sincerely thinks that criticism's further progress would be a deadly peril to theology. He writes as a theologian, it is true, but his theology is so tolerant that it is certain to displease some of the theologians who have preceded him in this field, while, on the other hand, it is likely to give heart and hope to the critics who have waited rather long, we must say, for so considerate a word from theology.

Among the admissions which Father Pesch feels constrained to make are these: 1. Inspiration does not exclude composite or pseudonymous authorship or the later revising of an editor; 2. Inspiration may admit any literary form; 3. The kind of truth proper to biblical passages will vary with the various literary forms; 4. Fictitious narratives (*Fictas Narrationes*, p. 503) can be inspired, and whether, *v.g.*, Judith and Tobias belong to this category is a point that cannot be decided in the negative by merely considering inspiration *in se;* 5. It is only *formal* error that is necessarily excluded from the Bible; 6. Biblical history is true history, but we must make allowance for a mode of writing which was peculiar to those ancient times; 7. Within narrow limits we may admit implicit quotations; 8. Several of the Fathers, for example, Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and Augustine, have exaggerated the divine element in inspiration.

This is going fairly far in the direction of criticism, and is the most notable concession yet made by theology. Father Pesch is a long piece of the road in advance of his *confrère*, Father Billot, who styles the "literary forms," "forms of vanity to be excused only by ignorance," and designates "implicit quotations," as "*vanissimum effugium.*" In fact, Father Pesch agrees with the broad school as to principles, and only differs from them in the application of the principles. That difference, however, is still very great, as we shall now proceed to show.

In the first place, Father Pesch insists that when we have to deal with an historical book, we must regard it as genuinely historical. There will appear in it, he admits, another manner of writing history than is usual with us, and, in regard to the book of Genesis, we may expect to discover vestiges of orally transmitted tradition; but, as to the facts in substance, we cannot have any doubt about their objective validity. Granting that popular tradition was the channel through which the earliest Hebrew narratives flowed, still we must maintain that no objectively false traditions—"*traditiones secundum rem falsas*"—accumulated upon the accounts that were ultimately written in the Bible. To hold the contrary would be to depart from the Catholic spirit as manifested in theological sources. From this a second conclusion follows, *viz.*, that there are no myths or legends in the Bible. Of myth, legend, and fable Father Pesch gives this common definition, which is far from being as accurate as it ought to be: "A narration containing, under the cloak of history, matters which are not historical." He says, in concluding his discussion of this point: "Since, therefore, the Sovereign Pontiffs (*viz.*, Pius IX. in the 'Syllabus,' and Leo XIII. in the 'Providentissimus Deus') have accounted it an erroneous and impious thing to admit fables or myths in Scripture, this alone is reason enough why a Catholic theologian should reject the contrary opinion of rationalists, and should ally himself with all the theologians of the past, and with the Fathers, in holding firmly that true history is narrated in the historical books of Scripture" (p. 538). Finally, Father Pesch warns against an undue use of the theory of implicit quotations.

It is our opinion that this part of Father Pesch's work, wherein he sets down these restrictions of principles which he has in substance admitted, is the weakest portion of his book.

Running through them is a constant misuse of the word "*affirmare*," "to affirm." Thus he says that the historical books cannot contain narrations which are objectively false, because "the inspired authors cannot *affirm* as true that which is false" (p. 552). The critical school accepts this principle most cordially. But, they say, the inspired author can insert a narration into his book, without literally *affirming* it personally and formally. And if he did not thus affirm it, its possible discrepancy with objective fact is no reproach to him. Father Pesch seems to ignore the enormous difference between an author's writing down a statement, and his personally vouching for the literal value of the statement. And this is all the more astonishing, since he previously admitted the distinction between material and formal error in Scripture. The same equivocal use of the all-important word "*affirm*" occurs in the treatment of myths and legends, and really renders Father Pesch's criticism of the broad school quite beside the point. They are as strenuous as he is in maintaining that whatever the sacred writer *affirms* is absolutely and infallibly true. But what does he affirm? That he need not affirm everything in his book, Father Pesch himself acknowledges. Yet in the criticisms passed upon the broad school, we are led to infer that every statement written down in the historical books is an affirmed statement. The critics have some right to say that, between inaccuracy and inconsistency, they escape unscathed.

From a theological point of view, it would seem that Father Pesch would have hit the critics harder if he had turned against them the traditional view of the Old Testament, and (a point which he hardly uses, though it can be made very formidable) the New Testament use of the Old. From a theological point of view, we say, because, from the point of view of comprehensive scholarship, the right method is to begin with the facts, and, text in hand, to obtain first a thorough inductive understanding of the problems of biblical science. This is the great lack in all these theological treatises. They are apt to overlook the importance of detail, of minute acquaintance with criticism, of new perplexities over and above those that were present to Origen, Jerome, and Augustine. Father Pesch's chapter, for example, entitled: "*Sintne in libris historicis S. Scripturæ Mythi vel Legendæ?*" can do no good to a man who has read a translation of the eleventh tablet of the Gilgamesh

epic, or has looked into what Gunkel and Zimmern have to say about Noah and Pir-Napisthtim. The one fact retained in the mind of such a man, concerning the deluge, will overshadow a whole volume of theory which ignores that fact. It is precisely here, where the theologian is weakest, that the critic is strongest. And if it be retorted: Granted; but where the latter's theory is critically strongest, it is theologically weakest, there is nothing to do just yet but shrug one's shoulders. The sympathizer with the critics may possibly find comfort in conjecturing the future by the lessons of the past. It is not an unknown thing that an opinion turned out of doors by the theology of one age has been smilingly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the theology of the next. Time, like the mills of God, grinds slowly, but, with exceeding sureness, it crushes men and systems, at last, into conformity with perfect and passionless Truth.

We cannot take leave of this important work of Father Pesch without a word of praise for its general excellence. The historical account of inspiration, which takes up nearly four hundred pages, is a useful summary of patristic and theological opinion which it must have cost enormous labor to compile. And the second portion of the volume with which we have been mainly occupied, is marked with so fair, open, and candid a spirit, that it must win the admiration even of men who cannot range themselves on the side of the learned author. It is far too soon to say the "last word" on inspiration, and if we have remarked that Father Pesch's book has serious limitations, this is only saying, in other words, that it is necessarily conditioned by the still early stage of the controversy with which it deals. Other men, more scientifically acquainted with the data of the problem, and more inductive in method, will take up this momentous question, and will—when, we cannot say—lead it to the true solution which it has not yet reached. Whoever those men may be, and whatever their superiority in learning and insight to the men of this generation, they may at least learn from Father Pesch the lessons of conscientious labor, uprightness of intention, and gentleness of speech.

MIGUEL AND MARIA.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

JAMES FLEMING turned everything he touched to gold. The world thought him the most fortunate of men. He had power, wealth, social position, and was the envy of his fellows. He had a beautiful Spanish wife, whose face of stormy beauty attracted all eyes to it whenever she appeared. He adored his Mercedes, and she him. He was handsome also in a dark, un-English way. Fleming had been connected a long time with the Southern Spanish town where he had met and loved Mercedes. His own mother had been a Spaniard. Life was not always smooth sailing with the Spanish wife and semi-Spanish husband; but James Fleming would have told you, if you had got into his confidence, that there was no wife like a Spanish one. He despised the smoother happiness of his fellows, as one who loved the changing sea might despise a back-water.

Life, indeed, had been lavish in her gifts to these two. Only —there is always an only—the children had died one after another, had just blossomed to lovely buds of babyhood and then died. Four little sons and a little daughter had been given to them only to be taken away again. The children explained the passionate desolation in the great eyes of Mercedes as she sat at ball or opera, the admiration of all beholders, her eyes under the tiara of diamonds dark stars of despair. Her husband would have given her anything—anything. He had sometimes an uneasy sense that he had been cruel to her in robbing her of her religion. But even he had no idea of the remorse that was in her heart, of how as each child was lost to her she bowed her head beneath the just scourge of God.

If James Fleming had been altogether English, he would have been less violent in his denials of the faith in which he and she alike had been brought up. He would at all events, in all probability, have let his wife alone. As it was, he was jealous of even God himself, although he would have said there was no God. He could not have borne her to have had thoughts

and feelings in which he could not share. He had set himself, through her love for him, to rob her of her faith; and he seemed to have succeeded. Only he had not succeeded altogether. Poor Mercedes had indeed lost a God of Love, but she had found a terrible and threatening God of Fear. She never doubted the justice that rained blow after blow upon her; she had chosen a man before God, and God did well to be angry.

If James Fleming had been altogether an Englishman, he would have been incapable of the hatred of religon and the priests which he displayed openly, causing thereby disquiet in the minds of many of his friends, who looked upon the violence as a sign of ill-breeding, a constant reminder that Fleming was but a half-breed after all. Their indifference to religion was positive indifference. Monty Lanyon, a well-known man about town, only said what his fellows were thinking when he remarked, with a shrug of his shoulders, that Fleming must believe in something or why be so violent in his statements that there was nothing to believe. "Take my word for it," said Monty, who was a philosopher as well as a man about town, "that Fleming will go back to it all before he dies; something will happen and he will go back. I may not live to see it, but some of you fellows will."

There was a butler in James Fleming's house whose manner towards his master and mistress had been unusual enough for a servant to attract here and there the notice of a discerning guest. He was a little, dark-face man, with very bright eyes, and a quick, bright smile when a friendly person happened to speak to him. He had attracted the notice of Monty Lanyon a long time ago. Monty always spoke to him now with an unusual friendliness; and Miguel's face would light up in response. He was a Spaniard, from the same town as Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, and he had been in James Fleming's service before his marriage.

Monty Lanyon did not often share his discoveries with his less-discerning fellows, but to his nephew, George, whose wit he valued as being in the direct line of descent from his own, he imparted certain results of his observation.

"Miguel is as deft as they make them," he said. "I don't know what I wouldn't give for such a servant. Note the air of solicitude with which he watches Madame. There is something fatherly and motherly both in it; there is also a suggestion, to

me, that Madame might break down in some way at any moment. Miguel has a little brown wife, Maria, who runs the entire establishment. I have seen her going softly upstairs when Madame has not appeared, and I am sure it is to be with her. Miguel loves Fleming, too, but it is with resignation, as one loves some one who is breaking one's heart. Have you seen him wince when Fleming gets on to the priests? And once or twice, when he has been most unpleasantly blasphemous, I have seen a flash cross the little brown man's face, almost as though if a knife were handy at the moment Miguel might have stabbed his master, dearly as he loves him."

"What an interesting situation!" said George Lanyon.

"My dear George, for you and me who have the wit to discover it, the world is full of interesting situations. It is only to dull people that life need ever be dull. And now I will tell you another thing. I have an idea that a good many of our friend's quips and sallies are directed at his butler!"

"Impossible! That would be to believe Fleming something of a bounder."

"We must not judge him according to our narrow English code, my dear George. Half of him belongs to the most polite of civilized nations. But—can't you understand the resentment? Our friend has quarreled with the good God. *Ma foi!* what an unequal combat. No one knows it better than poor Fleming himself. And here is an enemy, an adherent of the enemy, nay, a pair of them, squatted on Fleming's hearthstone. You have only to go at seven o'clock any morning to the Church of St. Joseph, round the corner, and you will find the excellent Miguel and Maria absorbed in their devotions."

"What omniscience, my dear Uncle! You were never there, nor anywhere else except in bed, at seven in the morning."

"Wrong, my dear George. I grant you I have never got up at that hour—of late years, at all events—but I have frequently not gone to bed till after that hour. However, I have not attended the early Mass at St. Joseph's. I have my information from the priest, Father Casserly, a charming fellow, full of wit and knowledge of the world."

"Wonderful! How do you come to know Father Casserly?"

"Choice spirits find each other out all the world over. Never mind how I met him. We must all have our reserves. He pointed out Miguel to me one day, not knowing that I

knew him, and displayed to me a bit of the mystery. 'It is an impious house,' he said, 'and I could get him employment where he would not have his religion outraged day after day. But he will not leave, and I applaud his decision.' I was profoundly interested, but I asked him no more than what he told me. Since then I have discovered in Miguel an air of waiting. He watches like a cat. He is waiting for Fleming's soul, as his protagonist, the devil, may be waiting. I am glad Miguel is there for the sake of Madame and the child. It is an ungodly atmosphere for women and children who need the good God."

The youngest child born to James Fleming and his wife had lived, lived and thriven, and grown up to eight years old. He was a beautiful boy, dark and spirited, full of generous impulses. He had lived amid love and praise from the time he could understand either, but he was singularly unspoilt. He was merry and innocent, the light of the house, the centre of the world to both his parents.

He was to do great things in the world. Already he was something of a wonder-child, his thoughts and his words often beautiful and strange. There was mind there, said the people, there was imagination, there was poetry. And yet, side by side with these, there was the simplicity of nature, the frankness that became the boy. He was to go to Eton in a few years time. Everything that money could do to help him to a career would be done. James Fleming had a curious desire that his boy should have a share in the government of the country; he wanted him to be a statesman, to write his name on the history of the country. He had great dreams, this half-Englishman, for the future of his boy.

One day, in Monty Lanyon's presence, James Fleming swore at his servant. Something was not forthcoming; had been mislaid, as it proved, by the master himself. If he had minded his business, instead of praying to his saints . . . There was an expletive, and Miguel's eyes flashed. The scene disgusted Monty, for whom religion itself was summed up in the word "good breeding."

"My dear Fleming," he said, "you are too impulsive. That Southern blood is responsible for a good deal. I shouldn't like to do it myself in your place. I seemed to see Miguel—perhaps it was only in imagination—steal a hand towards his breast, where an ancestor of his may have carried a dagger.

I am quite sure Miguel would not hurt you, but it is all the more unfair to him to give him so much provocation."

Fleming laughed, his sudden fury over.

"Miguel hurt me!" he repeated. "Why, he's as devoted to me as my dog, and to mine as well. He would be happy following me like a little dog. You should see how I can bring the brightness to his face when I choose to be civil to him. He adores my wife and the boy. So does Maria his wife. Have you seen her—a little brown body who lives in the kitchens all day? She was a beautiful girl once, was Maria, but now she only leaves the kitchens to go to church, where she prays for us. We are everything to Miguel and Maria."

"You are a lucky fellow to have such devotion. I wouldn't tax it too much. The proud Spaniard, you know. I appeal to you as an Englishman, Fleming, if it is not hitting below the belt."

Monty Lanyon condescended to a weakness of Fleming's, who liked to be reminded of the English side of his ancestry rather than of the Spanish.

Fleming laughed again.

"I suppose it may be," he answered good-temperedly. "I must give up goading Miguel. I can't make amends to him more than by giving him a kind word, but I shall do that to oblige you, Lanyon, and because the other thing is, as you say, un-English. I know we are lucky in having Miguel and Maria, but then I account myself lucky in most things."

He pulled the little pointed beard which completed his resemblance to a Velasquez portrait.

"You are very lucky," Monty Lanyon assented, "uncommonly lucky. If I were you, Fleming, I should throw away something I held dear, to propitiate the gods, you know."

"I am no believer in gods old or new," Fleming said, lifting his handsome, audacious face as though he flung a challenge towards heaven.

A few days later Monty Lanyon, playing an afternoon game of bridge at the Club, was startled out of his usual attitude of calm acceptance of all things that happened or might happen.

"That poor devil, Fleming!" said some one. "Have you heard? The little chap, his one child, has been thrown from his pony. A motor car frightened the beast. They say there's

no hope. The spine is telescoped. Half Harley Street is in consultation, but what can you do with a telescoped spine? He's dead already from the waist downward."

"Good God!" said Monty, dropping his cards. It was the first time he had ever done anything so unsportsmanlike as to spoil a game. "Good God! The poor little chap! It was the most spirited thing of its age I ever knew. Very like the mother—"

He fixed his eyeglass in one eye with a hand that positively trembled. He had let it fall in his agitation. The thought of Jim's mother—Fleming would have the child called Jim, and oddly incongruous the name was by the lad's Southern looks—had added the last pang to his thought. Madame, as Monty called her—a woman as like to the red rose she often wore Spanish-fashion behind her ear as a woman can be to a flower—had been languid of late, had rested much on sofas, had been watched over more solicitously than ever by her husband and by Miguel. That was a complication. Madame was in delicate health. The remembrance cast Monty Lanyon into such an abstraction that he cannoned into a dozen people on his way down Piccadilly. That poor devil, Fleming, indeed! What if the gods, the God, he had defied were only to be propitiated by the sacrifice of wife and child!

The young footman, not long from the country, who opened the door to Monty, had traces of recent tears on his round, boyish face. Monty averted his gaze from them with careful politeness.

"Master Jim was no better. He was such a jolly little chap, Sir," with an ominous sniff. The young footman had played cricket in the team captained by Master Jim down at Ringwood. And Mrs. Fleming was very bad. The doctor was with her now. The master was in his study. He might see Mr. Lanyon. Mr. Lanyon was always a friend of Master Jim's.

Lanyon was shown into the study. At the writing-table Fleming sat with an immovable air, as though he had been there for hours. His face twitched just a little as his eyes met his visitor's.

"Ah, Lanyon," he said in a husky whisper, "this is good of you. You've heard?"

"I've heard," Lanyon replied sitting down opposite to him

and feeling more profoundly wretched, in the absence of any words to say, than he had ever felt in all his life. This was a moment, he said to himself, in which religion would have been of some use. Unfortunately, neither he nor poor Fleming had anything to do with religion; and in this supreme moment there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to be offered in the way of consolation.

"How are they?" he asked after a pause.

"He—there's practically no hope for him, if the doctors are right. You must see him. He'll like to see you. There's nothing dreadful, you know—only—only he can't move. You never saw anything so plucky in all your life."

The most curious, forlorn note of pride was in the father's voice. Lanyon said nothing. What could he offer that was not dust and ashes, dust and ashes?

"And she, Madame?" he asked after a second's pause. "How is she?"

"The doctors are there. They are doing all they can. It was the shock. She saw them bringing him in. Miguel caught her as she fell."

He drummed with his fingers restlessly on the table. Monty remembered the far-away days of his own childhood, when he had had a believing mother. A phrase came to him out of that distance: "She is in the hands of God." If he could only have said it with any assurance on his own part, any hope of its acceptance by the heavily-stricken man before him! His eyes wandered round the room, over the books, the marbles, the pictures. All the luxury and beauty that money could buy were there. London roared without. For all that was heard of its tumult it might have been miles away. Outside one long window a fountain played, falling on a green sward.

"She is young, that is in her favor; and she will have all that medical skill and knowledge can do," he said, realizing how trite the words were in comparison with those others, if only he might have said them.

"But I have been breaking her heart all these years."

"*You!* We are a domestic nation; but you, as a husband, put the rest of us to shame."

"She has never forgotten the old faiths, superstitions, of her childhood. She has only pretended that my love was enough. The pretence cost her—all the joy of her life. If

she pulls through, with Jim gone the way of the others, she may not care to live. She is more to me than—many children. If I can but keep her—I shall have everything."

"We must hope for the best," Lanyon said, with a dreary sense of the futility of the words.

He stayed with his friend while the long afternoon grew towards evening. They ate a silent meal together. Together they visited Jim's room, where the little figure lay so rigid in bed, that only the eyes seemed alive and the smiling lips. Lanyon knew the room. It was not so long ago since Jim had been given a room of his own. His books were there, his desk, his cricket bat, his games; there was a toy gun above the fireplace, Monty's gift on Jim's last birthday. Monty had spent a good many half-hours since then shooting at a target with Jim's gun, and had forgotten how long ago it was since his own boyhood.

Already the gay, innocent room had altered its aspect. It had the air of a sick room. A watchful, silent nurse stood at guard. Jim had a strange, torpid, unnatural air; although he smiled, the smile seemed from some other world, so infinitely remote was its strange brightness. It was a relief to Monty when they retired, closing the door softly behind them. Jim seemed to have no need of them any more.

Miguel waited on them at dinner in his usual careful, well-trained way. He seemed to Monty Lanyon's eyes to have grown smaller, more wizen-faced since they had last met. His eyes had a strained, bloodshot look. He watched his master with the gaze of an anxious and loving dog.

After dinner they went to the billiard-room and made a pretence of knocking the balls about. A strange silence seemed to settle down on the house. The ticking of the clock on the mantle-piece and the clicking of the balls seemed only to make the silence felt. There was something oddly tragical about the silent game. Lanyon imagined behind the outward Fleming, who played with mechanical carefulness, the real man, listening in a passion of listening for the sounds from the sick room upstairs. When now and again Miguel came in to replenish the fire, to bring fresh glasses, or a syphon—anything for a pretext to hover a little while in his master's vicinity—Fleming would look up with an arrested air of expectancy, as though for the moment his very heart had stopped to listen.

There was no talk of Monty leaving his friend. Earlier in the afternoon he had arranged for that. He was going to see him through it. He rather wondered at himself for his own altruism. He had been accustomed to think of himself as a selfish fellow, little touched by the troubles and joys of others. And here he was with his heart wrung, not only for the dying boy and the woman in grips for her life, but more for the man whose soul in torture looked out from his suffering eyes. He remembered, with a curious sense of shame and contrition, that he had not altogether liked James Fleming in the old days, that he had been critical of his breeding.

Somewhere about the middle of the night Miguel came into the room, with his swift glance at his master as he pretended to make up the fire. Fleming had the cue in position to attempt a cannon. Suddenly he flung it down. He muttered something to himself, of which Lanyon fancied he caught a word or two—was it the cry of the Apostate Julian: "Galilean, thou hast conquered"?

"How is your mistress, Miguel?" he asked.

"She is quieter, dear soul," said the man.

"If it would not harm her, Miguel, if it would help her and not harm her, she can have the priest. Will you fetch him? I will see the doctors. Perhaps they would let me see her now. At the same time—it would make her happier—he can christen Master Jim."

The little brown face lit up with the most wonderful radiance.

"Master! Master!" he cried in a rapture, "it will save her life! She prayed for Maria and the doctors let her come. And Maria has done her good. She has told her—you must forgive us, Master, because it has done her good—the little ones that died—it was killing her to think of them—every one of them was made a lamb of Christ by the priest. Maria and I carried them to the church. Could we have a child of yours die like a dog without baptism?"

He bent his head almost as though he expected a blow, but James Fleming, with hardly a glance at him, went out of the room.

Monty had time to get very tired of his own company and the books and magazines with which the billiard-room was plentifully supplied before any one came near him.

At last the door opened and James Fleming came in. He came up to the mantle-piece by which the other man was stand-

ing, and putting his arms on it leant his face down on them. Monty waited patiently.

At last Fleming lifted his face and looked at him. It was gray as ashes, and a thick sweat was on his forehead, but the inhuman suffering had gone out of his expression.

"It is over," he said. "There is a child, a boy, and a strong one. She has come through it better than the doctors dared hope. To be sure, she had the priest. She is quite clear about everything, even about Jim. She gives him up to—God. It is as though she had all the children restored to her, since she knows that they were christened. My God! how could I have been so cruel to her?"

They went upstairs and sat wordlessly by Jim's bed. Nothing could do him any harm, said the nurse, who stood about with an air of baffled capability, since there was nothing for her to do, so they might stay.

After a time Lanyon went away and went to bed. He felt worn out with the sufferings of others, and he slept heavily. When he awoke, suddenly, because some one had him by the shoulder and was shaking him, the full sun was in the room. Fleming was standing over him, wan and worn, indeed, as though after a terrible ordeal, but with a light of hopefulness on his face.

"She is sleeping like a lamb," he said. "I have just been in to look at her with the youngster snuggled up against her. And"—a sudden sob broke from him—"Sir William Hunter has just gone. He is not so hopeless this morning—thinks an operation may save him—it is not as bad as they thought."

Lanyon seized his hand and wrung it. Miguel came into the room with the gliding step of the well-trained servant and drew up the blind. The sun poured in dazzlingly. For once Miguel forgot himself.

"So," he said to Monty, "so, it is well. Thanks be to the good God it is not as yesterday."

His little face was wrinkled in smiles of happiness. He rubbed his hands softly together.

"Rascal!" said James Fleming, his face still working, "to think how I have been deceived by thee and Maria all these years!"

But his eyes smiled as he said it, smiled oddly in his face, seamed with twenty-four hours of despair.

A GREAT LEADER.

BY ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

ABBOT GASQUET by *Lord Acton and His Circle* has once more put the English-reading public under obligation for what is, in reality, a history of English Catholic intellectual life from 1858 to 1874. The work was needed; for the lessons of the past have not yet been thoroughly learnt. In this goodly volume we have a self-drawn picture of one of the greatest leaders of English Catholic thought; and in the intimacy of his private correspondence we can watch, on one side, his methods and plans, and, on the other, the deadly opposition of men who, while they could not rise to his own intellectual view, would cabin, confine, and crib him within the narrow limits of their own ignorance.

What was the state of the English Catholic world that Acton worked in and for? In 1850 the episcopal hierarchy had been restored; and Wiseman, brought up in Rome and not understanding modern thought or methods, was presiding over the doctrines of the new church. All that was Roman of those days, good, bad, and indifferent, entered into his spirit. The good remains; the rest is, perhaps, slowly passing away. He was too thin-skinned to be a successful ruler; and he would have succeeded better in Rome as a *savant*. It will be remembered that it was not the original intention to send him back to England after his elevation to the sacred purple. The life of this brilliant but not solid man still remains to be written from the purely historical view. Around him gathered men of like temperament, but who, alas, did not always equal him in his virtues; some of these were converts of the unbalanced and exuberant kind, and some hereditary Catholics, whose intellectual powers were not on a par with their piety—"respectable or noble nobodies." Mediocrity was their characteristic. Among them Wiseman stood out with an unnatural greatness—a veritable Triton among minnows. On the other side of the camp, but noways in opposition to lawful authority, were a section of men, hereditary Catholics like Acton or con-

verts like Newman, men of wide culture, deep learning, and with a grasp of the reality of things. These were in touch, not only with all that was intellectual in England, but also with German thought, then as now, profound and thorough. We can put in the words of representative men on either side the position of the problem that then lay before the Church of England. Wiseman, in 1848, sketched what he conceived to be the respective spheres of action of laity and clergy. To the laity, as Abbot Gasquet reminds us in his deeply interesting Introduction, he gave over the world of politics, legislation, and administration, the part of commerce, the army, and navy, "every profession which enriches or ennobles, every pursuit which gives fame and honor, by research in science, or genius in art, or popularity in literature," courts, exchanges, public halls, and private firesides. To the clergy he reserves only one thing—the Church of God; and not only its internal government and guidance, but its external protection and defence. "The Church," he adds, "does, indeed, often want your zealous co-operation, your social influence, your learned or ready pen, your skilful pencil, your brilliant talents, your weighty names, your abundant means. But the direction, the rule, belongs to us. We will call you forth when the Church of God wants your aid; we will always gladly see you working with us, but we cannot permit you to lead when religious interests are concerned." In other words, "the only ecclesiastical subjects on which the laity were to speak, except according to the *mot d'ordre* of ecclesiastical authority, were questions of taste and dillettantism, obsolete controversies, or matters of no particular present interest or importance." This theory was the key to Wiseman's administration, and explains its failure. He was no real leader "of men in a world of men." On the other side Newman, in 1851, writes: "What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of *bringing (out)* what they are, what their religion is. . . . I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it and also know enough of history to defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity. . . . I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth

to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases of Catholicism, and where lie the main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory. . . . In all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicism."

Here we have the parting of the ways. It was the layman that mattered. Wiseman made the cleric the measure of Catholicism; Newman, the layman. Does the priest exist for the layman, or the layman for the priest? Two schools looking too fixedly at different sides of the same shield are bound to come to loggerheads before long. It is in the nature of things, and there was no need to expect a miracle.

How far were the English clergy in those days capable of being intellectual leaders? A writer, in 1848, did not hesitate to say that Catholic education was inferior to that which Protestants received, and he took as his test literature and arts. "What then," says he, "is our literary and intellectual condition at this moment? Can we claim a high place in English literature? Can we claim any place at all? Is there such a thing as a Catholic English literature in existence, from the profoundest theology down to the most trifling schoolbooks? If we are worse than Protestants, in all honesty and manly courage let us avow it and claim for ourselves the undeniable admission that it is through the tyranny and spoliation of an anti-Catholic Government that we have been robbed of all our ancient means of instruction." And W. G. Ward, who ranged himself on Wiseman's side, wrote to an opponent: "I am most deeply convinced that the whole philosophical fabric which occupies our colleges is rotten from the roof to the floor (or rather from the floor to the roof). Nay, no one, who has not been mixed up practically in a seminary, would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds." This was the state that was to continue until Cardinal Vaughan re-opened the National Universities to Catholics, against whom they had been closed by Wiseman and Manning, who gave nothing in their place. Abbot Gasquet explains the position that Acton had to deal with: "For half a century and more the Catholics of England had been deprived by the French Revolution of even that measure of higher education which during three centuries of penal law they had gained at Douai and at the other Universities of France. Thrown back

upon themselves they had done what was possible, under the circumstances, to carry on the Douai traditions of clerical training; but the lack of the incentive of public competition was sufficient to cause them, in time, to fall behind in the race; and their isolation made them, perhaps, too contented with the existing state of things. In one sense it was their glory and their misfortune, not their shame, for it was part of the penalty they paid for fidelity to the faith." It was so not only in England but in France, where the same cause was partly responsible for a similar effect. Acton saw just where the need was. He writes:

> What is wanted is a high standard of education for the clergy, without which we can neither have, except in rare cases, good preachers or men of taste or masters of style or up to the knowledge, the ignorance, and errors of the day. They will have neither sympathy nor equality with the laity. The example of France is conclusive. No clergy is more zealous, more ascetic, than the better sort of French priests. St. Sulpice educates them for that; but not for learning. So they are shut off from the lay world, they influence only the women; and instead of influencing society through the women, help to disorganize by separating the men and the women. . . . It is no answer to say that an ignorant clergy is good enough for an ignorant laity. They must be equal not only to lay Catholics but also to Protestants, both lay and clerical. They must be educated with a view to the clever enemy, not only to the stupid friend. Asceticism by itself is no security without knowledge. It is just as dangerous to faith in educated men, though not highly or sufficiently educated, as knowledge itself. One-sided views of things, ignorance of the world, ignorance of proportion and perspective in things purely religious, ignorance of the borderland where religion touches the outer world of life and ideas. There have been heresies of false asceticism just as there have been of false speculation. Taste for learning can be nourished only by reading the great writers, by *artes liberales*, not by prayer and seclusion.

It was to this work of raising the intellectual status of English Catholics for the service of the Church that Acton, though but a young man as years go, devoted his gigantic powers of ripe scholarship; and, as a means he took over the

editorship of *The Rambler* which, in his hands, not only equalled but far surpassed any other English publication of the time. He writes:

> The task of raising the level of thought and learning amongst us is arduous enough to employ us for all our lives. It is one in which approbation and popularity are no test of success, and in which success is necessarily slow; it is one, too, in which it is worth while to lose nothing by one's own fault.

He claimed for himself and for all Catholics

> that unbiased liberty of following after Truth at all costs, which is the inalienable privilege and the bounden duty of every creature endowed with the great gift of reason.

In a letter of 1858 he says:

> I will try to find men who think for themselves and are not slaves to tradition and authority.

And for this purpose he gathered round him, as active supporters or friends, all that was best and really learned in England. The large volume of his letters (178 in number) that Abbot Gasquet has given to us are tempting reading, and not a page but is a revelation of the wonderful scope of Acton's learning, and of his truly Catholic spirit. It is delightful "browsing" and it is hard to put the book down. Shall I admit that I read it through, introduction and all, (some 500 pages) at one sitting? Amidst the treasures of thought and judgments and events, books and persons, all clamoring for separate treatment, I have selected a few passages on vital questions which will show Acton's policy and his fearless statement of what he knew to be the truth. He saw that thought, like everything else in the Church, must grow:

> Above all, we ought to bear in mind that theology is not a stationary science, so that a man who says nothing that has not been said before does not march with his age. Nevertheless, this philosophical view will be offensive to many.*

*Ward says almost the same: "I most fully agree with you, not only (as, of course, I do) in the extreme interest of theology, but also in your criticism that it needs entire reconstruction to meet the exigencies of the day. . . . I always tell my pupils here (*St. Edmund's*) that, as far as I can see, at the present time, the Catholic world to the Protestant world is in much the same relation as barbarians to civilized men." Ward had a trenchant mode of expression.

For this reason he did not pay any attention to Faber, then a fashionable divine,

> for whose talents we have so much respect. For when a book of theology, history, or any other science is destitute of these essential qualities (*scientific original research*) it belongs to a wholly different category and, however meritorious it is in its proper sphere, is not treated or spoken of seriously. I might have Gibbons or Grote by heart, I should yet have no real, original, scientific knowledge of Roman or Grecian history, though I might make a greater show of it and eclipse a better scholar. So in theology I might know profoundly all the books written by divines since the Council of Trent, but I should be no theologian unless I studied painfully, and in the sources, the genesis and growth of the doctrines of the Church. A theologian cannot choose between the Fathers, the scholastic writers, or the modern schools, any more than a historian can choose whether he will read Livy or Polybius to write his history of the Punic War. Now, I went through a three years' course of this kind of theology, so that, although I did not exhaust any subject, and am therefore no authority on any question, yet I know very well the method on which it is necessary to proceed, and can at once detect a writer who even with immense reading of theologians, is but a dillettante in theology. That's why I said Newman's essay on St. Cyril, which, on a minute point, was original and progressive, was a bit of theology which all the work of Faber, Morris, Ward, and Dalgairns will never be. They have all got a *regia via* which leads them astray, and for scientific purposes all their labor is wasted. It is the absence of scientific method and of original learning in nearly all, even of our best writers, that makes it impossible for me to be really interested in their writings. *Literally*, to my judgment, they are to be classed with Formby's *Bible History* rather than with Newman's *Essay* or Möhler's *Symbolik*, and this no talent can redeem. . . . Science is valueless unless pursued without regard to consequences or to application—only what the Germans call a *subjective* safeguard is required. . . . You want things to be brought to bear, to have an effect. I think our studies ought to be all but purposeless. They want to be pursued with chastity, like mathematics. This, at least, is my profession of faith.

Acton's studies had made him a Liberal in politics, with a scientific basis for his position. Indeed his views on the for-

mation of the State, especially on the State History of the Church, are wonderfully sane and lucid, though startling for his generation. Let me take some passages which seem to me to give the essence of his teaching on the subject of Ecclesiastical Polity. Speaking of Concordats he writes:

> The idea of compromise is of modern growth, but so is the Concordat altogether. It is a consequence of the observation in the minds of men—Statesmen especially—of Capes' very true and just notion that the Church and the State have the same origin and the same ultimate objects. When this was understood there were no Concordats. There was none for instance with Charlemagne, at the renewal of the Empire, or with others. The first thing that we call by that name is the Callixtine Concordat of 1122, but the name does not belong to it and was unheard of at the time. It is first used early in the fifteenth century when the old harmony was dissolved and real compromises needed and made; when the States no longer agreed with the principles of the Church, the Pope tried to bind them by compact and agreement, purchased by some sacrifice on his part, and therefore the more sacred, to a certain line of conduct which they would no longer follow from principle.

As he draws out so admirably the distinct difference between the theory of the Middle Ages and that of the sixteenth century in regard to the Church-State, my readers will welcome this long extract:

> Taking Gregory the Great as a starting point, we find nothing in him of the system afterwards carried out, though he rebuked emperors freely. But then came the Teutonic (Carolingian) monarchy, which gave the Church (the bishops and abbots) great wealth in lands and immunity from the civil jurisdiction, so that their lands were called *Immunitates*. Their power was so great that they ruled the State; and, in the ninth century, there are sayings of Kings and Emperors acknowledging that their crowns may be given or taken away by the prelates. I think you will find an act of Charles the Bald to that effect quoted in Philips and others. The feudal system developing found the clergy great landed proprietors, and being founded on landed property, it proceeded to include them, subjecting them to its rule. Those were the days when nobody thought of the Pope; and the influence of

the Church was local, episcopal not papal. Gregory VII. upset all this, for he found the clergy degraded and the Church subject; so he took the law into his own hands, reformed the clergy, and, to secure their good behavior under papal authority, sought freedom for the Church in supremacy. Feudalism admitted no immunities. So to be free from its often oppressive control, the only idea that occurred to Gregory was to make the Pope suzerain of all States. Observe that this was part of the same proceeding that raised the papal authority so high over the bishops. The two things were connected—one was a necessity, the other a means suggested by the times. Nothing can bear a more definitely marked character of a particular age and state of society than Hildebrand's plan. It is simply a turning of feudalism into an instrument of Church power and independence, instead of a source of oppression and secularization which it had become. Well, this plan was, in a great measure, realized at the beginning of the twelfth century (1122); and then came a violent conflict with the emperors, and in the course of the war, as in the nature of things, the opposite views went into extremes and took an abstract speculative shape, no longer a local coloring. What helped this was the rise in the twelfth century, one hundred years after Gregory, of Roman Law and of scholastic philosophy, both very abstract systematic affairs. With the help of these, the Emperor Frederick I. held that everything belonged to him; Frederick II. tried to blot out the papacy altogether; and Innocent III., a great lawyer and divine of the school of Paris, shaped a theory of papal omnipotence on the theological basis, floating in the air, not at all connected with the state of things then and there. Nothing is more striking than the abstract character of political speculation in the divines of that period. They know nothing of the times they live in or of the practical working of government. All their examples are pagan, all their history ancient; the historical feeling has left them and they did not know why Brutus or Judith were not quite applicable examples to their own times. The beginning of this, oddly enough, is in John of Salisbury who had seen very closely the greatest contest of State and Church of those times. Yet his reasoning is altogether on Aristotelian premises and on ancient instances. I think he is the first instance in times of this sort of speculation quite disconnected from the circumstances of the time. So the popes and scholastics built up in mid-air a fabric without foundations and *quite in antagonism* with the facts and the

> spirit of the age. They defeated the Hohenstaufen and destroyed the Empire virtually, because the emperors were quite in the wrong against them; but thenceforth in carrying out their system they were beaten at every turn. The last of the House of Staufen died in 1267 and the Papacy seemed to have triumphed in the reign of Gregory X., who gave the empire to the Hapsburgs, then the decline at once set in with Martin IV. and the French influence. The theory of papal omnipotence was repudiated by all. The crown of Sicily was given to Anjou in reverence for St. Lewis and excomunications launched, etc. But the Sicilians slew the French, defied the pope, and *compelled him to yield*. That ought to have been the end of those theories. They started quite afresh in the sixteenth century and the two must not be mixed up.

In another remarkable disquisition on the State, Acton shows how the Roman Law about the time of Frederick I. reproduced the old pagan idea in which the State is the first thing and Law comes downwards from the Sovereign, not as in the Teutonic State growing upwards from the people. When the Church succumbed after Boniface VIII. and in the Concordat of Leo X. fell prostrate to the State, she (who had invoked absolutism for herself and had become so completely estranged from the Teutonic system that all scholastic writers from St. Thomas to Suarez entirely ignore it) had her own weapon turned against her; and, as so often happens, her official defenders, taking their ideas either from Roman Law, or from Aristotle, or from the Jewish theocracy, did unspeakable harm and made no effective defence, as they did not drink of the ideas of the lay society of their time.

> Later on the Jesuits showed the same estrangement from the State in which they lived.

And here we get the key to the policy of the Society in the League, and many other incidents in their history. To put it in other words with Acton:

> All those men believed that what was right once was right always. That the claims of the Church came from her nature not from her position—from her institution not from her history. This they believed even in matters of doctrine, where they admitted no development. In discipline they were, therefore, naturally absolutists.

Or again, take this passage on papal polity:

> In the Middle Ages the Popes preserved their liberty by their authority, by the faith of nations, not by their own political sovereignty; by the moderating influence they exercised over States, which were the keystone of the European system. Simultaneously almost with the final destruction of that system by the cessation of unity of faith and the nationalization of Churches (Concordat of Francis I. in 1516, Luther 1517), the Popes obtained a material basis for the freedom which was losing its spiritual guarantee—through the formation of the sovereign dominion in central Italy by the Borgias, Julius II., and the Medici. On this theory they straightway built up a new system to take the place of the old, and this was the system of the balance of power. The political support of the mediæval system was the empire; this had now fallen, and as much of it as remained was an alarm to the Pope as an Italian Sovereign. The army of Charles V. took Rome, and the reluctance of the Holy See to assist the Empire in the Thirty Years' War was due to Italian politics. . . . The notion of balance of power being made by the popes to preserve their temporal power instead of the old universal authority will startle those who think it (*a certain literary notice*) merely an attack on the old papal supremacy.

Acton's views on theocracy, being logical, are worth reproducing, as showing the natural result of a policy which is by no means extinct even to-day, though it is not always clear to the casual observer:

> Another point is that a religious government depends for its existence on the belief of the people. Preservation of the faith is *ratio summa status*, to which everything else must yield. Therefore, not only the civil power enforces the religious law, but the transgressions of the religious law must be watched and denounced—therefore, espionage and religious detectives and the use of the peculiar means of information religion provides to give warning to police. The domain of conscience not distinct, therefore, from the domain of the State—sins, crimes, and sins against faith, even when private, without proselytism, are acts of treason. Seclusion from the rest of the world necessarily follows, if the rest of the world has not the same religion, or even if it is not governed on the same principle. For liberty is extremely contagious—

> therefore, travel and commerce, facilities of communication, etc., necessarily prescribed, for they would be solvents of a State founded on religion only. But all these prohibitions restrain material as well as intellectual well-being. Poverty and stationary cultivation, that is to say, in comparison to the rest of the world, retrogression, the price of such a government. . . . All this is perfectly applicable to Tibet and Merv, which correspond with Rome better than the Jews, for among the Jews the priesthood did not retain the ruling power.

Rome under Leo XII., and the two succeeding pontificates, were evidently in Acton's mind as well as Spain in the palmy days of the Inquisition.

These long extracts, which give the key to much of Acton's life and work as an historian, have left me but little space to dwell on the many other sides of this fascinating book. I would gladly give some of his pen sketches of the many prominent persons that come across his page; or draw attention to such revelations as that he had nothing to do with Gladstone's Vatican Campaign beyond vainly opposing the whole project. Exigencies of space and time prevent me from doing more in this article than calling attention to Acton himself, whose personality is thus revealed. In these pages we have the real man and his true portrait.

I have already told how conflict was inevitable. It came and resulted, not in any explicit condemnation, but in his voluntarily giving up the *Home and Foreign Review* which had taken the place of *The Rambler*. The history of this periodical and its successor is not one to look back to with self-congratulation by those who brought about the cessation. The lesson of the event is worth while remembering to-day. Even Ward, who says that he expects to hear with lively pleasure of *The Rambler's* fate, writes: "But certainly our eminent and Right Reverened Fathers have managed to do this thing in a way which effectually prevents any such feeling. It is indeed remarkable, from my point of view, that they allowed every kind of questionable statement on matters of doctrine and then come to issue on a mere matter of political prudence. The Church's doctrine may be assailed, but not our judgment on a difficult practical matter." Abbot Gasquet sums up the matter in these words: "It is impossible to deny that, in many ways, rather,

perhaps, by the irritating tone in which delicate matters were spoken of than by much that was actually said, *The Rambler* gave cause to the English ecclesiastical authorities to regard it as an *enfant terrible*. Looking back upon half a century it is possible to see that many opinions which were expressed by *The Rambler* called forth the strong condemnation of many Catholics in the public journals, and in some instances remonstrances and threats from the authorities which would pass today without remark. Times have changed and we with them; and many of the strong things that were then said, and many of the aspirations that were then uttered, say upon the thorny subject of higher Catholic education, have been settled. . . . On a calm review of all the circumstances it seems as if in regard to the controversy about *The Rambler*, as in so many cases, the whole might have been avoided with just a little better understanding on both sides." I may add that imprudence was not only on the side of the writers in that review, some of whom, I am free to say, were not altogether averse to the practice of pea-shooting and pin-pricking at the annoyance of opponents. Leaders should be able to lead; and if they profess to lead intellects they should understand them. They forgot, as Dr. Johnson says, that they who drive fat oxen should themselves be fat. Ward, always a close ally of the bishops of that time, in reply to a Protestant who asked him: "What sort of men are your bishops?" summed them up in these words: "Morally, highly respectable; intellectually, beneath contempt." When the blow came Acton accepted the situation. He was no rebel. In 1864 he put an end to the *Home and Foreign Review;* and in an article in the last number, on "Conflicts with Rome," he gives the reason of the faith that was in him:

> Catholic writers are not bound only by those decisions of the infallible Church which regard articles of faith; they must also submit to the theological decisions of the Roman Congregations and the opinions that are commonly received in the schools. And it is wrong, though not heretical, to reject these decisions or opinions. No Catholic can contemplate without alarm the evil that would be caused by a Catholic journal persistently laboring to thwart the published will of the Holy See. The conductors of the *Review* refuse to take upon themselves the responsibility of such a position—and if it were accepted the *Review* would represent no section of Catholics.

And this same spirit did not fail him when, in 1874, he came into conflict with Manning, who had charged him with not believing the Vatican decree of Infallibility. He replied:

> I do not reject, but on the contrary receive the Vatican definition.

And again, in a letter to a friend, he states:

> As the bishops who are my guides have accepted the decrees, so have I. They are a law to me as much as those of Trent, not from any private interpretation, but from the authority from which they come.

In the rest of his life Acton's ecclesiastical work was apparently done. He was, like many others, left idle in the market place, which was given up to children piping on their pipes and complaining that none heeded them. It is surely to this injudicious treatment and to the manifestation of what Newman called "Nihilism in the Catholic body and its rulers" that is due that general soreness, which is evinced in his later letters to Miss Gladstone. Quenching the burning flax is, after all, but a poor policy, and often burns the fingers of those who quench. Cardinal Vaughan, when, years later, he endeavored to rally all Catholic forces to the service of the Church, invited Acton to address the company gathered together for the laying of the foundation stone of Westminster Cathedral. As with Newman "the highest authority in the Church now set the seal of approbation upon him, so the cloud of past years had cleared away." Though Acton died in 1902, his work and example will long live and energize in the English-speaking portions of the Church Catholic.

THE LATE LORD ACTON.

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

THE almost simultaneous appearance of an interesting collection of the late Lord Acton's early letters,* and of a volume of lectures,† delivered by him in his professorial capacity at Cambridge, has naturally directed a good deal of attention, during the past few months, to the personality of this great student of history. Lord Acton was, beyond all question, a very remarkable man, and his position at Cambridge was a most exceptional one. Debarred himself by his Catholicism from the training of either of the great English Universities, destitute even of an academical degree, a man who had never written anything which can properly be described as a book, and who had not even done any research work which was published and recognized, Acton was nevertheless accepted without hesitation by the public opinion of England as the fitting successor of Sir John Seely in one of the most conspicuous and important professorships in the country. Moreover that verdict seems fully to have been endorsed, not only by the highly intellectual circle of Dons and Fellows in which he moved at Cambridge, but also by the enthusiastic crowd of students, whether earnest or curious, who attended his lectures from the first. "His reputation," says a recent critic, "was almost fabulous. He had published little, but he had been designated by Gladstone the most learned man in Europe; and this verdict was understood to be confirmed by authorities scientifically superior."

One thing which, no doubt, contributed very largely to acquire for Acton the unique position which he enjoyed amongst historians was his command of modern languages. The four principal languages of Europe had been learnt by him in child-

* *Lord Acton and His Circle.* Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates. 1906.

† *Lectures on Modern History.* By the late Lord Acton. Edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Lawrence. London: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

hood, and indeed it would be hard to say which of them was more properly his native tongue. His grandfather, Sir John Acton, as the climax of a strangely adventurous career, had become prime minister of Naples, and at the time of the Napoleonic wars had reorganized the navy of his adopted country. It was in Naples itself that the historian was born, on January 10, 1834. His mother was a German, a member of a distinguished family which diplomatic employments had made almost cosmopolitan, so much so that her father had entered the service of France and represented Louis XVIII. at the Congress of Vienna. It was no wonder, then, that Lord Acton not only read, but read with extraordinary facility, all the historical literature of Europe which was worth the reading. As the letters just published in Abbot Gasquet's *Lord Acton and His Circle* enable us to see, Acton, when writing in *The Rambler* as a young man of six and twenty, had a larger outlook and a more intimate acquaintance with the work of foreign scholars than was probably possessed by any Englishman of his time. Moreover, it will be readily understood that his personal intercourse during his student days in Germany with men of the calibre of Döllinger and von Ranke cannot have failed to teach him to look to the Continent rather than to the England of the middle Victorian era for real progress in the study of sources. He had a start of five and twenty years when we compare him with most of his contemporaries, and it is small wonder that most of those contemporaries, when brought into contact with him, felt his superiority and were conscious that in the matter of historical studies he might be said to begin where they ended.

But the mere knowledge of languages and familiarity with continental standards would, of course, have availed little without other gifts. In nearly every quality desirable in the historian Lord Acton was richly endowed. His memory for details was extraordinary. His industry almost without a parallel. If he wrote but little, this was certainly not because he was a lazy man. On the other hand, his work was not hampered by any lack of readiness in using his pen. He expressed himself habitually with clearness and vigor; neither was he lacking in that touch of imagination which gives life to the facts of past history and rescues them from the blight of the dry-as-dust. Most important of all, perhaps, Lord Acton was a man sus-

tained by high moral principle, a man who regarded his work in the character of a mission. This alone communicated a certain impression of inspiration not only to what he said, but also in a measure to what he wrote. In the words of an honest, if somewhat enthusiastic, admirer: "Acton, as a teacher, as a lecturer, as a friend, inspired us all with the sense that history was something greater than before we had realized, that the student was engaged upon a task fundamentally sacred, and that while politics are unintelligible without it, yet, rightly understood, it is the surest evidence of religion in general, and 'a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ.' Such a view of history may be right or wrong, but it is assuredly that created by intercourse with Acton, breathing in every utterance he spoke and every essay he ever wrote." *

This appreciation belongs, of course, to those last six years of Lord Acton's life, when he was lecturing at Cambridge. But a study of the first six years of his literary activity, which is the exact period covered by the continuous correspondence in Abbot Gasquet's volume, leads to much the same conclusions. We see there a man full of energy, inspired by hope, and conspicuous for his seriousness of purpose. While bent without arrogance upon raising the intellectual tone of his fellow-Catholics, he maintains throughout a respectful attitude towards authority and does not hesitate to check at times the indiscretions of his fellow-workers. During the greater part of these six years (1858 to 1864) Acton was editor of a Catholic journal which, for one reason or another, had come to be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by ecclesiastical authorities. That the pages of *The Rambler* and of the *Home and Foreign Review*, which replaced it in 1862, never contained anything to which the bishops and theologians of that day could justly take exception, would be an extreme view to maintain, but there can be no doubt that most of the advanced positions of *The Rambler* in the time of Cardinal Wiseman would not necessarily be regarded now as deserving the stigma of liberal Catholicism. They touched, for the most part delicately, upon such matters as the temporal power, the authority of the decrees of Roman Congregations, the, at that time still open, question of Papal infallibility, the insufficiency of a the-

* Acton, *Lectures on Modern History*. Introductory note on "Lord Acton as Professor." P. xvii.

ology based purely upon scholastic methods, the right of the laity to decide in such matters as education, and so on. Cardinal, then Dr., Newman, who himself had consented to take over the editorship of *The Rambler* for a few months, more as a stop-gap than with any idea of permanently connecting himself with the review, was urgent in pressing the advice that *The Rambler* should altogether refrain from discussing questions of theology, but this was not always easy to carry out in practice. The tone of the conductors of the journal was, in consequence, freely attacked, and to this day the more strictly orthodox type of Catholics in England who are old enough to retain a general impression of the controversies of those times, are prone to speak with bated breath of *The Rambler* and its successor as the organs of a thoroughly disloyal faction, who were systematically bent upon establishing a Gallican spirit in England, and resisting to the uttermost the prevailing Ultramontanism. So far as these recently published letters—nearly all written by Lord Acton in his capacity of editor to Mr. Richard Simpson, his leading collaborator in the review—allow us to see behind the scenes, this view seems to have been substantially unjust. I say "so far as these letters allow us to see," for one has an uncomfortable suspicion that at least some of the omissions, which are here and there indicated by dots, are prompted rather by a motive of edification than by any real necessity for considering the feelings of living persons. Still it is not to be thought of that Abbot Gasquet would lend himself to anything which amounted to a substantial misrepresentation of the general tone of the letters, and he more than once lays stress upon the sincerity of purpose of both Acton and his correspondent, and upon the influence exerted by the former in keeping the other contributors in check. Thus Abbot Gasquet writes:

> One feature in these letters, which will probably seem strange to those who have been accustomed to see illustrated in Acton a spirit of aggression against ecclesiastical authority, is the manifestation of his desire to avoid quarrels and to soften any expressions likely to give offence. He even wished to abstain altogether from the publication of letters and articles likely to be misunderstood by the ecclesiastical authorities, and he agreed with Newman as to the necessity of avoiding theological subjects. Writing to Simpson in

August, 1859, he speaks of a "proposed letter on the composition of the Catholic body," and urges that it should be "gently done," and in several places in these letters this same spirit is clearly manifested.

Whatever *The Rambler* may have been before it came under the influence of Lord Acton—and even the facts disclosed in Abbot Gasquet's Introduction show that there had been a spice of malice in the provocation it offered to the Catholic episcopate—there is no reason to suspect the new editor of any desire to disseminate advanced or dangerous opinions. He had seen, earlier than any of his Catholic contemporaries, the little cloud, then no bigger than a man's hand, which foretold the coming deluge. He wished the clergy and laity of his own faith so to equip themselves that they might meet fairly and on equal terms the onset of modern critical scholarship. Of the sound wisdom of this policy few of us would now be tempted to express a doubt, and I may frankly say that, so far as the materials printed in Abbot Gasquet's volume enable us to judge, there is nothing in this period of Acton's life, down to 1864, which could suggest any misgiving as to his genuine loyalty to the Catholic Church. On the contrary, the reader can hardly fail to feel sympathy for the extremely difficult position in which he often found himself, and for the irritating suspicions to which he was exposed. In that final article,* in which Lord Acton announced his determination to discontinue the publication of the *Home and Foreign Review*, there is much that is not only profoundly wise but also truly edifying. Acton had taken the Papal Brief, addressed to the Archbishop of Munich on December 21, 1863, to contain equivalently a condemnation of the principles which had formed the avowed programme of the *Review*. "In a word," he wrote, perhaps a little hastily, "the Brief affirms that the common opinions and explanations of Catholic divines ought not to yield to the progress of secular science, and that the course of theological knowledge ought to be controlled by the decrees of the Index." This declaration, as Acton considered, left the editor of the *Home and Foreign Review* no choice but to suspend its publication. To persist in the course already followed, and thereby to provoke a stronger and more explicit condemnation, would

* It was entitled "Conflicts with Rome," and appeared in April, 1864.

have been in Acton's idea to defeat the very end for which his *Review* had existed. He said:

> A direct controversy with Rome holds out the prospect of great evils, and at best a barren and unprofitable victory. The victory that is fruitful springs from that gradual change in the knowledge, the ideas, the convictions, of the Catholic body, which, in due time, overcomes the natural reluctance to forsake a beaten path, and by insensible degrees constrains the mouthpiece of tradition to conform itself to the new atmosphere with which it is surrounded. The slow, silent, indirect action of public opinion bears the Holy See along, without any demoralizing conflict or dishonorable capitulation.

Hence he says, further on:

> It would be wrong to abandon principles (the principle, for example, of the free investigation of truth outside the limits of defined dogma *) which have been well considered and are sincerely held, and it would also be wrong to assail the authority which contradicts them. The principles have not ceased to be true, nor the authority to be legitimate, because the two are in contradiction. To submit the intellect and conscience without examining the reasonableness and justice of this decree, or to reject the authority on the ground of its having been abused, would equally be a sin, on one side against morals, on the other against faith.

Now in this principle of provoking no direct conflict with authority there is certainly much to be admired, and, so far as I am aware, Lord Acton remained faithful to it even at the most stormy periods of his subsequent career. However sweeping the condemnations of the Papacy and of the Ultramontane system which he permitted himself at a later date in the intimacy of his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone and his daughter, Acton never openly defied the authority of the Church. On the contrary, four years after the passing of those Vatican

* The prospectus of the *Home and Foreign Review* contained these words: "It will abstain from direct theological discussion as far as external circumstances will allow; and in dealing with those mixed questions into which theology indirectly enters, its aim will be to combine devotion to the Church with discrimination and candor in the treatment of her opponents; to reconcile freedom of inquiry with implicit faith; and to discountenance what is untenable and unreal, without forgetting the tenderness due to the weak, or the reverence rightly claimed for what is sacred. Submitting without reserve to infallible authority, it will encourage a habit of manly investigation on subjects of scientific interest."

decrees, against which when in the process of making he had fought uncompromisingly and almost fiercely, he began and ended a famous letter of his to the *Times* with a singularly eloquent profession of faith. The letter itself must have been sad reading to many of his fellow-Catholics, for in defending (as against Mr. Gladstone's Vaticanism pamphlet) the position that the extreme opinions of those in authority were no sure guide to the feeling or action of those who accepted that authority, Acton did not shrink from many most unacceptable illustrations. He maintained, for example, and proposed to prove, that "Pius V., the only Pope who has been proclaimed a saint for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an assassin to take her life."* And yet Lord Acton went out of his way almost in his first sentence to assure the readers o the *Times* that "no faithful narrative of undogmatic history could involve contradiction of the teaching or authority of the Church, whose communion is dearer to me than life." And again, at the close of the same letter, he stated still more explicitly:

> Our Church stands, and our faith should stand, not on the virtues of men, but on the surer ground of an institution and a guidance that are divine. Therefore, I rest unshaken in the belief that nothing which the inmost depths of history shall disclose in time to come can ever bring to Catholics just cause of shame or fear. I should dishonor and betray the Church if I entertained a suspicion that the evidences of religion could be weakened, or the authority of Councils sapped, by a knowledge of the facts with which I have been dealing, or of others which are not less grievous or less certain because they remain untold.

No one who has studied Lord Acton's writings at all carefully, or who has listened to the testimony borne to his high principles by his many devoted friends, can doubt the entire sincerity of professions such as these. There is, moreover, as we shall see, much evidence connected with the closing years of his life which tends to show that this was an attitude he never consciously repudiated. None the less, there was an-

* These words are not actually contained in the letter of November 24, 1874, to which I am referring, but they are found in Acton's letter of November 10, of which the later epistle professed to supply a detailed and documented proof.

other aspect of Lord Acton's Catholicism which, as it seems to me, it would be both disastrous and futile to ignore. I trust that I shall not be suspected of any wish wantonly to speak evil of the dead, if I draw attention to the subject here. Following the example set in the Introduction to Abbot Gasquet's recently published volume, the leading English Catholic newspaper, *The Tablet*, and in a greater or lesser degree some other Catholic journals, have professed to find nothing in Lord Acton's career which called either for apology or explanation. They have claimed him as a great controversial asset of the Church in the nineteenth century. Week after week they have eulogized his spirit of thorough research, his fearless pursuit of truth, his wise prevision of the needs of the modern Church, and the sureness and tolerance of his historical judgments. But more especially, they have told us that now, after the publication of the letters of *The Rambler* epoch, and after the replies (also printed by Abbot Gasquet) elicited by Cardinal Manning's demand for a formal acceptance of the Vatican decrees, there can be now no more question of Lord Acton's orthodoxy and of his life-long devotion to the faith of his ancestors. It would be very agreeable to accept this presentment of Lord Acton's career without any further debate, but, however anxious we may be to erect a monument to an illustrious fellow-Catholic, and to make capital out of his profession of our common faith, it must, I submit, be remembered that there are serious difficulties in the way. We cannot annihilate unpleasant facts by merely ignoring them. Even if we had had no direct revelation of the trend of Acton's thought during the twenty-five years of his middle life, from 1870 to 1895, it is no exaggeration to say that during this period it was a matter of uncertainty to the majority of sober and well-disposed Englishmen whether Lord Acton was to be accounted a Catholic or not. But the difficulty has been enormously increased since the publication, in 1904, of a collection of Lord Acton's letters to Mr. Gladstone's daughter, Mary, afterwards Mrs. Drew. These letters appeared with the statement that Lord Acton, in 1898 (*i. e.*, only four years before his death), had, "with certain reservations," assented to the suggestion of publishing the correspondence. It was natural to suppose that the reservations spoken of had been respected, and of course the letters could not, in any case, have been printed without the consent of the late

Lord Acton's representatives. Moreover, in addition to all this, the volume was dedicated to Lady Acton, and, so far as the public had any means of knowing, it evoked no protest of any kind on the part of the family.* Here, then, we seemed to have an authentic presentment of the historian's inmost thought, written at a period of calm (1881 to 1884), when the heat evoked by the Vatican Council had had time to cool. None the less the contents of the letters, considered as revelations of the writer's attitude towards the Papacy and the Roman Church, were of the most startling character. Most assuredly I should never wish to drag to light any man's faulty utterances, hastily penned in a moment of irritation, and either forgotten or sincerely repented of. But when we are dealing with a volume which has been printed only two years ago, and was then perused by thousands of readers, a volume which, as I have had reason to know, has been a stumbling-block to many, both within and without the Church, it seems to be mere foolishness, out of any motive of edification or charity, to treat the book as non-existent.

Moreover, in dealing with Lord Acton of all men, a man whose honesty of purpose and fearless devotion to the naked truth is the theme of all his admiring reviewers, there is something almost grotesque about the idea that charity requires us to take no notice of a violence of expression upon certain topics which was characteristic of by far the greater part of his adult life. If, then, I cite once more some few of the most startling passages in the Drew correspondence, I trust that I shall not be regarded as trying to besmirch Lord Acton, or to write him down a heretic. It is necessary, I venture to urge, both in defence of Acton's own consistency and as a protection against the weapons which controversialists forge out of his extravagances, to note the peculiar bias of the historian's mind, and to try to find an explanation of it. Passages of the kind I am referring to are unfortunately numerous in the Drew letters. Here are one or two of the more remarkable.

Speaking of the Papacy and its relation to the Inquisition, Acton wrote, in 1884:

* In a letter printed in the *Times*, on October 30 of the present year, 1906, the present Lord Acton writes: "The story of the publication of the Drew correspondence makes it difficult for me to assume entire responsibility, as, among other circumstances which are well-known, the final proofs, by an unfortunate accident, never reached me." This is the first hint known to me of any sort of protest.

> No other institution, no doctrine, no ceremony, is so distinctly the individual creation of the Papacy except the Dispensing power. It (the Inquisition) is the principal thing with which the Papacy is identified and by which it must be judged.
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> The principle of the Inquisition is the Pope's sovereign power over life and death. Whosoever disobeys him should be tried, tortured, and burnt. If that cannot be done, formalities may be dispensed with, and the culprit may be killed like an outlaw. That is to say, the principle of the Inquisition is murderous, and a man's opinion of the Papacy is regulated and determined by his opinion about religious assassination. If he honestly looks on it as an abomination, he can only accept the Primacy with a drawback, with precautions, suspicion, and aversion for its acts. If he accepts the Primacy with confidence, admiration, unconditional obedience, he must have made terms with murder. (P. 185.)

All this is of a piece with a number of other utterances in the Drew letters, not belonging to one occasion or set of circumstances, but distributed over several years. Thus it was, in 1882, that Acton wrote to Miss Gladstone that "a speculative Ultramontanism, separate from theories of tyranny, mendacity, and murder, . . . has not yet been brought to light."

So, in a somewhat earlier letter, after speaking of the "ungodly ethics of the Papacy," Acton declares that "a man who thought it wrong to murder a Protestant King would be left for hell by half the confessors on the Continent."

Again, more than two years later, in June, 1884, Acton sends his correspondent a long letter on Canon Liddon and Rosmini, declaring that the latter's reconciliation with ecclesiastical authority, or, as the writer puts it, the "acceptance of the Papacy with its inventory of systematic crime," was a moral iniquity, and that Liddon, in defending the act, was lowering the moral standard.

Similarly, in September, 1883, we find Acton commenting upon the distracted state of Ireland, and the outrages against landlords which were then so prevalent. There was a project at the time for appealing to the Pope to condemn the Land League, whereupon Acton remarks:

> We may get embarrassed if we prompt and promote the political influence of the Pope, whose principles are necessarily, whose interests are generally, opposed to our own. It is as dangerous for us that his political authority should be obeyed in Irish confessionals as that, in this instance, it should be defied. Having morally supported the movement which upset his sovereignty, being prepared to oppose any movement to restore it, we come with a bad grace to ask him to prop and protect our authority in our dominions. Long ago I remember writing to headquarters (to Mr. Gladstone, no doubt) that it would become impossible—impossible for Liberals—to govern Ireland after the Council; and, although I am avowedly the worst of prophets, this prophecy has had a good deal of confirmation. It was an interesting question whether the Pope would definitely and unconditionally condemn murder, whether from religious or political motives. It would have borne untold consequences, as a direct revocation of the Vatican system, which stands or falls with the doctrine that one may murder a Protestant. But I don't believe that so audacious a change of front would have moved a single priest in Ireland.

I will not linger to point out all that underlies this extraordinary expression of opinion. Acton's view of Ultramontanism since the Vatican Council had always been extreme, and Mr. Herbert Paul quotes a letter of his to Mr. Gladstone on this subject written as early as 1876,* in which Acton says: "I do not know of a religious and intelligent Catholic who really believes that the See of Rome is a safe guide to Salvation." But, perhaps, what astonishes us most in this phase of Acton's character, is the harsh judgments he formed of many of his most prominent Catholic contemporaries, who had at one time been his friends. Of Newman he wrote to Mr. Gladstone that he was "a Sophist, the manipulator and not the servant of truth,"† and to Mr. Gladstone's daughter he is even more explicit:

> Pius the Fifth held that it was sound Catholic doctrine that any man may stab a heretic condemned by Rome, and that every man is a heretic who attacks the papal prerogatives. Borromeo wrote a letter for the purpose of causing a few Prot-

* Herbert Paul. "Introductory Memoir" to the Drew Letters. P. lv.

† Herbert Paul. "Introductory Memoir." P. lx.

> estants to be murdered. Newman is an avowed admirer of St. Pius and St. Charles, and of the pontiffs who canonized them. This, and the like of this, is the reason of my deep aversion for him. (P. 135.)

And here nothing could be stranger than the fact that in thus condemning St. Charles Borromeo, whom he elsewhere calls "this murderer," Lord Acton was quite untrue to his principles of thorough investigation. The evidence, which in any other matter he would have sifted and weighed and acutely criticized, is, in the case of bringing home such a charge against St. Pius and St. Charles, swallowed wholesale upon the lightest of presumptions. I have investigated both cases in the course of two articles in *The Tablet* (July 15 and July 29, 1905), and sundry critics of mine, notably Abbot Gasquet, who in other respects have by no means approved my attitude towards Lord Acton, have fully accepted the disproof of the charge which the historian has here brought so lightly.

I have said above that in quoting these unpleasant passages, which loyal Catholics can hardly read without some feeling of distress, it was certainly not my wish to depreciate Lord Acton, or wantonly to blacken his reputation. The fact is that we are forced by the very eminence of the historian, by the recognition of his straightforwardness, erudition, and many other admirable qualities, to which I have tried to do justice in the earlier part of this article, to find an explanation for his exceptional position as a Catholic. The more we dwell upon Acton's learning, candor, thoroughness, etc., so much the more fully we justify the inference of his Protestant readers that, if in after years of study Acton had satisfied himself in his heart that the Papacy as an institution was identified with murder and violence, it would be criminal for any one not born within the pale to profess submission to the Catholic Church and the Holy See. The fact that the historian himself would probably have drawn a sharp distinction between Catholicism and Ultramontanism, does not help us much in these days, when the whole tendency of ecclesiastical authority is to identify the acceptance of the dogmas of faith with the acceptance of the papacy. No; the difficulty created by Lord Acton's peculiar attitude of mind towards Ultramontanism is a difficulty which must be fairly faced, and it is just these same un-

pleasant passages which enable us to see, what many even of his non-Catholic critics have quite frankly recognized, *viz.*, that, great as Acton's qualities were, his judgment in certain matters in which his sympathies were warmly enlisted did not always hold the balance even. Lord Acton by no means possessed the cool, impartial temper proper to the historian. His extravagant admiration for Mr. Gladstone and for George Eliot, which makes itself manifest in the same series of letters to Mrs. Drew, would alone suffice to indicate this. His prejudices, no doubt, were all of the nobler order. That of which we have to complain here unquestionably had its root in an intense hatred of cruelty and tyranny, for which we cannot but feel respect. None the less, it seems clear that, as the years slipped by, and as Acton found himself continually an object of suspicion and condemnation to ecclesiastical authorities, in matters in which his own conscience, no doubt, held him guiltless, a bitterness settled down upon his soul, which developed in time into a sort of monomania, and which made him harsh in his verdicts even upon unoffending people like Newman, whom he regarded as condoning the crimes of those in power. It seems to have been a common criticism during the years of his Cambridge professorship—almost the only criticism, indeed, which was in any way unfavorable—that Acton had "Inquisition on the brain."

The more narrowly one scrutinizes the Drew letters, the more clearly it appears that many utterances, like those quoted above, were on the face of them extravagant and logically preposterous. Even the most violent of the Orange party would hardly maintain, what Lord Acton, as we have seen, clearly insinuates, to wit, that both the Pope and the Irish clergy *en masse* defended the shooting of Protestant landlords. Similarly, to cherish "a deep aversion" for Newman because he loved and revered such a man as St. Charles Borromeo showed an inconsequence which is almost puerile. If Newman had known and believed that St. Charles sytematically encouraged the murder of Protestants, the case would be different; but the great Oratorian would, of course, have indignantly repudiated such an idea until complete proof had been offered of the charge, proof which is certainly not forthcoming.

Even after a careful reading of the Drew letters, one finds it difficult at first not to suppose that the violent things there

spoken against the Papacy and the principles of Ultramontanism are merely the exaggerations of pent-up feeling, and that the writer did not really himself believe what he told his correspondent. But the strangest thing of all seems to be that Lord Acton really did believe them just as he set them down. At any rate, it has been reported to me from two sources, one of them representing an authority which could not well be misinformed, that at certain periods of his career Lord Acton in visiting Rome used elaborately to disguise himself for better protection against the supposed danger of assassination at the hands of the emissaries of the Vatican. Surely anti-papalism, when it had reached this pitch, had become a species of monomania.

Now, if this was really Lord Acton's attitude of mind towards Ultramontanism during twenty-five years of his life, much which would otherwise create difficulty is readily explained, though we can hardly help feeling that Lord Acton's reputation as a historian must suffer somewhat in consequence. Moreover that this is the true view every addition to our knowledge seems to demonstrate more plainly. A very appreciative and unprejudiced review of Lord Acton's Lectures, which has recently appeared in the *Church Times*, the organ of the English High Church party, seems to me to put the case with admirable clearness. The writer says:

> Acton was not an unprejudiced historian, nor did he wish to be. Of the petty kinds of partiality he was incapable, but on certain grand prejudices he took a firm stand. His stern morality, his refusal to judge men's actions by any standard lower than his own, his conviction that the broad laws of right are legible to any one who is not wilfully blind, and that a man who is blind to one moral law will be untrustworthy on all counts—these qualities of his mind forced him at times into harsh and even hasty judgments. These lectures teem with examples of his weakness. It is known how his horror of murder in the cause of religion sometimes got the better of him; and he felt the horror, as every good man must, most keenly when the crime was committed in the name of his religion. That is the simple explanation of his eagerness to denounce persecution on the Catholic side, an eagerness which sometimes makes him seem as one-sided as a Protestant controversialist.

Dominated as he was with these prepossessions Acton, during the years which followed the Vatican Council, constantly wrote and spoke of the Holy See in terms which it seems impossible to reconcile with the loyalty becoming a faithful son of the Church. That he was ever formally heterodox I do not for a moment suggest. Neither do I believe that he himself would ever have sanctioned the printing of such unrestrained outbursts against the papal power as those which are contained in the Drew letters. But these documents having once been given to the public, it seems foolish to ignore them, and thereby to seem to condone language which is in itself quite indefensible. For this reason it would, in my judgment, be a great mistake to attempt to canonize Lord Acton as a representative Catholic, or to overlook the scandal to weaker brethren which his attitude undoubtedly gave. But it is pleasant at the same time to express the conviction that at no period of his life did Acton refuse his assent to the pronouncements of the Church's infallible teaching, and that the closing years once more drew close the relations with Catholic authority which for a while had seemed strained or interrupted. It is one of the more satisfactory results of the discussion recently provoked by Abbot Gasquet's volume that we have learned from more than one well informed source of the sincerely Catholic spirit which marked the last years of Lord Acton's life at Cambridge. Mgr. Scott has recorded how he was punctual in his attendance at Sunday Mass, how he assisted in carrying the canopy in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and how in receiving Holy Viaticum he insisted, even against the doctor's wishes, in welcoming our Lord upon his knees. Mgr. Nolan again, who had much intercourse with him during the time of his professorship, was able to testify that, in the course of four years, he had never "heard him say one word which might be construed into disloyalty to the Church." But it is the historian's son, the present Lord Acton, who, writing to the *Times*, tells us what we most of all wish to know about his father's last days. He says:

> My father remained a devout Catholic throughout his life. If his stubborn love of truth and his incorrigible abhorrence of crime brought him into a position of antagonism towards others, I do not think that the blame can be said to have

been entirely his. That in the ardor of his early days he was too prone to identify deeds with men and men with institutions he would have been the last to deny. In the last year of his life, when he was stricken by illness, and during what was almost our last conversation, he solemnly adjured me not to rash-judge others as he had done, but to take care to make allowance for human weakness. And I was present at his farewell meeting with Cardinal Newman, the most moving scene I have ever witnessed.

Let me conclude this paper by echoing the sentiment expressed in another passage of the same letter, that until we obtain the fuller light which the publication of Lord Acton's later correspondence with Döllinger and others will afford, it would be well in judging this remarkable career "to steer a middle course between the anathemas of the one party and the efforts at canonization attempted by the other." It is, also, much to be hoped that these new letters, when they come, will be given to the world frankly and without suppressions. To quote an Actonian motto: *Nihil veritas erubescit nisi sol-ummodo abscondi*—"Truth is ashamed only of concealment."

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust we lie
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and sans end."
—*Omar Khâyyâm.*

"GERD abaht Moggie's weddin'?"

The question came from 'Liza Twigg as she sat by my fire.

"No"; tell me about it," said I. Whereupon the girl from the rope-walk began by a modification.

"Fur not ter tell yer a lie," said 'Liza, "she ain't wot yer might called married—not yit. But she's agoin' ter be, come Boxin' Day; barrin', o' course, as it ain't put orf."

Then my friend became plunged in silent reflection, and I, too, held my peace. And, indeed, there was matter for speculation, as both of us knew.

For a wedding in the Alley is entirely dependent on circumstance. And circumstance has a way of assuming the form of a human dressmaker who, figuratively speaking, rises up at the critical moment and, putting her finger on the bride's arm, says in an icy whisper: "I forbid the bans." Unfortunately this apparition can only be propitiated by "cash down." And it is just this cash down which forms the impediment to so many East End unions.

"Yuss"; repeated 'Liza from the depths of her abstraction, "barrin' as it ain't put orf."

Presently, however, she elbowed her way out of the surrounding gloom, and gave herself up to more cheerful considerations.

"I reckon they'll be a tidy pair, 'er an' Bill Jinks," she said with conviction; "fur Bill is flashy no end."

"I don't know Bill," I said regretfully.

"But 'e knows yerself," said 'Liza. "Lord, yuss; Bill allus reads the letters wot yer ever writ ter Moggie."

This information was to me rather disconcerting, but to 'Liza Twigg it merely showed a commendable spirit on the part of Bill Jinks. Therefore, I effaced myself while endeavoring to share her view.

"How long has Moggie been engaged?" I asked.

At the question the girl paused.

"D' yer mean walkin' aht?" This she put tentatively.

I nodded.

"Mebbe 'tis six months; mebbe 'tis more," she said. "I dunno fur sure, 'cos Moggie was a-walkin' aht wif another bloke afore she took up wif Bill."

"Where did she meet him?" was my next query.

"'Twere at the Foley christenin'," said 'Liza. "Yer remembers the Foleys as lived dahn the Court? Well, 'twere theer they met; fur yer must know as theer were a powerful lot o' people at the christenin'. Yuss; an' vituals to spare. An' Moggie were theer; likewise Sarah Bees. An' Bill Jinks, 'e were theer, too, along o' another gen'leman. An' now Moggie is a-marryin' Bill; an' Sarah Bees the other gen'leman. Funny, ain't it?" And 'Liza Twigg became absorbed in the mysteries of chance.

"Yer ain't furgot Sarah Bees?" continued my friend, "'er as 'ad the squint. She used ter work at the sweet stuff factory; but seems as if Sarah nicked more sweets than enuff, so they give 'er the sack. Arter thet, she was took on at the rope-walk."

"But I thought Sarah was marrying some one else," I ventured.

"Thet's right," admitted 'Liza; "an' so she would 'a' done, 'cep' fur the Foley christenin'. 'Ow it were, were like this," and 'Liza of the Alley accordingly settled down to a recital of certain phases of romance in the quarter:

"'Twas one evenin' when Sarah Bees come 'ome fr'm the rope-walk. She was standin' doin' nuthink like, at the top o' the Court, when who should come along but this 'ere gen'leman wot she seed at the christenin'. So sez 'e ter Sarah, comin' up alongside:

"'Mebbe,' says 'e, 'yer're walkin' aht wif a bloke?'

"'Yuss'; sez Sarah.

"'Will yer come aht wif me, instead?' sez 'e.

"'I dunno,' sez Sarah.

"'Well, think abaht it,' sez 'e.

"'P'heps I will,' sez Sarah, 'an' p'heps I won't,' sez she.

"Then this 'ere gen'leman 'e takes aht a sov'ring fr'm 'is pocket, an' 'e give it to Sarah.

"'Think abaht it,' sez 'e. An' 'e goes away 'ome.

"Well, some evenin's arter thet, 'e meets Sarah agen:

"'Ullo,' sez 'e. ''Ow are yer 'oppin' along?' 'e sez.

"'None the better fur yer askin',' sez Sarah, saucy like.

"''Ave you thought abaht it?' sez 'e.

"But Sarah sez nuthink, not 'avin' rightly made up 'er mind.

"Then 'e give 'er another sov'ring.

"'Take yer time,' sez 'e. 'I ain't in no 'urry.'

"With thet, Sarah goes back ter the Alley, an' she tells 'er mother abaht the two sov'rings wot this 'ere bloke give 'er. An' Sarah's mother could 'ardly 'old 'erself.

"'Sarah,' sez she, 'take 'im! Fur 'e seems a likely young man,' sez she, 'an' theer ain't so many wot comes dahn the Court.'

"So when next Leggy Armstrong walks dahn the Alley fur to ask Sarah's answer, Sarah sez: 'Yuss.'

"They was married last week, in the chapel along the road." Here followed a pause.

"Have there been many weddings since I left?"

"None since Tizzie's," said 'Liza.

I remembered Tizzie. She worked in the laundry round the top of the Court.

"Yuss"; said 'Liza with a meditative air. "Tizzie was fair took up wif thet cousin of 'ers, an' thet, ever since 'e come 'ome fr'm the war. But Tizzie's mother wouldn't 'ave none of it, 'cos they was fust cousins. Besides w'ich, 'is 'ead was funny as every one knoo. Times 'e were a' right, an' then agen 'e went orf silly. Seems as if, w'en 'e were in South Africa, some one give 'im a knock on the 'ead. 'E ain't never been the same since then. So Tizzie's mother sez as she weren't to think of 'im no 'ow. An' Tizzie sez nuthink at all. She

jes' went on workin' at the laundry, as if she wasn't thinkin' abaht nuthink at all.

"'Owsomever," continued 'Liza, "one day, instead o' comin' 'ome fur to 'ave some dinner same as usual, she nips orf ter the registry, wheer 'er cousin were a-waitin', an' they was married thet day.

"In the arternoon she went back to work in the laundry same as usual, nobody knowin' nuthink abaht it 'cep as she never went back ter the Alley thet night, but stopped along of 'er cousin George.

"An' Lord!" ejaculated 'Liza; "Lord! The airs she give 'erself fur the whole o' thet week! Think as she'd pass the time o' day to 'er friends—not 'er. She jest walks dahn the Alley wif 'er 'ead in the air, passin' us by as if we was dirt. Fur w'y?" said 'Liza with emphasis. "'Cos she were married in the Registry Orfice. Yuss; paid two pund fur the licence, be all accounts, 'stead o' bein' married in the church or'nary like. Bli' me! but theer was no 'oldin' Tizzie them days."

Here 'Liza Twigg, realizing the social distinction conferred by a registry certificate, lapsed into silence for a space.

Presently, however, she resumed her narrative:

"Yuss; but if Tizzie thought she'd done well fur 'erself by gettin' married on the quiet, Tizzie's mother cursed 'er fur a fool. An' fr'm thet day she wouldn't 'ave no truck with 'er.

"'Twas on'y abaht a fortnit arter the weddin' as it got abaht dahn the Alley as Tizzie's 'usband were a-beatin' 'er somethink crool. But Tizzie sez n'er a word, though whenever we seed 'er she 'ad a black eye an' looked fair knocked abaht. Then one day come when theer were a terrible shindy in the tenement wheer Tizzie and 'im were livin'. 'Twas nuthink but blows an' curses, an' George offerin' to murder 'er, an' Tizzie screamin' fur 'elp. So the neighbors rushes in, an' by a bit o' luck Tizzie makes orf. Aht o' the room an' dahn the tenement steps she runs, an' away through the streets, wif 'er 'air flyin' in the wind, an' never a shawl on 'er 'ead. So away she rushes, pantin' wif fear, up one street an' dahn another, until she lands, straight as a dart, inter the public 'ouse wheer 'er mother was a-settin'.

"'Mother,' sez she, all tremblin' an' shakin', 'mother,' she sez, 'forgive me!'

"An' afore every one in the bar, Tizzie puts 'er arm rahnd 'er mother's neck, an' cries as if 'er 'eart would break.

"We seed 'em arterwards," said 'Liza in conclusion, "fur me an' some o' the gels was awaitin' ahtside the public; an' we 'adn't been theer above five minutes, when the door opens an' Tizzie and 'er mother comes aht. They was 'oldin' each other's 'ands, an' they was cryin' tergither as they went dahn the Alley thet day."

Thus, by bits and scraps, did 'Liza Twigg give me news of my friends in the barren reaches of Stepney.

Presently I reverted to Moggie's approaching wedding.

"I suppose," I said sociably, "that you are all busy preparing for it."

"Lord, no"; said 'Liza, "we ain't doin' nuthink abaht it."

At this I was a little nonplussed, but as an amendment I suggested that Bill Jinks, at least, was engaged in making the necessary preparations.

But 'Liza only shook her head.

"'e 'as a few bits o' sticks," she said composedly, "wot 'is mother minds fur 'im in the tenement.

"Lodgin's?" reiterated 'Liza. "Not 'arf! W'y, it's time enuff to 'ire a room the week o' the weddin'. Yuss"; she murmured again, "thet's time enuff dahn our way."

The remark seemed to be offered more or less as a concession to my prejudices.

"What about wedding presents?" I asked.

At this question 'Liza took on a new lease of life.

"Moggie is a-gettin' presents most every week," she said. "An' they're 'andsome, too, is Moggie's presents; an' most too many ter carry in yer 'ead."

Nevertheless 'Liza now endeavored to enumerate them.

"Two shades," she began conscientiously.

"What kind?" I asked.

"Glass shades," was the reply; "shades wot yer puts over things—stuffed birds an' wool flowers like.

"A pair o' Robert Emmets; two 'Takin the Standards'—"

Here 'Liza paused to qualify the latter gift. "We ain't sure abaht them standards," she said slowly. "Some one told Moggie as them picturs is Hinglish; an' Moggie was fair upset. But, p'heps, an' fur all we knows, they're Irish all

right. Any'ow," she added in a practical spirit, "the frames is good.

"Then she 'as 'arf a dozen Cupid plates."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Not to eat orf of, on'y to look at," exclaimed 'Liza.

Still I failed to grasp the precise nature of the gift.

"W'y," said 'Liza at length, "'aven't yer never seed any plates wid picturs painted on 'em? These 'ere plates o' Moggie's 'as a little boy on each of 'em, an' 'e is 'oldin' somethink in 'is right 'and—like wot the doctor 'olds to yer chest. Thet's a Cupid plate," said 'Liza.

It was only then that a light broke in upon me, and suddenly before my eyes stood the god of Love, bearing in his arms the horn of plenty.

To meet Cupid in a volume of mythology is to recognize a friend. But to come across him on an East End plate, with a stethoscope in his hand!—one feels the need of an introduction.

But 'Liza always realized my limitations, and was proportionately patient with my shortcomings.

"Moggie 'as a clock, too," she continued, "a clock wot cost two pund."

"Who gave her that?" I asked.

"Bought it 'erself, she did; saved up this long while; 'fur,' sez Moggie, 'wheer's the use in bein' married if you ain't got no clock?' So she buys 'erself the clock, fur the reason as no one wudn't give it."

From this it will be seen that 'Liza had no illusions. She knew to a penny how much each friend could afford; and the exact limit of their generosity.

"Moggie 'as six cups an' saucers, too. I give 'em to 'er meself," confessed my friend, "an' they cost four pence 'alfpenny the pair. Then somebody else give 'er a set o' dinner plates; an' me brother Denny 'e give 'er a pund in money, besides lendin' Moggie fifteen shillin' fur to 'elp buy the weddin' dress."

"What color is it?" I asked.

"'Eeliotrope sating," said 'Liza. "Yer see, the reason as Moggie picked it, was 'cos we all thinks as 'eeliotrope is a good weddin' color. 'An the dress is being made somethink lovely!"

Here 'Liza discussed the details of Moggie's attire.

"Yuss"; said she, "it 'as a white sating front on it, wif tucks on the sleeve. Mighty fine tucks they is, too; an' dahn the bodice is rows o' pearl trimmin'. Then the skirt of it 'as flounces up to 'ere." Whereupon 'Liza indicated exactly where before continuing:

"My lor! but it's the 'eight of the fashion, is Moggie's weddin' dress; an' it cost a heap. But it's worth it," said she, fur when you pulls yer finger acrost the sating—it like makes a row. Lord, yuss; I reckon the whole dress will corst a matter of two pund. Moggie ain't on'y paid five an' twenty shillin' so fur," volunteered 'Liza. "An' o' course if she can't raise the rest come Boxin' Day, the weddin's orf."

The possibility thus briefly indicated was no slight matter to the Alley; therefore 'Liza Twigg hurried on, as if she would overtake Hope:

"Moggie 'as the elegant figure," she resumed—this with sisterly pride. "Yuss; I guess as theer ain't a tidier waist dahn the Court. An' jes' ter see Moggie in 'er weddin' 'at!"

The remembrance of it reduced 'Liza to an eloquent silence.

"What is it like?" I asked.

"Like! w'y, it's a fair treat! The color of it is white, an' blest if it ain't got a brim fr'm 'ere to theer." Here 'Liza measured it enthusiastically. "Yuss; an one side of it is cocked up quite saucy, wif a bunch o' orange-blossoms settin' on 'er 'air. My lor! but it's tasty, is Moggie's 'at. Theer's trimmin's on the back of it, too; fur, not countin' the orange-blossoms, theer's a big 'eeliotrope bow angin' dahn the back, wot flops in the wind as yer walks along.

"I reckon," ejaculated my friend slowly, "as the folks'll open theer eyes a bit when Moggie walks dahn the Alley on 'er weddin' day. Yuss; theer'll be a rare ter-do, an' thet's a sure thing."

After this 'Liza drifted off into personal recollections, through which was wafted the scent of orange-blossoms.

"I remembers the last time as I seed a weddin'," she soliloquized, "'twere in one o' the tenements rahnd the top of the Court. Thet were the day as Tim Mahony married Biddy O'Brien. An' theer was a mighty crowd standin' ahtside the tenement, when—blest if two kebs didn't drive up ter the very

door! Wid thet, aht comes the rest o' the neighbors, fur ter see wot 'twas all abaht. An' wot wid the pŭshin', and wot wid the shovin', an' the elbowin', an' the squeezin', the wonder was we was any of us alive. 'Owsomever," continued 'Liza, "I pushed in wid the best of 'em, an', as luck would 'ave it, theer was meself right alongside the two kebs. So dahn gets the comp'ny, while we all starts a-cheerin'. By this time, I must tell yer as the road were gettin' fuller an' fuller; people crowdin' in fr'm the side streets ter see the friends goin' in ter the weddin'. Then, presently, we 'ears the music playin' in the tenement. An' no sooner did the concertina strike up, than the folks in the street started dancin'. Theer was Irish jigs no end. Some was footin' it on the pavement an' more of 'em in the road. An', as if this wasn't enuff, a few o' the lads starts a-singin'. Wid thet, the comp'ny at the weddin' throws up the tenement winder an' joins in the songs. An', wot wid the larfin' an' the jiggin' an' the roarin' an' the yellin', yer never seed the like of it in yer life. Bli' me!" said 'Liza characteristically, "but it wasn't arf! An' I reckon as theer'll be the same fun in the Alley when Moggie gits married come Boxin' Day."

FOGAZZARO AND HIS TRILOGY.

BY L. E. LAPHAM.

III.

THE next novel of the series, *Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, which appeared in 1901, does not connect itself immediately with the preceding, but overleaps some twenty-five years, and begins with the early manhood of Piero Maironi, son of Franco and Luisa, born a year before his father's death in 1860. This brings the time of the story quite close to modern days.

On the death of Luisa soon after, the old Marchesa, who does not wish to have the boy in her own house, confides him to the care of the family Scremin, her relatives.

In the old family "palazzo" of the Scremin's, in a small city of North Italy—probably Vicenza—Piero grows up, in an almost monastic atmosphere, under the tutelage of Don Paolo, a priest, "without the liberty to choose my own friends, seeing always the same people, drilled in the same ideas," as he tells Don Guiseppe Flores, a clerical friend of the family.

> I still love dear Don Paolo, but as a boy I adored him. How I dreamed then of becoming a religious too! The very odor of incense that Don Paolo's cassock retained after service, when he came to take me out for a walk, inspired me with a reverential feeling. I thought of the religious state as verily divine. During divine service my delight was to dream of being an anchorite in Africa, or a monk in some fanciful monastery in the midst of the North Sea. At the same time, while I was thinking of monasteries and the religious life, incredible as it may seem, I was subject to strange attacks of sensuality, even before I knew the difference between right and wrong. When my moral sense was awakened, I can't describe my terrors and the penances I secretly performed. Then, for a certain time after I had received the sacraments, I had religious ecstasies, indescribable raptures, and days in which the idea

of the least impurity nauseated me; and I began to think seriously that I should have to enter a religious order in order to escape the obsessions of the spirit of impurity. On a visit to the Abbey of Pragha the idea of becoming a Benedictine took hold of me. I was then fifteen; and I spoke to Don Paolo about it. He said I was too young to think of such things. I gathered from some vague words of my confessor, that the subject had been discussed in the family, that they had taken it seriously and were much opposed to it. They sent me traveling with Don Paolo, and had me taken to the theatre occasionally by a friend of the family. I still had my interior struggles, but remained firm in my determination. I did not feel that I was born for any of the professions, that there was some other good for me in the world. The idea of becoming a religious seemed to me to be a revelation and gave me great comfort up to my sixteenth year. At that time a certain feeling of having changed, and of seeing everything in a different light, a certain new revelation of the world and life, bewildered me. However, during this moral confusion, and even when the religious life seemed most repellent to me, the idea of making it impossible by marriage filled me with inexplicable horror.

As years pass on he devotes himself actively to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and to the Catholic Young Men's Society, without, however, feeling in perfect sympathy with the ideas and methods of the members.

It seemed to me that they had water in their veins, holy water, if you like, but quite different from the blood, full of latent fire, that I felt in me, and I relapsed into a kind of lethargy, comforting myself with the foolish hope that an unknown power was maturing in me. As for matrimony, I was beginning to think of it as an exhausted swimmer begins to think of giving up hope of saving himself. I was one and twenty when the Scremins brought Elisa home from school. She was then seventeen. I had apartments by myself, and to all appearance was perfectly free, but in fact the Marchesa Scremin held me, by her little artifices, more enslaved than before. I liked Elisa, because there was something enigmatical about her very coldness and severity, and more especially because I saw that she liked me. However, when I saw through the designs of her father and mother, I was provoked, and put myself on the defensive; because I was not really in love.

At this juncture he is again attacked by the demon of sensuality, and falls, for the first time, into serious sin.

> The reaction of shame and disgust was most violent. Then union with a girl so pure and upright as my cousin now seemed to me a refuge of peace. When I married her, I thought I loved her sincerely. But after a few days I found myself disillusioned. She no longer seemed enigmatical, she was merely taciturn—and shallow.

It was not long before symptoms of insanity made their appearance in Elisa, and she had to be taken to an asylum. It is at this point that the novel begins. Piero, who still makes his home with the Scremins, endeavors to give some significance to his life, and at the same time to protect himself from the evil tendencies of his character, by throwing himself into politics. The clerical party elects him mayor of the city, an office he accepts after some hesitation, caused by the "feeling that I was destined by God for something which he had not revealed as yet, and that I should do wrong to enter another career."

At this critical point a temptress approaches him, in the person of the charming Jeanne Dessalle, a French woman living separated from her husband, and but lately come, with her brother Carlino, to take up her residence in a villa on the outskirts of the little city in which the scene of the novel is laid. Jeanne Dessalle belongs to the type of women of which Fogazzaro has already given us two finely drawn portraits. She is spiritually related to Elena of *Daniele Cortis* and to Luisa of *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico.*

> The daughter of unbelieving parents, who, however, held religion in respect, Jeanne had passed through the ephemeral fervors of piety at boarding school. But the spirit inherited from her parents, the consciousness of her intellectual superiority over the persons that had guided her in the ways of religion, the critical tendency of her intellect, her reading, and intercourse with cultured but unbelieving men, the known incredulity of her parents, who, however, sent her to Mass and to the sacraments, and presented her with prayer books, conspired to induce a sort of serene fatalism in her. From the height of this fatalism, the Christian dogmas, God, the immortality of the soul, appeared illusions, pleasant, noble, to be sure, and even useful to those who did not possess, as she

did, the sense of moral dignity, its restraints, and its incentives. Her pride, her regard for the opinions of others, the vague moral idealism which took the place of faith, inspired her with disgust for an adulterous love, but with no compunction for a Platonic attachment, which, satisfying her desires, elevated her soul. She knew she did not deprive the wife of Piero of anything, and her scepticism in regard to sentimental illusions, her strong, clear sense of reality, preserved her from any remorse for an offence, that was no offence because it was not felt.

In fact, she pretends to a much higher conception of love than Piero. To her it is purely Platonic, and must be kept pure of any sensual taint, or it will cease to exist. She has so much self-possession and self-confidence, that she fears no danger.

At first Piero feels alarm at the growing intimacy, and struggles against it. But finally, wearied out by the repeated attacks of the temptress, and disgusted by the hollow-mindedness of his constituents, who cannot rise to his ideals of Catholic political action, he resigns his office as mayor and abandons himself to a life of pleasure. At the same time he gives up the practice of his religion, and it is not long before his faith suffers shipwreck.

The aged Marchesa Scremin suffers intensely under this trial, but continues "constant in prayer" for the prodigal. The gentle and pious Don Guiseppe Flores tries to arouse his conscience by a fatherly letter of warning. Piero does break loose for a while, but only to return with more passionate violence to his illicit love. In the scenes that follow Fogazzaro comes very near overstepping the boundary line of moral propriety that he has set for himself, and the atmosphere gets rather heady. At the moment when Piero appears inextricably enslaved to his passion, and a serious fall seems inevitable, he receives a letter summoning him to the death-bed of his deranged wife. She has had lucid intervals, and has asked to see her husband, her parents, and Don Guiseppe. He goes at once. Elisa has learned in some way of his infidelity to her, and of his loss of faith, but she forgives him all. During Don Guiseppe's early Mass, on the morning before Elisa's death, Piero has a vision that effects his complete conversion, and is to determine the future course of his life. As the good priest

is making his thanksgiving after Mass, Piero rushes into the sacristy in great excitement, throws himself down on a *prieu dieu* and sobs:

> I must speak with you *here—here*. . . . I was much moved last night—when you talked to me about divine grace—but afterwards—afterwards.

He could not go on. Don Guiseppe passed his hand gently over his head and said:

> Wait, wait, calm yourself.

But Piero could not wait, and his voice gradually grew steady:

> Afterwards, when you went out to come here, I felt a sudden uneasiness take hold of me, an anxious apprehension of something unknown, an internal convulsion, and a desire to weep without being able to. Suddenly I saw within my brain or my heart, I don't know which, for an instant, a single instant, these words: "*Why resistest thou me?*" I was frightened, but thought to myself: "It's nothing but an involuntary reminiscence. I took up a book that the Marchesa had left on the table. It was an *Imitation*. I opened at the Fourth Book, and my eyes fell upon the words: "*Venite ad me, omnes qui laboratis et onerati estis et ego reficiam vos.*" I trembled like an aspen leaf, as if I had heard the Lord calling me. I came to the church at once, and in the street I seemed to be walking through air filled with God. As soon as I put my foot on the threshold and saw you at the altar I felt all my childhood faith return, and an acute sorrow for having abandoned God, for having repulsed his repeated calls, and a tender gratitude for his patient goodness.
>
> The Mass was at the *Sanctus*, and I kneeled down. At the consecration I covered my head with my hands and saw, really saw, written in the palms of my hand five words, the very words that, as a boy, when in my mystical ecstasies I thought I was dying, I should have liked to see written on the wall in front of my bed: *Magister adest et vocat te*. They were large and white on a black ground. Then toward the end of the Mass, while still on my knees, I saw in vision, like a flash of lightning, my whole future life and my death. If I close my eyes, I see it yet! Oh, tell me, tell me, Don Guiseppe, I long to give myself entirely to God, but ought I really to believe the vision came from him, and that it expresses his

> will? Because, if I believe, it is a clear command. First it means an absolute renunciation, and then, when God wills, the assumption of very grave responsibilities, of a personal and extraordinary public mission in the Church. I must believe it, must I not?

Don Guiseppe is not so inclined to give full credence to the vision, knowing as he does Piero's nervous excitability, and the instability of his character. So he advises deliberation.

Elisa receives the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and dies in holy peace. Before her death she had expressed a wish to be laid to rest at Valsolda with Piero's parents. Thither they go with the body, and the "Little Modern World" comes to a close in the beautiful spot where the scenes of the "Little Ancient World" took place.

After the burial, Piero makes over to Don Guiseppe as trustee the property he had inherited from the old Marchesa Maironi, to be used in founding a sort of socialistic agrarian community, and places in his hand a written account of his vision to be opened after his death. The next morning he was gone, nobody knew when or whither. The novel ends with the significant words:

> Whether the day will ever come in which the hidden life of the missing man shall be revealed, and the mystery of his disappearance solved, he alone knows who called him to do battle for him.

Read in the light of the sequel, we can see all through *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico* evidences of the fact that Fogazzaro conceived the life of Piero Maironi, as a whole, and that *Il Santo* was no afterthought. We have foreshadowings of the "*mission*" which Piero will take upon himself in many passages.

> Who knows, if all Catholics were like an old priest that I knew, I should not have lost my faith. He, too, however! He tells me that I ought not to judge the Catholic Church by a few hundred persons, and I not able to reply to him that life is ebbing from every part of the Church, that everything is antiquated, from a Vatican decree to the words of the humblest country pastor! Once I thought: If another St. Francis should come, or another St. Augustine! Now I know that they will not come.

And again:

> How could he help thinking that his father, Don Guiseppe Flores, and some other noble souls and strong intellects, could not really be called Catholics, that their religion was quite different from and superior to the common, narrow-minded Catholicism, which is so afraid of reason, so enslaved to deified authority, so implacable to those outside the fold, so wedded to worldly interests, as antiquated in spirit as in its language. . . . Why don't such men speak out, recall their brethren to the truth? Why don't they try to reform their Church? Why don't they rise up against the despots, at least against the anonymous ones?

Piero had said that to a liberal French Catholic, and the Frenchman had replied:

> "For that we must have *saints!*" "And why aren't they saints? Why don't they become saints? Is it so difficult to give up one's goods and pleasures?"
>
> And he felt a certain pride in thinking that that was just what he was about to do, although he was no saint, nor bound to any church, nor to any official creed.

Here we have the germ of the sequel, and we cannot help thinking that the author had *Il Santo* already sketched out in his mind when *Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno* was written, and that the latter was merely a preparation for the more serious book that was to follow.

Current Events.

Russia.

The situation in Russia, although still intolerable from our point of view, shows signs of improvement, and hopes are now being entertained that there will be neither a dictatorship on the one hand, nor a state of anarchy on the other. M. Stolypin, although not looked upon by all as a statesman of the first rank, is proving himself to be one of the rarest as well as rarest of the human race—an honest man. He is making it clear that he will not be coerced into proceedings of which he does not approve, and although he has done many things which deserve condemnation, he has done them from a sense of their absolute necessity. It is on this ground that the Courts-martial must be justified, Courts which, within a few weeks have condemned to summary execution some 230 persons. When it is remembered that there is an organised Society of Terrorists, who claim the right to condemn to death those who are opposed to their idea of reform, and to pass sentences of death on them without hearing any defence on the part of the accused, and to carry those sentences into effect, it must be allowed that exceptional dangers call for exceptional measures.

It is not so easy to defend the wholesale resort to what is called "administrative exile." In the worst days of Alexander III. it is said that this arbitrary procedure was not so common as it has been within the last few weeks. Administrative exile means the transportation to distant and sometimes uninhabitable parts of the Empire of any person whom the police of any one of the eighty governors of the districts into which Russia is divided, may consider desirable to get out of the way. The police arrest without any warrant from a magistrate, and in many cases no examination takes place, not even a police examination. Within the last few days scores of thousands have been sent into exile in this way at the beck of police officers. It may be unjust to hold M. Stolypin responsible. The despotic sway of one man often leaves it within the power of many men to do what they please in the name of the supreme ruler. The want of agreement between the members of the Russian Cabinet has been a marked feature of

the last few years, and is the explanation of many of the disasters which have occurred.

Steps are being taken for the assembling of the new *Duma* and the date has been fixed both for the election of its members and for its meeting. Prophecies as to its composition and as to its fate are being freely made. Within the range of these prophecies the subsequent destiny of Russia is included. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the modest *rôle* of the chronicler. A more practical question has arisen as to what the attitude of the ministry will be towards the new assembly. Will it hold itself responsible to it, or will it maintain its independence of the *Duma*, looking up to the Tsar as its sole Superior? To this question M. Stolypin has returned the unequivocal reply that Russia is not advanced enough as yet to have a ministry responsible to Parliament, and there are many who are friendly to the development of Russia along constitutional lines, who would agree with M. Stolypin and would refer to the proceedings of the dissolved *Duma* as the ground for this agreement. The complete failure of the Viborg manifesto, which called upon the Russians not to pay a tax or to grant a recruit, shows that the members who signed it did not possess the confidence of the people; no tax was withheld, not a recruit refused. M. Stolypin maintains that it is all-important that the government should be outside all parties, even those which defend the monarchical and absolutist principle, and he has shown this impartiality by the coldness of the reception accorded by him to one of the parties which had been guilty of violence in its defence of the old *régime*.

While waiting for the *Duma's* meeting next March, logically and reasonably legislation should be at a standstill, and, in fact, many suggested reforms are being put off to its meeting. But logic and reason do not rule in a transition period, or under an absolute monarchy, and Ukases have been issued profoundly modifying the present condition. So far as these Ukases are beneficial to the many, even the *douroussiv* will acquiesce in their promulgation. By one of them the Senate is authorized to amend the laws relating to the peasants so as to remove nearly all the restrictions left untouched by the emancipation of 1861, or imposed by subsequent reactionary legislation. By another Ukase the Old Believers, who number some fifteen millions, are granted an equal measure of freedom with

the Orthodox. This completes the concessions granted at Easter last year. A further measure of relief to the peasants has been granted by an Imperial Decree, which reduces the amount of the payments to be made on loans received from the State Peasants' and Agrarian Banks, and also in payments for the Crown lands which are to be sold to the peasants. For the *Duma's* consideration, a Bill is being prepared securing inviolability of person, domicile, and private correspondence, as well as one to bring under control the various existent forms of suspending the ordinary law. And as the attitude of the orthodox clergy has been criticized, it ought to be mentioned that its Holy Synod ordered a special thanksgiving service for the anniversary of the Manifesto of October 30.

A fairly long list might be given of assassinations and attempted assassinations, of armed robberies, of bomb outrages, executions, and various disturbances. Long though it would be, it is compatible with an improvement in the situation. Another long list might be made of the parties and sub-parties which have been formed, and are being formed, but these are so elusive, both in their composition and in their principles, that it is not worth space or pains. The situation, on the whole, may be summed up in the reply given by M. Stolypin to a newspaper correspondent: "When a man is very ill and his friends say there is no change for the worse, we take hope."

The Russian Foreign Minister has been paying visits to Paris and to Berlin; but we have not learned what he said or did. There is, however, reason to believe that between Great Britain and Russia something like a settlement of outstanding difficulties is impending. The fact that instead of acting as rivals in Persia an agreement is on the point of being concluded to divide their spheres of interest is a good omen. This *rapprochement* was threatened by the proposed visit of certain Englishmen to Russia to present an address to the dissolved *Duma*. By the abandoning of this project the good sense of both sides was shown.

Germany.

The publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs, and the Köpenick incident, show how difficult it is, even in the best disciplined country in the world, for rulers to control the course of events. In the Memoirs of Prince Hohen-

lohe, the most private conversations between the Kaiser and the Prince, with reference to the most important matters, are disclosed to the world, and it has since been intimated that, bad as are the things which have now seen the light, worse remain as yet a secret, but eventually to be published. The Kaiser has expressed himself as in the highest degree indignant and amazed, and a son of the Prince, who is in no way responsible for the publication, has had to retire from the public service.

It is not without good reason that the Kaiser is indignant, for although he himself bears the ordeal of exposure to the public gaze better than many of the founders of the German Empire, and his own Ministers, with the exception of Count Caprivi, yet it is made clear that he is not the unifying force of which, since Prince Bismarck's dismissal, the Empire stands in need. It is shown that he is uncertain, liable to take important decisions on a sudden impulse, very fond of having his own way, and surrounded by a crowd of adulators, to whom alone he is willing to listen. And as to the founders of the Empire, the memoirs destroy the legends which had begun to surround their memory with a halo of glory. They reveal a series of petty squabbles, jealousies, and intrigues. Moltke, for example, the stern Field Marshal, said to have been silent in seven languages, is shown to have been unpleasantly loquacious in at least one, and to have made appointments, which were characterized by Bismarck as "a bad service to the army on the part of old Moltke." Such were the scenes in the Prussian Council that Bismarck says: "I often started up, rushed out, banged the doors behind me, threw myself on the bed, and howled like a dog." Often when he stood at the top windows of the castle, he thought: "Better jump out and end it." Herbert Bismarck was so impudent on one occasion, that the present King of England, then Prince of Wales, would have put him out of the door, were it not that he was afraid the doing so would affect the good relations between England and Germany. These are mere personalities, although not unimportant, for they show the character of the persons who have borne rule over their fellow men, and have guided the destinies of nations. The light thrown upon the relations of Germany with Russia, Austria, and France, gives a still greater importance to these volumes, and shows the rea-

son why the Kaiser is apprehensive that the consequences of their publication will be incalculable. The effect of life in this atmosphere upon Prince Hohenlohe himself was disastrous. Solitude became impossible to him, he could not endure it, "Here [in Berlin] among all the intriguing forces, against which I have to defend myself, I forget what makes me dejected."

Too much must not be made of the Köpenick incident, but it is interesting as showing what is possible in a country where blind obedience to the orders of superiors is the dominant idea. A man, who subsequently proved to be a shoemaker, 57 years of age, of which 27 had been passed in jail, arrayed himself in the uniform of an officer of the First Foot Guards. In the name of the Emperor he ordered several bands of soldiers, which he came across in the streets, to follow him, and to arrest the Burgomaster of Köpenick, while this functionary was performing his duties in the Town Hall of this suburban borough of Berlin. He then sent him off to prison in broad daylight and in the midst of thousands of people. Having commanded the rest of his band to keep order, he proceeded to strip the Treasury of its funds, giving for them a receipt to the proper official. Then he dismissed the soldiers and departed in safety, distributing his habiliments far and wide throughout the capital. Had he himself left he might possibly have escaped, and the affair would have remained shrouded in mystery; but, having remained near the scene of his exploits, he was captured, and thereupon made a full confession. No adequate penalty, however, is provided for such unprecedented proceedings; while the law is struck dumb, the whole world has laughed. Some of the papers have moralized, perhaps, in too serious a manner. The possibility of such an event is said to be due to the present vaulting militarism, and to the folly and infatuation which render it necessary for the German citizen to submit to everything which has the appearance of coming from above. Civic virtue, manly courage before the thrones of kings, the State based on law and constitutionalism—this is the talk; the fact is absolute submission to any one who wears a uniform.

A more serious matter is the fact that in Prussian Poland there is now being enforced a measure which is part of the plan for Germanizing that country which was adopted some years ago. Religious education is given in the schools, and

of this we should be glad. Hitherto it has been in Polish; but the education authorities have lately directed that it should be in German. In resistance to this 45,000 children have "struck." In obedience to their parents they have refused to take part in the religious instruction as given in German, and willingly undergo the punishment inflicted on them. Those who have acted in this way claim to have the support of the clergy, and particularly of the Archbishop of Posen, Dr. Stablewski, who has intimated that, if the school authorities persisted in their action, it would be open to all parents to confine the religious instruction of their children to home teaching or to the ministrations of their pastors. The German authorities, however, say that the attitude of the Archbishop has been misrepresented, but every one can see how difficult is the position in which the Archbishop is placed. The Germans are determined to persevere and not to give way.

At a by-election for a town in Saxony an attempt was made by *bloc* tactics to defeat the Social Democrat, but unsuccessfully. As one of the defeated candidates was the President of the Pan-Germanic League, the result is not to be deplored.

The succession to the Duchy of Brunswick has not yet been settled. The Duke of Cumberland, the heir by right, has renounced the succession both for himself and for his eldest son, in favor of his second son, and has made an appeal to the Kaiser to give his consent to this proposal. He did not, however, renounce his own claim to the throne of Hanover. The Kaiser consequently has refused to accept this solution of the difficulty. The Diet of the Duchy thereupon resolved to take no steps for three months, in order to afford the Duke an opportunity to consider the matter more fully. It is understood that in the event of his refusing to renounce the royal throne, both he himself and all his family will be definitely deprived of the princely throne as well.

No noteworthy change has taken place in German foreign relations. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has, however, been paying a visit to Vienna and to Rome; the public is informed, however, that this visit is purely private—an assurance which is, of course, implicitly accepted. The resignation of the Minister for Agriculture tendered some time ago has been accepted

and is looked upon in some quarters as a victory for the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince von Bülow. We cannot say whether any importance is to be attached to rumors which have been circulated that the Three Emperors are to revive the Alliance which formerly existed. The rising tide of democracy is the motive for the new grouping. But as it would involve the dissolution of the Dual Alliance between France and Russia, and at least a modification of the Triple Alliance, it seems hardly practicable. What is the inner meaning of the German Emperor's plan for the exchange of professors between this country and Germany, or whether there is any inner meaning, is hard to say. No one thinks that the Kaiser wishes to Americanize Germany, or that he hopes to Germanize the United States. Whatever the motive, the idea has been carried out. A Roosevelt professorship has been established at the University of Berlin, at the inaugural lecture of which the Emperor was present. The lecturer, Professor Burgess, enlarged upon the historic friendship which has existed between Prussia and the German Empire and the United States, and seemed to think that it was President Roosevelt's opinion that the continuation of this friendship was more important for the peace and welfare of Europe than were good relations with Great Britain. The Emperor accordingly called upon the professors and students to grasp the right hand which had been extended to them by America, and to give three cheers for the incarnation of all the good qualities of his nation. The utterances of Professor Burgess with respect to the Monroe Doctrine have met with so much adverse criticism in this country, that he cannot be looked upon as a fit representative of American opinion.

Austria-Hungary.

The resignation of Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs for twelve years, was due to his being unwilling to placate Hungarian opposition by the employment of the small means so frequently resorted to by office-seekers. During his tenure of office the understanding with Russia has become better defined, and has developed into what is called a "happy intimacy," although Austria is a member of the Triple Alliance. This un-

derstanding has taken practical shape in the common action of the two Powers in the Balkans and in the reform measures, such as they are, in Macedonia. To him was due the suggestion of European intervention in the Spanish-American War; the veto against Cardinal Rampolla was given through him; and the Austrian mediation between Germany and France at the Algeciras Conference was his work. It has been his constant endeavor to preserve good relations between Austria and Italy. In the judgment of the Emperor, his "long diplomatic career has been marked by steadfastness of purpose and much success."

The successor of Count Goluchowski is Baron von Aehrenthal, sprung from a German Bohemian family named Lexa. He has been Ambassador at St. Petersburg for the last five years, and is reputed to be a Russophil. That he is well disposed to Hungary and Hungary well disposed towards him—the anxious question of the moment—seems likely, as he is united by marriage to the Magyar nobility. A statement put forth in his name represents him as full of the warmest feelings of friendship for the whole world.

Count Goluchowski's resignation was not the only one: the Minister of War, General von Pitreich, retired from office at the same time. The reasons for which this step was taken remain a mystery. Possibly the question of recruits had something to do with it. Austria wants an increase in their number; to this Hungary demurs, although she is not likely to push her opposition to extremes. This is the only question that has arisen between the two countries. The immediate prospect is peaceful, although the feelings of one to the other are highly exasperated. The Hungarians have been celebrating, in the most ostentatious manner, the repatriation of the remains of Rakoczy, who spent the best years of his life in armed rebellion against the Hapsburg Crown, in the hope of driving the Hapsburgs from Hungary. He died in Turkey and was buried there. The Emperor gave his consent to his body being transferred to the home of his ancestors. It is to be regretted that the occasion was used by many Hungarians in such a way as to increase the already sufficiently great irritation.

France.

M. Clemenceau's ministry is practically a new and not a merely reconstructed Cabinet. All of its members are supposed to be men according to the mind of its chief, chosen on that account. Eight out of the twelve have been journalists. The new Foreign Minister's first claim to distinction was his having refused, when a boy, to receive a prize at school from the hands of the Duc d'Aumale, so devoted was he to republican principles. The new War Minister is General Picquart, so honorably distinguished for his defence of Dreyfus. He has always been reputed to be a practical Catholic; how he can reconcile himself to enter M. Clemenceau's Cabinet is hard to see. The most notable feature of the new ministry is the institution for the first time of a Portfolio of Labor and Social Providence. This indicates the attention which is paid to questions affecting the working classes.

The statement made by the government at the opening of the sessions covered an immense field. Its promises are too many to be realized. Peace with dignity is to be maintained. At the same time, the Chamber is reminded that peace rests upon the force of arms, and, therefore, the first duty is not to allow the army to be weakened in any of its elements. In diplomacy a straightforward policy openly practised is the ideal. In internal affairs the democracy is to be definitely installed, organized, regulated, led to moderation in the exercise of its power, and so consolidated. Various military reforms are promised, and even the military organization is to be penetrated with the democratic spirit. Courts-martial are to be suppressed without delay. It is interesting to remember that M. Clemenceau once lived in this country, and was on the point of becoming a citizen, but went back to France to take part in the war with Germany.

Then come proposals for developing the liberty established by the Republic, and one, at least, of them is curious as an illustration of what is looked upon as liberty. The great general principle of secularization is to receive complete realization by the abrogation of the Falloux law, which has hitherto allowed private persons to teach. All schools, therefore, are to be brought within the control of the State, and the clergy are not to be allowed to teach in any school. The French civil law is

to be placed in a position of definite supremacy. The inalienable rights of individuals are to be safeguarded.

For social questions and their solution, a new Ministry of Labor has been appointed. A working-class pensions Bill is to be at once passed. The hours of labor are to be reduced to ten. Various other measures are promised for the benefit of the working classes, while a graduated income tax and a tax on capital will also ease their burdens by placing them on other shoulders. The Chamber by 395 votes to 96 expressed its approval of the Ministry's proposals.

The matter which is of chief interest to Catholics is, of course, the attitude of the government with reference to the enforcement of the Separation Law. This is shown in the words of the statement: "While assuring liberty of worship, they would apply all the provisions of the law, and if the penalties already provided appeared to be insufficient, they would not hesitate to propose others." In a statement made to the press before the meeting of the Chamber M. Briand, the Minister of Public Worship, had said that, even if the associations were not formed, the State would leave to the Church, in the future as in the past, the free use of the consecrated edifices for public worship. The parish priest would say Mass and preach as before. The only difference would be that the churches would remain the property of the State, whereas if the public worship associations had been formed, they would have become the property of these associations. The interest in the eighty millions' worth of property which would now be sequestrated would be applied by the State for the maintenance of the edifices.

These proposals were looked upon by some extremists in the Chamber as too favorable to the Church. A Socialist, M. Maurice Allard, called upon the government to expel the clergy from the churches after the 11th of December next, maintaining that this was what the law required, and that the government would be violating it by allowing services to go on. A long debate followed, lasting for several days, and the speech made by M. Briand in defence of the least extreme course was ordered to be placarded throughout France.

The *entente cordiale* with England has received a further illustration by the visit of the Lord Mayor of London with the

Aldermen and some 50 Councillors. The *entente* is said now to be so well established as to be independent of every ministry, so deep seated is it in the hearts of the people. The anarchy in Morocco has almost necessitated the intervention of France. The ruling authorities of that country are impotent. Raisuli, the bandit-chief, is the only possessor of real power. A town not very far from Tangier was taken possession of by mountaineers, who descended upon it from their inaccessible fastnesses, and it was only rescued from their hands after an appeal to him. On the other side of Morocco the tribes are manifesting towards France the most undisguised hostility. The necessity for action is almost proved. In fact, ships have been sent to Tangier by both France and Spain.

Italy.

The course of events in Italy has been so smooth as to preclude any necessity for particular reference. Some rather indiscreet remarks of a general, with reference to the extent of Italian territory, have excited criticism in Austria; but bad feeling has been allayed by a disclaimer of responsibility for his utterances. The Socialists of Italy have been holding a Conference, which has brought into clear relief the fact that they are as much divided among themselves as are the Socialists of other countries.

New Books.

APOLOGETICS AND CONTROVERSY.

Interest in the question of the validity of Anglican ordinations is not so great to-day as it was ten years ago. For Catholics, *Roma locuta est*, in the Brief of September, 1896, when Leo XIII. declared Anglican Orders to be null and void. The Pontiff also extinguished the hopes which some Anglicans entertained of recognition from Rome; for, in a subsequent communication to the Archbishop of Paris, he declared that his decision was irrevocable. There are theologians who say that, notwithstanding this assurance of Leo, the Brief "Apostolicæ Curæ" is not an *ex cathedra* declaration. However this may be, it has placed the question of Roman recognition of Anglican Orders on the shelf for many a year. Nevertheless, the topic continues to have a vivid historical interest; and the echoes of the controversy are still loud enough to make a succinct statement of the grounds of Leo's condemnation a desirable and useful publication. Father Semple has compressed them into the space of a short, clear, temperately written essay* from which anybody in an hour may get up the facts and arguments of the case.

Divine Authority is a popular presentation of the traditional proof for the authority of the Catholic Church. The Scriptural and Patristic evidence for the institution by Christ of an authoritative magisterial body are marshaled in the usual manner. The author devotes the second half of the volume, which consists of about one hundred and twenty medium sized pages, to pointing out the baselessness and inconsistency of the Anglican claim to the character of Catholicity.† Although this little volume cannot be said to possess any novelty, either in thought or in method, it is to be welcomed as the latest accession to the cloud of witnesses that testify to the ancient rule of faith, Where Peter is there is the Church.

Father Benson, convinced, we may presume, that the demand for Catholic Apologetics of the above type is fully sup-

* *Anglican Orders: Theology of Rome and of Canterbury in a Nutshell.* By Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Divine Authority.* By I. F. Schofield, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Late Rector of St. Michael's, Edinburg. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

plied, has taken another line, where he finds fewer fellow-workers. He addresses the plain man* "who is entirely unable to discourse profoundly upon the Fathers, or to decide where scholars disagree in matters of simple scholarship." The religion of the man whom Father Benson would capture, "is composed partly of emotion, a good deal of Scripture, partly of imagination, and, to a great extent, of reason." "He is competent to say what he thinks a text probably means; and to recognize a few of the plainer facts of history, such as that Rome has always had some sort of a Pope, and that ambition and wickedness may, perhaps, have characterized certain persons high in ecclesiastical affairs. He is capable, also, of understanding that oaks grow from acorns, and athletes from babies, and of perceiving a law or two in the development of life; he can grasp that poison has a tendency to kill; and that two mutually exclusive propositions require a good deal of proof before they can be accepted as different aspects of the same truth." As Father Benson does not presume a great measure of intellectual power of scholarship on the part of his man, so neither does he conduct his attack with any very elaborate dialectic apparatus. And he justifies his tactics by the indisputable reason that, since the Catholic Church is intended by God to be known of all men, and, at the same time, God has not granted scholarship or critical acumen to the multitude, there must be some plain, simple arguments for Catholic truth that are easily grasped by "the man in the street." So Father Benson takes up the history of John in quest of religious truth, from the starting point, where, with a fair endowment of earnestness, good sense, and full-bodied English anti-Catholic prejudice, he looks around at the various forms of Protestantism which compete for his favor, till, after having in vain sought a solid ground for his foot in different denominations, he at length crosses the Catholic threshold, to find there the assured peace that was to be found nowhere else. The book is lively, at times dramatic; for, with the skill of a first-rate novelist, Father Benson makes John an individual of flesh and blood, moved at least as much by emotion as by logic, pleasantly different from the abstractions which, in some books of this form, carry an exchange of views in a fashion as dry as the driest of theological text-books. A criticism that will be directed by many against Father Benson—

* *The Religion of the Plain Man.* By Father Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

and he seems to be quite aware of the fact—is that he allows emotion too large a part in the formation of John's faith. Reviewing the reasons that have led him to the door of the Church, he soliloquizes: "Pure reason has very little to do with it; the Catholic claims are not logical as they appear; or, at any rate, it is not on account of logic that men make their submission. There is not one plain, undeniably intellectual path by which men approach the Catholic Church; for each gives a different account of his journey thither. And if they do not walk by pure reason, they can only walk by emotion; and emotion, as we know, is the most unsatisfactory path to follow. It has a way of suddenly ceasing, and leaving one in the wilderness." John solves this difficulty in a way which, while satisfactory to himself, concedes more to emotion than would be allowed by those who would insist upon building the approach to faith with exclusively objective proof. At the same time, Father Benson is not disposed to let his prospective critics have their own way. The title of the book recalls Father Searle's *Plain Facts for Fair Minds;* and, though they differ entirely in literary form, the resemblances between the two books are not confined to their titles.

We should also mention here that Father Searle has just published, for the use of converts, a neat little book* containing practical instruction needed for all matters connected with their reception, and for the Sacraments to be received soon after it, so that they may thoroughly understand all that is to be done, and be in the best possible dispositions. Missionaries, and other priests who may have the duty of receiving converts into the Church, will find that his book will enable them to save a considerable portion of the time that has usually to be devoted to the *viva voce* instruction of the convert in these matters.

LORD ACTON AND HIS CIRCLE.

This series of Letters† covers the period from 1858–1871, which embraced the most active years in Lord Acton's literary career. The editor has had at his disposition the correspondence of Lord

* *How to Become a Catholic.* Practical Instructions for Converts. By George M. Searle, Superior-General of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: The Columbus Press.

† *Lord Acton and His Circle.* Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Acton, with his collaborator, Simpson, another collection addressed chiefly to Wetherell, some unpublished letters of Newman, and a collection of letters from Lord Acton to his associate, John Moore Capes, for a considerable time proprietor of *The Rambler*. The greater part of the correspondence is concerned with the fortunes, policy, and literary management of *The Rambler*, and its successors, the *Home and Foreign Review*, *The Chronicle*, and the *North British Review*. The editor has put his readers in a position to follow these remarkable letters with a full appreciation of their significance. The ample introduction contains all the data requisite to the outsider *au courant* with the contention of parties and ideas which fermented in English Catholic life during these years. *The Rambler* first appeared in 1848. From the start, it "proclaimed its entire and resolute independence of all powerful interests, public parties, or knots of private friends, although, as far as it is now possible to determine, it maintained this attitude rather by ignoring the division that existed among Catholics than by criticising them all in any independent way." It soon came to be looked upon by many ecclesiastics as the organ, before everything else, of the converts of the Oxford movement, and was accused of attempting to set up a convert party against the old Catholics. Cardinal Wiseman took this view; and he was displeased, besides, with an appearance of independence which he judged the editors and contributors of the magazine to manifest. The Cardinal resented the assumption of laymen to venture on the ground sacred to the theologian; and was not in sympathy with the policy which professed to anticipate a great deal of anti-Catholic attack by fearlessly acknowledging the truth in general and ecclesiastical history. This principle, *La Vérité quand même*, advocated by *The Rambler*, was professed by Lord Acton in season and out of season. It is the keynote of the Letters; and around it circles the severe criticism that was directed against him, as far as these years are concerned. During the later period, after the Vatican Council, his accusers charged him with not being satisfied with publishing unpleasant truth, but with propagating unfounded charges against eminent churchmen; and, ultimately, of disloyalty and disobedience to the Church herself. As far as the present volume goes, however, Lord Acton shows himself devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of the Church. There

is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his editorial declaration in the first issue of the *Home and Foreign Review*, nor that this affirmation of principle was but a reflection of his own personal position:

> In dealing with those mixed questions into which theology indirectly enters, its aim will be to combine devotion to the Church with discrimination and candor in the treatment of her opponents; to reconcile freedom of inquiry with implicit faith; to discountenance what is untenable and unreal, without forgetting the tenderness due to the weak, or the reverence rightly claimed for what is sacred.

In the entire course of this correspondence, Acton's devotion to the cause of Catholic truth is undeniable. At the same time there are many unmistakable indications that his independent judgments of many events and persons in history would be of a kind to provoke the reprobation of those who believe that the divinity of the Church guarantees that only wisdom and sanctity can be the characteristics of everything that is done in her cause by the human instruments through whom she operates. Through these letters we obtain glimpses into the extent of Acton's historical scholarship, his acquaintance with a wide range of European literature, and the large number of well-informed persons on the Continent with whom he was on terms of intimacy. The difficulties that beset the editor of a high-class periodical, the canons of historical criticism, some of the inner aspects of the troubles of Newman and the "liberal" English Catholics, the hopes and fears that were entertained forty-five years ago, when the papacy seemed about to bid Rome farewell, the philosophy of the relations between Church and State, valuable bits of information on many an historical point; discussions on ethical questions, Manning, Montalembert, Döllinger, Gladstone—these and innumerable other interesting topics and personalities pass across the pages of a correspondence which confirms the received verdict that the author of these letters was the "most erudite man of his generation." There is a great temptation to quote some of the many passages which illustrate the historical frankness or the learning of Lord Acton. Those whose chief interest in the man revolves around the question of his loyalty would read in

any selection that might be made an indication of bias, for, or against, the author. Let us take one with which nobody can quarrel, and which, besides, is valuable because it gives in a nutshell a sound principle of Christian charity and social economics. Speaking of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Acton writes:

> The beauty of the Society always struck me with being in harmony with the laws of political economy. The remedy for poverty is not in the material resources of the rich, but in the moral resources of the poor. These which are lulled and deadened by money gifts, can be raised and strengthened only by personal influence, sympathy, charity. Money gifts save the poor man who gets them, but give longer life to pauperism in the country. Moral influence cuts off the supplies which nourish it. Only institutions like the St. Vincent Society can intercept poverty on its way to pauperism, and can permanently relieve not only the poor but the State. For poverty comes either from one's own fault, or from some independent cause. The first may be prevented by influences over which the State has no power, by social action, which reduces poverty to its ideal minimum of those who are poor by no fault of their own, and who have a claim on the State. These alone, in whose case compassion is free from censure, are to be directly supported by the public. Indiscriminate almsgiving is as contrary to Christ's teaching as to political science. A despotic State, founded on proletariate, is naturally jealous of influences coming between it and the basis of its construction.

This passage was penned with reference to the suppression of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul on the Continent. The last sentence contains a truth that goes far to explain the hostility of the French radicals to the Church. The following, regarding a higher standard of learning for the clergy, contains a criticism in confirmation of which the writer, if he were alive, might point his finger to France with an *I told you so:*

> What is most wanted is a high standard of education in the clergy, without which we can neither have, except in rare cases, good preachers or men of taste or masters of style or up to the knowledge, the ignorance, and the errors of the day. They will have neither sympathy nor equality with the

laity. The example of France is conclusive. No clergy is more zealous, more ascetical, than the better sort of French priests. St. Sulpice educates them for that; but not for learning. So they are shut off from the lay world, they influence only the women; and instead of influencing society through the women, help to disorganize by separating the men and women. "Our wives," says Michelet, "have not been educated in the same faith as ourselves, hence, decline of marriage in France." When the French clergy has a great man to show—Gratry, Ravignan, Lacordaire—his social influence is immense. For it is no answer to say that an ignorant clergy is good enough for an ignorant laity. They must be equal not only to lay Catholics but also to Protestants, both lay and clerical. They must be educated with a view to the clever enemy, not only to the stupid friend.

On the whole the picture of Lord Acton as it appears in this volume is a very favorable one. Too favorable by half, some critics have said. It gives only the lights, while the shades are to be found in another very different volume—*Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Drew.* But, readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD can listen to two eloquent advocates discussing this question from opposite sides.

TERTULLIAN. EUSEBIUS.

Two new volumes* have appeared in the patristic text series, edited by the Catholic scholars, H. Hemmer and P. Lejay. These new issues of this extremely valuable set contain two treatises of Tertullian, the *De Pœnitentia* of the great African's Catholic days, and the *De Pudicitia* of his Montanist period; and, secondly, four books of Eusebius' History. The original text is furnished on one page, and on the opposite is an excellent French translation. Brief but useful introductions and notes supply a good guidance in the matter of erudition. We are glad to see that the translator of the De Pœnitentia simply transliterates the important word *exomologesis*, without trying to translate it. *Exomologesis* is employed by Tertullian to designate the entire penitential process, and it would be utterly wrong to use "confession" as a synonym for it; although con-

**Tertullien: De Pœnitentia; De Pudicitia.* Par P. de Labriolle. *Eusèbe: Histoire Ecclésiastique. Livres I.-IV.* Par E. Grapin. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

fession was an indispensable feature of the *exomologesis*. We sincerely trust that many American students of theology and patrology will procure the volumes of this collection. We know of no better way of getting a scholarly text and an erudite translation at a very low price.

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS.
By John Oliver Hobbes.

The quality of Mrs. Craigie's posthumous novel will aggravate the regret for her premature death throughout the large circle of her personal and reading friends. It is reasonable to suppose that had she been spared to sixty-eight, instead of being called away at thirty-eight, her powers, in their full maturity, would have produced a great story worthy of a place in the ranks of imperishable English fiction. *The Dream and the Business* * is a study of temperament as it expresses itself through the attractions of sex.

The story opens with a case of love at first sight between Sophie Firmalden, the handsome, intellectual, strictly brought-up daughter of a scholarly Presbyterian divine, and Lessard, an artistic, virile, generous pagan, with semi-bohemian views on morals. His friend, Sophie's brother James, who in the course of the story becomes a radical Nonconformist minister, is in love with a girl as pretty and as soulless as a piece of Dresden china; shallow and vulgar into the bargain. The dreams of first love are wrecked. Sophie finds that Lessard is already married; and her brother discovers that he has idealized an impossible nobody. Then a young Catholic peeress and her convert husband, Lord Marlesford, enter on the scene. Affinities develop in perverse disregard of the established situation. Marlesford is attracted by Sophie; his wife by Lessard, while Firmalden finds her his irresistible ideal.

The plot is slight enough and without criminal intrigue, though there is a good deal of what old Dr. Firmalden disgustedly calls spiritual flirtation. But the author's skill in describing the play of light and shadow on the surface of character, her French firmness and lightness of touch, the abundance of epigram and delicately elegant phrase, and the keenness of her observation, in which mingles a slight dash of kindly cynicism, make up a fine story; which, however, is not in the same class

* *The Dream and the Business*. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

as *The Mill on the Floss*, nor even as *Jane Eyre*. The ethical atmosphere is almost as sombre as that which hangs over the Book of Job. Life is a poor thing at best; happiness is not to be realized; and failure is denied the dignity of tragedy. Conscience imposes sacrifices which must be gratuitous; and religion is no panacea for pain; it is but a help to suffer and be strong. The religious note, though never dominant, runs through the whole piece. Mrs. Craigie never sermonizes, and is not open to the slightest suspicion of any proselytizing intention. It is to James Firmalden, and, in a minor measure, to his father, that she confides the *rôle* of expressing her moral:

> Poor vaunt of life, indeed,
> Were men but formed to feed
> On joy, to solely seek and find the feast.
> Such feasting ended, then
> As sure an end to men.

THE PACKERS AND THE CAR LINES.
By Armour.

This defence of the private car line system* against the charges of the press writers, who have come to be known in the slang of the day as "muck rakers," repudiates the charge that the packers are making enormous fortunes out of the car lines. Mr. Armour, though he does not present a balance-sheet, gives sufficient data regarding the expenses of running cars to prove that some of the magazine articles have not fairly stated the case. He also makes plain the fact that, whatever their subsequent sins may have been, the capitalists who started the car lines were the signal benefactors of great districts of the country, which have been enabled to introduce and develop the fruit industry only through the existence of the private car line system. The railway companies, Mr. Armour shows, would not and probably could not have provided for the fruit-growers that sure, reliable system of speedy transportation absolutely necessary to a successful prosecution of the fruit and vegetable growing industry on the scale which it has now reached in various States. Mr. Armour is not a stylist; but he knows how to put his arguments clearly and effectively.

* *The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People.* By J. Ogden Armour. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THE ORANGE FAIRY BOOK.
By Lang.

For youngsters who have not yet strayed beyond the Happy Valley of childhood, and who have received, as every child should, at a very early age, an introduction to the pleasures of reading, there could hardly be imagined a more delightful Christmas present than the latest number of Andrew Lang's series of folklore, *The Orange Fairy Book.**

ABYSSINIA.
By Robert P. Skinner.

With American directness the head of the first mission sent by the United States to the descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba plunges into the narrative† of his peaceful expedition by opening with the landing at Jibouti, on November 17, 1903, and the prompt start of the column for the desert towards the Abyssinian town of Addis-Abbaba, where the Emperor received his visitors. Whether or not the mission's commercial purpose shall have been achieved remains to be proven. Consular reports have not yet indicated any phenomenal increase in the flood of American imports to the Ethiopian kingdom. But, one thing is certain, Mr. Skinner had a very fascinating trip, spiced with a good dose of personal danger; and he shares his enjoyment with whoever reads his lively, entertaining account of his travels. The composition, equipment, and purpose of this expedition is full of suggestions for reflection. Fancy an old reprobate Arab guiding a file of American soldiers and officials through the African desert. And when the party halts for the evening, an American stove is set up, and soon the desert air is redolent with the fragrance of American bacon, while the men busy themselves setting up tents, upon the poles of which is painted the historic word "Santiago." When Napier, in 1867, brought the Anglo-Abyssinian war to a close by a reduction of King Theodore's capital and stronghold, Disraeli startled John Bull out of his accustomed gravity by a burst of parliamentary eloquence glorifying the undertaking. The brilliant orator, who sometimes

* *The Orange Fairy Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrations by H. J. Ford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Abyssinia of To-Day.* An Account of the First Mission sent by the American Government to the Court of the King of Kings (1903-1904). By Robert P. Skinner. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

indulged in the flamboyant, declared that Napier had led the elephants of India, bearing the artillery of Europe, through passes which might have startled the trapper of Canada and appalled the hunter of the Alps; till he, at length, hoisted the standard of St. George upon the mountains of Rasselas! Only an imagination of the Disraeli type could do full justice to the picturesqueness of this expedition in which a body of mounted horse marines from the American navy conducted Mr. Skinner on his benevolent mission to the capital of Ethiopia, there to enter into a treaty with Menelik II, King of Kings, on behalf of Theodore the First, the Last, and the Only, for the purpose of placing the sheetings and cotton handkerchiefs of Fall River and the Haumkeg mills within reach of the noble, but rather scantily clad, children of Prester John. To the narrative of the journey Mr. Skinner adds, in an incidental way, some information concerning the history, manners, and religion of this unique people who have preserved their individuality from a time which far antedates the rise of every nation of Western civilization.

THEOLOGY.

The growing importance granted to the historical and positive method in theological studies is witnessed to by the appearance of works of serious scholarship upon every kind of theological questions. It is no longer possible for professor or student to make any course worthy of recognition without fully taking into account the principle of development, and tracing the expansion of to day back to its unfolded beginnings. Among the workers in patrology, the Abbé Turmel stands pre-eminent, and among his works none has met with higher appreciation than his profound study of the doctrines of St. Jerome.* The collection and systematic arrangement of Jerome's expositions, proofs, and opinions under their proper captions render this volume an invaluable aid to the student. The appearance of this second edition so soon indicates that M. Turmel's merits are acknowledged.

The reverend Père Souben issues two more numbers of his excellent Cursus Theologicus.† The eighth one treats of the

* *Saint Jerome.* Par J. Turmel. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

† *Nouvelle Theologie Dogmatique.* VIII. *Les Sacraments.* IX. *Les Fins Derniers.* Par R. P. Jules Souben. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

Sacraments of Penance, Holy Orders, and Matrimony, and the Sacramentals. The ninth volume deals with eschatology. A comparison of the author's treatment of this subject with that of the old theologians emphasizes the contrast which exists between the modesty and sobriety of to-day and the cocksureness of the ancient scholastic who professed to have such an astonishing amount of incontestable detailed information upon subjects about which the Church has said so little.

CANON LAW.

The reputation of Cardinal Cavagnis as a canonist, his rank, and the intrinsic merits of his three volume work on the public law of the Church, has established it in favor for many years past. This new edition,* the fourth that has appeared, is carefully revised and brought up to date. It contains the text of the recent French Law of Separation of Church and State, as well as that of the Concordat of Napoleon I., the "Articles Organiques," the Papal Allocution of November 14, 1904, and the Encyclical "Vehementer Nos" of Pius X. in the current year to the French hierarchy. The iniquity of the French legislation is made patent in the author's criticism of the law. Though the eminent writer, it need not be said, is uncompromising in his statement and defence of orthodox doctrine, he exhibits a spirit of moderation and prudence, and recognizes that the conditions of to-day call for compromise and toleration that could not have been admitted in the days of the Church's undisputed predominance in the civil life of the civilized world. As an instance of his liberality, it may be noticed that he concedes to the State, with some provisos, the right, denied to it by so many theologians, of making some degree of literary education compulsory (Vol. III., pp. 68–70).

We have received the first volume of a second and extended edition of another work which enjoys a high reputation among canonists.† The first edition was published in 1896. It embodied the course of lectures delivered by the author to the students of the Pontifical Seminary in Rome. He follows the

* *Institutiones Juris Publici Ecclesiastici.* Par S. R. E. Card. Cavagnis. Ed. Quart. Acuratior. Vols. I., II., III. Romæ: Desclée, Lefebvre et Soc.

† *Prælationes in Textum Juris Canonici. De Judiciis Ecclesiasticis Civilibus.* Par Michaele Lega Sac, Antistite Urbano. Romæ: Desclée, Lefebvre et Soc.

strictly legal order, in arrangement and development, rather than the logical, which seems to be coming into vogue. The present volume, which, though it forms part of an entire course, is complete in itself, treats comprehensively of civil trials, as distinct from criminal trials. The work is divided into four sections—Prolegomena in Judicia Ecclesiastica; De Judicii Introductione et Instructione; De Judicii Definitione; De Sententiæ Executione.

To turn from this volume of six hundred pages, which undertakes to treat only one restricted department of canon law, to Father Taunton's work entitled *The Law of the Church*,* complete in a single volume, is to pass into another mental atmosphere, to exchange the society of professionals for that of the amateur. The transition, too, forcibly recalls the enormous curtailment of territory imposed on canon law by the position of the Church in English-speaking countries—the empire is reduced to a province. The purpose of Father Taunton has been, he informs us, to provide a practical work for English-speaking countries, so he has passed over all questions relating more directly to liturgy, dogma, morals, and ceremonial, as well as to all questions concerning regulars, except where they come in contact, directly or indirectly, with episcopal authority.

This elimination restricts the scope of the work so much that one is prompted to ask whether the title given to it is quite appropriate; for it by no means embraces the entire body of canon law, nor even all that is in vigor in English-speaking countries. Father Taunton, however, seems to have aimed at presenting, in a popular, compendious form the minimum of knowledge concerning ecclesiastical law that ought to be possessed by every priest in these countries. Hitherto the want of such a work has been felt by many who, for one reason or another, did not enjoy the advantage of a sound course in this branch during their seminary studies. Any who desire to pursue the subject more thoroughly, will find ample bibliographical direction in Father Taunton's well chosen list of authorities and sources. The entire character of the book, and its paucity of references to authorities, indicate that the work is not the product of a trained canonist, and conse-

* *The Law of the Church.* A Cyclopædia of Canon Law for English-Speaking Countries. By Ethelred Taunton. St. Louis: B. Herder.

quently cannot serve as a standard for either official consultation or procedure; but it will be very handy as a guide in practical matters of minor importance, or to settle an occasional after-dinner discussion. Some legal light has said that "the lawyer who knows no history is not much better prepared for his business than the historian who knows no law." If this dictum is true, as we believe it is, Father Taunton's eminence as a historian guarantees that he is competent in canon law. Yet we must confess to a prejudice in favor of leading treatises on law to be written by experts.

RICHARD RAYNAL.
By Fr. Benson.

In the story of the mediæval English hermit, who bears the name of Richard Raynal,* Father Benson has given us an unusual and extremely charming tale. There will be many readers, perhaps, to find fault with so striking a departure from the beaten track of current story-telling, but the more discerning spirit will be gratified all the more at the uniqueness of the work. The tale is so artless, so reverent, so filled with the fragrance of field and meadow, so deeply religious, so pathetic, that it is with difficulty we bring ourselves to believe that it must be classed among books of fiction and not among actual histories. In fact, more than one of us, it is to be feared, will feel something very like a grievance against the author, upon learning that such is the case; it might have displayed better judgment on his part, had he been less elaborate in the constructing of an introduction intended only to deceive.

The story purports to be the translation of an ancient Latin MS., discovered by Father Benson in a library of Rome, and containing an old English priest's account of a young solitary, who lived somewhere near London in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. The sweet simplicity of the hermit's nature, his extraordinary mystical experiences, the tender communion he held with the creatures of God, his call to go forth upon some mysterious mission to the court of the King, the misunderstanding and abuse to which his simple obedience subjected him at the hands of the royal servants—these have been woven by the writer into as striking a little picture of the

* *The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary.* By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

time and the class under description, as the skilled historian could desire. The quaint beauty of the archaic style adopted by Father Benson in his recital is beyond praise. In brief, we have another book for which to thank this popular author most heartily.

THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN.
By T. W. Allies.

Although twenty odd years have elapsed since Allies wrote his fine work, *The Formation of Christendom*, and scholarship with unflagging industry has been diligently working, during these years, on every record of the early centuries of our era, Allies' work still retains the high reputation which it first achieved. Certainly it would be none the worse for careful revision; and the introduction of some emendations. No substantial change, however, would be required to bring it up to date with the erudition of to-day. A new edition of the best volume of the work * is just out. We trust that it will not cease to be a favorite in every Catholic library.

THE POPES OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.
By Mann.

This third volume of Father Mann's *Lives of the Popes of theEarly Middle Ages* † covers, roughly speaking, the last half of the ninth century, including, therefore, the important pontificates of Nicholas I., Hadrian II., and John VIII. The book is written in that thoroughly Catholic spirit and with that competence of erudition which have marked Father Mann's work from the beginning. He has gone over his sources with painstaking care, and has thrown an extensive mass of historical erudition into an easy and well-ordered narrative. If there is anything in this volume against which one might feel inclined to utter an adverse criticism, it is the polemical note which strikes us as over-asserted in Father Mann's pages. His preoccupation to defend the orthodox side of questions sometimes goes beyond the bounds of perfect historical evenness of mind. One feels on reading such things that one has fallen

* *The Throne of the Fisherman: The Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom.* By Thomas W. Allies. New Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Lives of the Popes of the Early Middle Ages.* By Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. III., 858-891. St. Louis: B. Herder.

into the domain of heated controversy rather than the serene province of history. Of course the preoccupation that we speak of is, as long as it is kept within due limits, commendable, and obligatory on the Catholic historian. But excess in this respect defeats its own purpose. We could wish, too, that Father Mann had given more attention to the False Decretals. His discussion of those celebrated documents is good, indeed, so far as it goes; but it leaves us with too vague a notion of them, and the part that they play in ecclesiastical history. This inadequacy arises from the point of view which Father Mann adopts towards them. His standpoint is not the historian's but the apologist's. The False Decretals were not of such importance as certain "moderns" think; they were not used by Nicholas I.; they were not in anyway the foundation for the later claims of the Papacy—this is a summary of the discussion given to the pseudo-Isidorian collection. But what these documents actually were, and to what extent they formed a bridge between the Papacy of Gregory I. and the Papacy of Gregory VII., or of Innocent III., we are very inadequately informed. Even if our author would have had to go a little outside his period, in order to furnish us with this information, it would have been well worth while, and would have been needed to establish the bare statements of the text as it stands. We would not, however, be understood as passing any serious stricture on this commendable volume. We trust that it will have the great success that it unquestionably deserves.

ESSAYS AND LECTURES.
By Canon Sheehan.

This is a collection of essays* which the author has published, at different times during the last twenty-five years, in various periodicals. He has disinterred them at the request of his friends, who desired to possess them in permanent form. Though many of them are occasional pieces, they all possess more than a fugitive value. Perhaps, however, Canon Sheehan would have better consulted the interests of his friends had he turned a deaf ear to their wish to possess the essays just as they appeared originally. A quarter of a century has ripened the doctor's scholarship, mellowed his wisdom, and added to the se-

* *Early Essays and Lectures.* By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

renity of his judgments. In many places the essays would have been improved by the application of the pruning knife, that would have swept away some redundance of foliage without touching the rich crop of fruitful thoughts expressed in exquisite language. Many of the essays would have gained a great deal by compression; in very few instances will one find a passage that deserves a place alongside almost any paragraph that might be taken at random from *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. In future Dr. Sheehan must submit to pay the penalty attached to success—he must give us of his best.

PERSIA PAST AND PRESENT.
By A. V. W. Jackson.

Professor A. V. Williams Jackson * is the best possible guide to Persia that any one could desire. As a specialist in the Iranian language and literature, he stands in the foremost rank of modern scholars, and his biography of Zoroaster is a classic in the history of religions. Full of the spirit of old Iran, and eager to see the spots made sacred in his eyes by the earthly life of Ahura Mazda's mighty prophet, he spent several months recently in Persia, and in this book about the trip he endeavors to elicit our interest in this ancient country and our admiration for the old religion of the Avesta. It would be a dull mind, indeed, that would not yield itself to the invitation given by so earnest and scholarly a guide. A rare charm in the book comes from its presenting to us both the Persia of to-day and the Persia of old. The incidents of each day's travel furnish, of course, the modern picture, and the constant reminders that meet the traveler from Tiflis to Teheran, of Persia's wonderful past, draw apart the curtains that conceal the ancient days and deeds. Thus we read here a sketch of Zoroaster and of the great fabric of religion that he raised; we are told what the Avesta is; we have Darius' wonderful inscriptions in great part translated for us; and we are favored with a fascinating description of the Zoroastrianism of to-day. For Zoroastrianism still lives. A small and persecuted remnant still holds to the purest religion of the ancient pagan world; on a few altars the sacred fire is still kept burning; and priests who are the Magi of old by spiritual descent, still utter the holy invocations of the Avesta. It is a volume

* *Persia Past and Present*. By A. V. W. Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

to delight the lover of travel, and to set tingling the nerves of any one who has ever studied Oriental lore or looked into the history of religion.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.
By Fr. Lucas.

In his new volume* Father Lucas continues the series of discourses which appeared in *The Morning of Life*. They are brief talks on matters of doctrine and morals, originally addressed to the college students at Stonyhurst. The volume contains an abundance of solid instruction and earnest exhortation, well written, clear, perhaps a trifle heavy for wandering, inattentive boys, but worthy of the study of serious minds. The book takes its title from the final sermon which was delivered at the close of a school year. There is an appendix in the form of a discourse preached on the feast of St. Ignatius in Farm Street, and consisting of an explanation of the character and utility of the Spiritual Exercises, and also of a defence of the Jesuit system of education.

THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR.
By John O'Connor Power.

A common criticism that is well-grounded, leveled against manuals professing to help the aspirant to the fame of the orator is that they are written by persons who are not themselves public speakers, or at least not successful public speakers. Mr. O'Connor Power is not open to this stricture. At the bar and in the House of Commons he has had long practice in oratory. His book† is above all marked by the practical quality of his advice and directions to the learner. Precept is illustrated by able analyses of the great speeches of Demosthenes on the Crown, and of Cicero against Cataline, besides copious extracts from famous modern speakers—Lacordaire, Burke, Lincoln, Sheridan, Fox, Chatham, Gladstone, etc. Mr. Power emphasizes the importance to successful speaking of a proper training of the mental powers. The book has many valuable suggestions, and will repay all who are ambitious to excel in any branch of oratory.

* *At the Parting of the Ways.* By Herbert Lucas, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Making of an Orator; With Examples from great Masterpieces of Ancient and Modern Eloquence.* By John O'Connor Power. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BIOGRAPHIES OF RELIGIOUS.

The subject of this biography * belonged to a noble German family, whose name appears frequently in the history of the Prince-Bishops of Münster. Two of its members distinguished themselves in the beginning of the last century by their loyalty to the Church. One was Gaspard Maximilian who, as Bishop-Auxiliary of Münster, assisted at the National Council of Paris in 1811, and there boldly demanded from Napoleon the release of Pius VII., then a prisoner at Savona. The other was Clement Augustus, who, as Archbishop of Cologne, in defence of Catholic doctrine and discipline came into conflict with the Prussian government, which imprisoned him for eighteen months. Their grand-nephew, who married a niece of Mgr. Kettler, was the father of Sister Mary, born in 1863. He was a member of the centre party of the Imperial Parliament, during Windthorst's victorious struggle against the Kulturkampf. At an early age Mary joined the order of the Good Shepherd, in which she was professed in 1889. After a few years' residence at Münster she was sent to Lisbon; whence, after a short stay, she was transferred to take charge of the house of the order at Oporto, where she was to spend the remainder of her life. Her biography is a record of high spirituality and noble self-sacrifice throughout a course of unostentatious duty in a work of incessant daily trial, seldom broken by events of any extraordinary character. Sister Mary evinced a fervent devotion to the Sacred Heart. Towards the close of her life, our author tells us, "after spending herself in spreading the worship of the Heart of Jesus in a large though necessarily limited circle, she was now to devote herself to its extension throughout the entire world; and, in our Lord's name and by his order, she was to be his intermediary with the head of his Church, to solicit the consecration of the human race to his Sacred Heart." She wrote to Leo XIII., to inform him of the divine commission that she had received; and told him that his life had been preserved in a recent crisis in order that he might carry out the consecration of the human race—a project which he was already entertaining himself. He showed the letter to

* *Sister Mary of the Divine Heart.* Droste du Vischering, Religious of the Good Shepherd—1863-1899. By the Abbé Louis Chasle. Translated from the French by a member of the Order. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Cardinal Mazella, who considered that it was dictated by Christ himself. "My Lord Cardinal," said Leo, "take this letter and lay it aside; at the present moment it must not be taken into account." "It was, therefore," says our author, "resolved that the consecration of the human race should be brought forward as the consequence of an application of the principles of theology and Catholic tradition, and not as the results of any private revelation." The book closes with an account of many striking cures and other favors obtained in consequence of prayers addressed to Sister Mary since her death. This biography possesses one invaluable quality not always to be found in such lives. The author has succeeded in presenting us with a human being, not with an abstraction or catalogue of virtues; he has given us a fascinating and edifying history of a soul beautiful by nature, by grace made sublime.

When France was passing through the furnace of the great Revolution, two girls were born in that country, within a decade of each other, who were destined to endow the Church with institutions that are to-day household words in almost every land. One of these girls was Jean Jugon, a humble Breton peasant, who founded the Little Sisters of the Poor, a community which has proved itself a potent factor, if not directly in the propagation of the faith, certainly in the removal of anti-Catholic prejudice in every city and town where Jean's daughters, humble and well-nigh nameless, are to be seen trudging along on their mission of mercy. Unable to gain admission to a religious order, Jean became a servant to a pious old lady, who bequeathed her little house and furniture to Jean. In this house, with a sum of six hundred francs which she had saved, Jean began, in the little town of Saint-Servan, on the Rance, her career of Christian charity. To-day that mustard seed has grown into a tree whose branches stretch across every continent of the earth. The institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in 1905, numbered over three hundred houses, in which over 255,000 old people have found a home. The story of this wonderful development fell to a competent pen. Father Leroy was for years chaplain at the mother-house, where he was able to obtain abundant authentic data for his work. The literary skill and taste with which he has presented them are sufficiently attested by the fact that the *History* was crowned

by the French Academy. The book is an inspiration. The depressing cry, perpetually repeated, bewailing the materialism of our age, the departure of faith, the waning of Christian charity, is here provided with a corrective. While the reader will find his first admiration claimed by the heroic lives and Christ-like spirit of the sisters, he will also find his heart warmed by the spectacle of the generous co-operation given to the sisters, by all kinds and conditions of men and women—usually anonymously—from Shanghai or Bangalore to New York or San Francisco. To-day, more than ever before, the world is inclined to judge a religion by the standard set up by the most august of authorities—*By their fruits ye shall know them.* For this reason, the *History of the Little Sisters of the Poor* * is the most powerful popular apologetic for Catholicism that has come from the press for many a day.

The founder of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith,† was the daughter of a Lyons silk-weaver. Through her brother, a priest, she became acquainted with many foreign missionaries at the house of Foreign Missions, in Paris. She soon started collections for them among her friends. Endowed with the talent for organization, and the strong practical sense which are so frequently the characteristics of French women, she soon undertook to form an association on a wide scale for the help of the missions; and forthwith she encountered from well-meaning persons opposition and persecution such as have usually baptized every new work undertaken for the glory of God. Her path became smoother when, after many difficulties and persistent hostility, she obtained the approbation of Pius VII. for her undertaking. Nevertheless, during her entire long life she and some of her friends met with stout obstruction from persons in high places. Difficulties, too, from other sources were plentiful. An enterprise which she had started for the welfare of working men failed and swept away all her funds. This involved her in altercations of a financial character with her bishop. She was denounced to Rome as "a clever adventuress, a

* *History of the Little Sisters of the Poor.* By the Rev. A. Leroy. Translated from the French under the direction of the author. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Pauline Marie Jaricot, Foundress of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary.* By N. J. Maurin. Translated from the French by E. Speppard. New York: Benziger Brothers.

hypocrite, who, having for a long time screened herself under the mask of charity, had attempted, under the cover of this same disguise, an industrial enterprise, with the sole object of satisfying her pride and cupidity." Both of her holy enterprises, the Propagation of the Faith, and the Living Rosary, were equally prolific of trial for her steadfast energy and patience; and it was long before she was able to triumph over the obstructions that arose to hinder her from reaching the pontifical approbation which vindicated her character and gave her institutions the recognition which they have since so abundantly justified. The author of this *Life*, which was published in 1891, was intimately acquainted with Madame Jaricot, and the ups and downs of her career. His devoted zeal for the honor of his pious heroine manifests itself in the frankness and enthusiasm which enhance the intrinsic interest possessed by the story of this remarkable life. A good English translation of the work has long been desired. It never could have appeared at a more timely moment than now, when the Church in France is entering on a tremendous crisis. Who can read the stories of Jean Jugon and Marie Jaricot and not feel certain that the spirit of French Catholicism will prove equal to the trial and emerge victorious over its present enemies?

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (13 Oct.): In connection with *Lord Acton and His Circle*, it may be interesting to note the following passage from the late Dr. Ward, a most vigorous opponent of *The Rambler* school: "I think *The Rambler* has been the *only* publication which has shown the most distant perception as to the immense intellectul work incumbent on us. . . . I am most deeply convinced that the whole philosophical fabric which occupies our colleges is rotten from the roof to the floor (or rather from the floor to the roof). Nay, no one who has not mixed up practically in a seminary would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds." It must be allowed, at any rate, that these candid confessions are a far more hopeful sign than the optimism which will not see that anything is wrong at home, and reserves all its criticism for non-Catholic systems.——The Holy See has granted that permanent altars may be erected in honor of nine Beatified Martyrs of England.——A protest from Fr. Thurston, S.J., against the universal favor accorded to Abbot Gasquet's estimate of Lord Acton. Note of comment by the Editor upholds Abbot Gasquet. (20 Oct.): Father Thurston reiterates his charges against Lord Acton, and appeals for a fair judgment of his character and work.——Abbot Gasquet intervenes, explains, and reasserts his position.——Writer of *Literary Notes* comments on the objection that if Lord Acton is allowed to pass as a loyal Catholic, our own unity will be no better than our neighbors', and we shall not be able to cast ridicule on Anglican "Comprehensiveness." "It is a pity that Lord Acton was so pessimistic in his domestic circle; but, though he sometimes exceeded in his censure, it may be that a critic of this kind does a far better service to the Catholic cause than those amiable optimists who are ever thanking heaven they are not as the rest of men—or even as these Anglicans."

(27 Oct.): Edmund Bishop begins a series of articles on the Holy House of Loreto. The work is a critical examination of Canon Chavalier's inquiry into the authenticity of the *Santa Casa*.——Fr. Thurston replies to Abbot Gasquet.——Mgr. Scott and Mgr. Nolan bear testi-

mony to the "Catholic Spirit" which governed Lord Acton's life and opinions during the nineties.

(3 Nov.): The limits of Higher Criticism are pointed out in a leading article. The Catholic is shown to possess a wide field of labor. Of each sacred book the date, authorship, history, literary form (whether history, prophecy, parable, poetry, purpose, not to speak of textual criticism), fall within his legitimate purview. We have no right to discourage the honest and humble laborer. ——A new book is shortly to be published by Father George Tyrrell, *A Much-Abused Letter*, being an answer to a University Professor on difficulties of Faith. The inaccurate reproduction of this letter in an Italian paper is alleged as the cause of the writer's dismissal from the Order of Jesuits.

The Month (Nov.): The Editor discusses in a dialogue the value of reward as a motive.——In the first of a series of papers on "The Society of Jesus and Education," the Rev. Alban Goodier presents St. Ignatius' attitude towards education. Ignatius, though not what the modern world would call learned, was by far too great a man to be a mere educationalist and no more. While in one sense he remained the most conservative of educationalists, yet on account of the intrinsic greatnesss of his view, and independence of his aims, he gave education a stimulus, and carried it forward, and lifted it up to heights it had never before attained.——Rev. Herbert Thurston welcomes the *Life of St. Melania the Younger*, which Cardinal Rampolla has now for the first time given entire to the world. Valuable as are the introduction, notes, and dissertations, Fr. Thurston finds the most precious part of all in the text itself. In some prefatory remarks, which do not apply to the Cardinal's attractive volume, Fr. Thurston says of saints' lives: "In no species of serious composition, as Father Delehaye, the Bollandist, has lately instructed us, have so many different types of historically worthless materials, folk-lore, myth, legend, not to speak of pure fabrication, palmed themselves off upon the unsuspecting good faith of the pious believer. We might almost say that the bulk of these documents, especially those belonging to

certain specified epochs, are devoid of any touch of human individuality. . . . Miracles abound in such records, together with virtues and moral reflections of the most approved quality, but there is nothing for the memory to lay hold of. To have read one is to have read them all."

The National Review (Nov.): In "Episodes of the Month" the *National* says that "the Home Rule fray is advancing upon us by leaps and bounds. There is reason to believe that Sir Antony Macdonnell has already drafted a measure constituting an Irish Parliament and an Irish executive in Dublin." Apropos of the Education Bill it states that the startling decision of the Court of Appeal during the recess, which decided that the local authority need not pay for denominational teaching in non-provided schools, reduces the present Bill to an absurdity. The Hohenlohe Memoirs are dwelt upon at length.——"The Fiscal Problem" is treated by "Compatriot," who makes a plea for tariff reform.——In "The True Situation on the Congo," by Baron Wahis, the writer states: "I cannot deal here with all that has been said or printed about the Congo, but I will endeavor to make it clear that, if in some parts of the States, especially those districts where the trading companies have been established, the people have been sometimes the victims of cruel treatment, it is beyond dispute that the Government has striven to remedy this state of things, that already great progress has been made, and that the constant care of the Government is to improve the law of the natives."——"The Coming Social Revolution," according to J. H. Balfour Browne, will be the formation of a Co-operative Commonwealth. "The social democracy will put an end to energetic minorities; will rule out individual genius or enterprise; there will be no incentive for a man to do more or differently from his fellows; it will be always 'afternoon.' There will be a maximum day as to hours of work, and a minimum wage as to pay; there will be no spur or competition for lethargic sides. The Co-operative Commonwealth will be the stupid home of indolence and ignorance, and, ultimately, of want. Man has been created by competition, he will

be undone by the sloth of a Co-operative Commonwealth."——The Aliens Act is treated by William Evans Gordon.——"Korea, an Appanage of Japan," is discussed by Dalni Vostock.——"Ibsen, the Reformer," by Miss Jane H. Findlater.——Arthur C. Benson writes on "Sermons." He considers them from the Anglican point of view: "In a church like the Church of Rome there is a solid core of faith which must be accepted by its adherents, but in the Anglican Church it would be almost impossible to state what the core of faith is."——A. Maurice Low treats of "American Affairs."

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): Fully aware of the deep-seated devotion of the inhabitants of La Vendée and Brittany for the Church, the members of the French cabinet have been making herculean efforts to win them over, to make them see eye to eye with the government in its policy towards the ancient Church of Christendom. M. Clémenceau has been in La Vendée defending the attitude of the government on the Law of Separation, while M. Briand has been pursuing the same policy in Brittany. M. Baucher criticizes the speech of the new French premier, which was especially noted for its bitterness and sarcasm. Under the appearance of a religious war, Clémenceau said, Rome was in reality conducting a political conflict. Taking on the attitude of a patriot, he defended the fundamental right of French independence, and referred to Rome as a foreign power. The speech, M. Baucher adds, was a gem of oratory, replete with flowing periods, of apostrophes, but it was so violent and unjust, and characterized by such historical inaccuracy, that it is no longer taken seriously.——At Jena, on the 14th of October, 1806, Napoleon defeated the Prussian army under the great king Fredrick. Documents recently found throw a new light on this famous battle, and change to some extent the legendary accounts of it. Making use of these recent finds, Cte. de Séregnon relates the story of Jena.

(25 Oct.): Ch. De Loménie contributes an article treating of the diplomatic mission of Chateaubriand to Berlin in 1821.——The organization of the Church in Canada is treated in an article entitled: "Religious Life in a

Country without a Concordat." Studies such as these are especially important to the French Catholics at the present time, when they are brought face to face with a situation entirely new, and when not only brains but experience is a *sine qua non* for proper organization. ——Modern Socialism, writes René Lavollée in a contribution "The Socialistic Babel," is termed *scientific* socialism in opposition to primitive socialism. The author tests its claims to be known as scientific. What are its credentials? He shows that it is not based on facts, that its conclusions do not conform to facts, and its champions are not agreed upon its essential notes.

Études (20 Oct.): Paul Dudon criticizes at length the book of M. Latreille entitled: *J. de Maistre and the Papacy.* The reviewer does not give a very high estimate of the learning and ability of M. Latreille.——"France after a Year's Absence," is the title of a few reflections and suggestions by Pierre Suau. Recognizing the evils, he appeals to his fellow-Catholics to be sincere, for sincerity alone is the remedy of these evils.——Gaston Sortais eulogizes Michael Angelo and his work, dwelling especially on his greatest achievement, St. Peter's at Rome.

La Quinzaine (16 Oct.): A comprehensive treatment of the Irish land question is begun in this number. The author briefly outlines Ireland's relations with England, from the time of the establishment of the feudal system in Europe till the death of O'Connell. That we may better understand her troubles during the nineteenth century, he sketches for us in detail the social situation of the peasants, their spirit, and the mode of land tenure up till the present day.——A. de Gourlet considers it just to call André-Marie Ampère a precursor of the synthetic philosophy of life. In support of his claims, he describes the illustrious physician's views, giving us also a short account of his life.——Albert Touchard makes a plea for a stronger French navy.

Révue du Clergé Français (15 Oct.): Father Bernard Allo, O.P., of Fribourg University, continues and concludes his plea for more openness and candor on the part of Catholic writers, and for more liberty to be accorded to scientist and scholar.——P. Gaucher sustains the thesis that

the natural act of love of God above all things is an infallible sign of the state of grace.——There is a very well considered review of the recent work of M. de Lapparent, *Science et Apologetique*.——A few pages of a volume that is shortly to appear are given in the *Tribune Libre;* it is the translation of the present Bishop of Paderborn's work on the future life.

(1 Nov.): A professor of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse presents, on the basis of the common law, a scheme for the organization of public and private worship when the Law of Separation goes into effect.——M. Villien traces the history of precept of annual confession, showing it to have become canonical towards the middle of the ninth century.——In the "Chronique du Mouvement Théologique" M. Ermoni reviews, among other books, Pfleiderer's *Religion und Religionen*, and Whitworth's *Christian Thought on Present Day Questions*.——M. Turmel, in reply to a correspondent, discusses the historicity of the vision of Constantine.——Mgr. Douais publishes the introduction to a work which will soon appear from his pen on the Inquisition.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (October): A de Lapparent gives a summary account and appreciation of the recent labors of European geologists. The works of M. Penck and M. Obermaier are noted especially. They have made careful explorations in the Alps, studying out and determining the extent of the Alpine glaciers. Their studies have led them to conclude that, in place of there having been but two glacial epochs in prehistoric times, there were in reality four. Examination of fossil remains, together with careful study of the terminal moraines, go to show that many men of science have erred greatly in assigning to man a history of hundreds of thousands of years on earth. These facts of geology compel them to make a considerable reduction in their estimates.——A study of laughter is given in this number by Dr. Francotte. He confines his attention to laughter in its abnormal phases, that is, as a malady often affecting simpletons and demented persons. For the student of psychology this article will be of great interest and permanent value. Not alone does the writ-

er give numerous instances of his own research. In addition, he provides the student with copious references to the works of leading French, German, and English psychologists.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Oct.): A discourse is reported which was delivered by Bishop Bonomelli in the Cathedral at Milan, during the recent synod of Lombard bishops. Bishop Bonomelli dwelt on the vast material progress which the world is making, said he rejoiced at it, and cherished the hope that mankind would make progress also in righteousness and religion.——P. de Feis writes on the origin of the Rosary. As to the prayer of the "Hail Mary" itself, it came from the East, and probably from St. John Damascene, so far as the first part of it is concerned. The second part, beginning with "Holy Mary," etc., exists in no breviary previous to 1494. There is much that can be said against St. Dominic's institution of the Rosary. The "acts" of his canonization, put together thirteen years after his death, though they apparently exhaust the evidence for his sanctity, make no mention of the Rosary. Neither is there any mention of it in six thirteenth-century lives of the saint. Still it seems to be historically established that either Dominic or some one close to him instituted the Rosary. The legend of the Blessed Virgin's having taught Dominic the Rosary in a vision is quite another matter; and can hardly be proved to rational satisfaction.

(16 Oct.): Several articles are devoted to Dante celebrations throughout Italy.——Romolo Murri has an article which is an excerpt from a forthcoming book on the Church and Modern Society.——Another social article describes the recent convention of the National Democratic League at Milan.——An editorial announcement declares that this League, though it is frowned upon by many ecclesiastics, is doing a good and legitimate work among Catholics, in the social and political order —— An unsigned article summarizes, step by step, the incidents in Bishop Bonomelli's celebrated case. The author maintains that Bishop Bonomelli has never retracted his pastoral on Church and State, and implies that there is some mystery hanging over the matter.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): E. Le Roy contributes some notes intended to awaken consideration upon certain notions about miracles. The idea of a miracle is bound up with one's idea of the natural law; now in recent times there has been a great change in the conception of the natural law; it follows, therefore, that there must be a corresponding change in our notion of a miracle. It is against a false notion of miracle that most of the hostile arguments really tell.——B. de Sailly endeavors to show the function of philosophy according to the teachings of the philosophy of action. He asks: Is the object of philosophy to formulate satisfactory solutions of the great questions? Or is it to show the insufficiency of mere speculation, to clear the way for action, and to prepare the mind for faith? His answer is that the second of these tasks is the proper one.—— Commenting upon M. Allard's Lectures upon the Martyrs, P. Laberthonnière contends that it is wrong to refuse the title of martyrs to all who have died in heresy. Neither, on the other hand, is one a martyr for the mere fact of suffering a violent death. All depends on the dispositions in which one suffers and dies. To die with hate or scorn or bravado or pride, is not to be a martyr, whatever be the cause for which one dies; and, on the other hand, to die pardoning one's murderers and offering up one's life for their enlightenment, not only without anger and hate, but with sweetness and love, to die not to show one's courage to men, but to show them God—this is truly to be a martyr. Those who have been condemned and punished in these latter dispositions, though they may have been heretics in other respects, are nevertheless witnessses to truth; they may have borne poor witness by their lips, but they have confessed nobly with their hearts. To say that martyrdom is an exclusive attribute of Christianity, therefore, is true not in the sense that there can be martyrs only in and for explicit orthodoxy, but in the sense that all those, whoever they are, who at any time or in any land, have offered up their lives with the above dispositions, have really borne witness to the truth of Christ and the Church.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, for the time being, has parted company with the kindly people of Tyrconnell, where, to use his own words, "the poorest is a king," and is in America for his third lecture tour. This is his fourth visit to the United States, but he did not lecture on the occasion of his first visit. He needs little introduction to Irishmen and the friends of Ireland in America—his connection with many movements that aim at making the people in the old land independent, self-reliant, and progressive is known to most people who follow the trend of events in the home country. To those who have read his sympathetic stories of Irish life, his quaint folk-lore, and stirring ballads, his coming is the coming of a personal friend. This clever young Irishman believes, like the majority of the young men and women of Ireland, that the destiny of the Irish nation must be mainly worked out upon the soil of Ireland, and that if the Irish people learn to "aid themselves" God and the nations will aid them.

Seumas MacManus was born in one of the most Celtic, as well as one of the most mountainous, counties of Ireland, in the little village of Mount Charles, on Donegal Bay. There the people still retain many of the good old Gaelic characteristics, unspoiled by so-called modern civilization. The Gaelic language is still spoken by about seventy thousand people in County Donegal, and the old legends, beliefs, and folk-lore are yet preserved there.

To this bright, witty, romantic, old-fashioned people Seumas MacManus belongs. His father was a small farmer, and he worked upon the farm himself until he was nineteen years of age.

At nineteen, having received the education which the little local national school afforded, he became schoolmaster there himself. At the age of twenty he published a little book of poems entitled *Shuilers (Vagrants) From Heathy Hills*. He wrote, too, character sketches and folk tales for the local newspapers, and after a time his writings were readily accepted by the Dublin weeklies.

Coaxing the lads of Mount Charles to drink at the fountain of knowledge was not as much to the young author's taste as writing, so he closed his school, and with a bundle of MSS. sailed for America in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic liner. He succeeded within five months in placing his stories with the leading New York magazines, *Harpers* and *The Century Magazine* taking most of them.

When he was four months in the United States, McClure's publishing house produced his first American book, *Through the Turf Smoke*, a collection of humorous and pathetic Irish tales. It went into successive editions rapidly. After spending six months in America, he returned to Ireland to resume his work in the quiet of his Donegal home.

From that time his books have appeared in quick succession. Those that have been published in America are: *Through the Turf Smoke* (McClure

& Co.); *The Bewitched Fiddle* (Doubleday & Page); *In Chimney Corners* (Harper); *Donegal Fairy Stories* (McClure & Co.); *A Lad of the O'Friel's* (McClure & Co.); *The Red Poacher* (Funk & Wagnall). In addition to these the following were published on the other side of the Atlantic: *Shuilers From Heathy Hills* (Kirk, Mount Charles, County Donegal); *The Leadin' Road to Donegal* (Digby, Long & Co.); *'Twas in Dhroll Donegal* (Downy & Co.); *The Humors of Donegal* (T. Fisher Unwin); *The Bend of the Road* (Downy & Co.); *Ballads of a Country Boy* (Gill & Son, Dublin). Mr. McManus has also written "Woman of Seven Sorrows," and "The Hard-hearted Man," both Irish-Ireland propagandist dramas, and several other plays and sketches.

He has always been an ardent worker for Ireland, and is at present a member of the Executive of the National Council, a member of the Executive of the Gaelic League, and an untiring worker in the Sinn Fein movement.

In 1901 Mr. MacManus married the gifted Irish writer and poetess, Miss Anna Johnston, better known to the literary world as "Ethna Carbery," who, to the grief of the Irish race, died the following year. It is safe to say that not in fifty years has an Irishwoman written or worked for Ireland more ably and devotedly than did "Ethna Carbery." *The Four Winds of Eirinn*, her book of poems, published just after the death of the young poetess, has had the most remarkable success of any book, prose or poetry, published in Ireland in the present generation, having run through fifteen editions in four years. All the critics have praised it as a wonderful production, showing genius far beyond the ordinary. Her prose works published later, *The Passionate Hearts* and *In the Celtic Past*, have had great sale also. All three of those books are published by Funk & Wagnall in New York, and by Gill & Son in Dublin.

For his present tour Mr. MacManus has specially prepared readings rom his own prose and verse, a lecture on "Irish Wit and Humor," a lecture on "Irish Fairy and Folk-Lore" and a political lecture, "How Is Old Ireland and How Does She Stand?"

Full particulars regarding terms and dates can be had by addressing The Management, Seumas McManus, P. O. Box 1682, New York City.

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On October 11 the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Conference was held in the Pillar Room, Dublin. There was a very large attendance. His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, presided.

Several weighty questions, such as "The Church and Socialism," "Unhealthy Literature," etc., were discussed. Mr. F. Sweeney, B.A., L.B., read a paper on "The Want of a Catholic Book Review." He drew attention to the great need of some effective means to combat the evils of the reading and circulation of bad books. While the Catholic Church, he urged, at all times fostered learning, yet she never ceased to proclaim the evil of unhealthy literature. This attitude was justified by reason and authority; for if restraint is necessary in dealing with the use of material things, how much more necessary is it in dealing with the immaterial things which go to supply the life of the soul. Thinking men of all ages have recognized the necessity of restraint in this matter. From the earliest ages

the Church has waged war against the grave evil of indiscriminate reading. In the Acts of the Apostles we find, as the result of St. Paul's preaching, the people burning bad books. The Popes, too, forbade the reading of bad books. And nowadays not even the Church's enemies will dream of challenging the wisdom of this policy. Considering the mass of French literature of a prurient type that is being poured into this country, not to speak of the Socialistic and Materialistic garbages, we must put ourselves the question, What is our duty in the matter? Not only is the faith in danger, but also the moral and social life of our people. Many expedients will suggest themselves, parish libraries, lectures, but above and beyond all there is need of a Catholic book review. This is feasible. Will it pay? is another question, but run on the right grounds it ought. It must be Catholic in scope, written by Catholics, and for Catholics, and appealing primarily to Catholics. Every book should be honestly and fearlessly reviewed on its merits, and the price of the review should be moderate. It would be a good and noble deed, and one deserving of generous treatment, if the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland would produce such a one.

The baneful effects of unhealthy literature has as much concern for the Irish Nationalist as for the Irish churchman. The filthy London weeklies are as much a menace to the Nationalist spirit as to faith or morals. The danger to the faith of the Irish people from such books as the *Origin of Species* and similar works is infinitesmal. In all lands the demand for works tending to materialism is very trivial.

To combat the London penny awfuls, some reading matter having interest for the multitude must be provided. There ought not be much difficulty in producing a light literature that would drive the Cockney novels out of the Irish market. Ireland has been called, and justly called, the land of song and story. There is scarcely a river or lake, a mountain or glen, that is not enshrined in local tradition, and if those traditions were touched with a literary wand, Irish readers would prefer such literature to the unwholesome productions which treat of English courts and slums.

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The Catholic Summer School of America held its regular meeting October 30, in the Catholic Club, and elected its officers for the coming year. The Rev. John Talbot Smith was chosen for president; the Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, first vice-president; Michael Bannon, of Brooklyn, second vice-president; the Rev. David J. Hickey, treasurer; and Charles Murray, secretary. The executive committee elected consisted of the Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburg; George Gillespie; the Rev. D. J. McMahon; the Right. Rev. Dr. Loughlin; and the Right Rev. M. J. Lavelle. At the close of the election the president announced that all the standing committees of last year were reappointed. In the evening a dinner was given by the board of trustees at the Hotel Manhattan, to President Talbot Smith, in honor of the silver jubilee of his priesthood.

The winter lectures of the institution this year will be given in New York City, as usual, in the Hall of the Catholic Club, four in Advent and four in Lent.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Stoic and Christian in the Second Century. A comparison of the teaching of Marcus Aurelius with that of Contemporary and Antecedent Christianity. By Leonard Alston, M.A., Cambridge. Price $1 net. *Early Essays and Lectures.* By Canon Sheehan, D.D. Price $1.60 net. *The Orange Fairy Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. With Eight Colored Plates and Numerous Illustrations. By H. J. Ford. Price $1.60. *Abyssinia of To-day.* An Account of the First Mission Sent by the American Government to the Court of the King of Kings (1903–1904). By Robert P. Skinner. Price $3. *A Much-Abused Letter.* By George Tyrrell. Pp. 104. Price 90 cents. *Lord Acton and His Circle.* By Dom Aiden Gasquet, O.S.B. Price $4.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., and Emilie Grace Briggs. Vol. I. Pp. cx.–422.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens. Illustrated. Pp. 485. Price $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

How to Speak in Public. By Grenville Kleiser. Pp. 543. Price $1.25. Postage 15 cents extra.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Ecclesia: The Church of Christ. A planned Series of Papers. Edited by Arnold Harris Mathew. Price $1.25 net. *The Blessed John Vianney, Curé of Ars.* By Joseph Vianney. Translated by C. W. W. Price $1 net. *A Catholic Calendar.* Price 25 cents net. *Free Will and Four English Philosophers.* By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Gate of Death. A Diary. Pp. v.–267.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York:

Through Silence to Realization; or, the Human Awakening. By Floyd B. Wison. Pp. 190. Price $1.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. With an appreciation of the author by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. Pp. 10–385. Price $1.50.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

History of the Church from Its First Establishment to Our Own Times. Designed for the Use of Ecclesiastical Seminaries and Colleges. By Rev. J. A Birkhæuser. Eighth Edition. Pp. xxviii.–800. *The Sublimity of the Most Blessed Sacrament.* A Course of Sermons for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Third Edition. Pp. 39 *Ordo.* Tam Pro Clero Sæculari Quam Pro Iis Quibus Kalendarium Proprium Clero Romano Concessum est. Pro anno 1907. Price 50 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

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THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

IT may be pretty safely said that the majority of intelligent persons, at the present day, have had their attention arrested by certain phenomena which seem to be repeated with increasing frequency, and for which, according to our present knowledge, no scientific explanation is at all adequate. These phenomena seem to be due to spiritual or pyschical action quite outside of the range of our ordinary experience, and can hardly fail to produce in those who are willing to investigate them thoroughly and impartially, an increasing conviction, on purely scientific grounds, of the real existence of spirit as distinguished from matter, and to weaken the hold which materialism had a few decades ago.

Popular interest, at any rate in this country, has been chiefly excited by what purport to be communications from the dead, made by means of persons called mediums, some of whom, but by no means all, are professional, making a business of their mediumship. The reason for this special interest is quite evident. It is the intense desire, naturally existing in all who have no firm or solid religious belief, to acquire certainty as to life beyond the grave. If their deceased friends or acquaintances can actually communicate with them, what they may have to communicate is not felt to be of so much importance as the fact of their being able to communicate at all. And the importance even of this fact, if established in the mind of the inquirer, is mainly in its showing that they continue to exist. *Human*

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Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death, is the title of the most thorough work yet produced concerning these modern psychical phenomena; and this title shows what was the main interest of the author, and probably of most of his readers, in the whole subject. It is natural, however, and indeed usually the case, when the previously unbelieving or doubtful inquirer has satisfied himself on this cardinal point, that he should go on to accept the testimony he believes himself to be receiving from the deceased as to their present state and its occupations, and to construct a religion for himself out of this testimony, which seems to him to stand on firmer foundations than any other of which he has heard. Spiritualism, as its adherents usually call it, or spiritism, as it is generally, perhaps, called by others, has therefore become quite a prevailing religion, and it is on this account that these modern psychical phenomena have, from a Catholic point of view, their principal importance and their terrible danger. But still, independently of this, they cannot fail, when we examine them, to prove worthy of great interest in other ways.

Strictly speaking, there is perhaps nothing absolutely new in all these modern occurrences. Others, very similar to them at any rate, have been known from the earliest ages of which we have any records. But the modern ones have a great value, from having been accurately and faithfully observed and reported by men of great scientific ability, or by others instructed by them in scientific methods, so that we have now a great mass of evidence carefully sifted, and freed at least from ordinary sources of error. At first, the disposition of the principal and most able investigators was decidedly sceptical; it was supposed that most of the phenomena were due either to imagination, to fraud, or to trickery. such as that professedly practised by conjurers; but, as the investigation went on, it became more and more evident that there was a very considerable residuum which could not be accounted for in either of these ways, and for which some satisfactory explanation was wanting and very desirable. The investigation, therefore, was not dropped, but has continued, with new developments, up to the present day.

It was plain, almost from the very outset, that it would be advisable for the investigators to form themselves into a special society for the mutual communication and comparison of

results. Accordingly, on February 20, 1882, such a body, called "The Society for Psychical Research," was definitely constituted in England, and definite classes of phenomena for investigation proposed and referred to special members of the Society. These were as follows: "Thought-reading, mesmerism, Reichenbach's experiments, apparitions and haunted houses, and physical phenomena." In the latter class would come spirit-rappings and communications; but very little attention was paid to these at first, probably on account of a general disbelief in their having any genuineness of value.

In the beginning, the most interest seems to have been felt in thought-reading, or thought-transference, as it was afterward more correctly called. More correctly, we say; for the term thought-reading would naturally mean an effort of one person to read the thoughts of another not endeavoring to communicate them; whereas, the real thing observed proved to be a more or less successful active effort on the part of the thinker to communicate his thoughts to another who would abstain from all positive effort, remaining as simply passive as possible; the thinker studiously abstaining from giving any outward expression to his thought.

The first formal experiments in this matter made by members of the Society, seem to be those on the daughters of the Rev. A. M. Creery, of Buxton, England, and a young servant girl employed in his family. A trial had already been made in this case by Professor Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, and a member of the Society, with very good results.

The usual experiment of this kind is in the way of finding hidden objects, or of doing certain actions, the location of the objects being known, or the action to be performed agreed on, by those who wish to communicate their thought to the passive subject of the experiment. The subject, who is to receive the thought, is sent from the room when the object is being hidden, or the action agreed on. Furthermore, two persons are usually selected who place their hands on the shoulders of the subject, when she re-enters the room. We say "she," because success, both in this ordinary form of the experiment, and also in the more scientific one made by the Society, seems to be best obtained when a woman or girl is to be the subject, or thought-percipient.

It is evident that in this usual or popular way of investigating the matter, it is quite possible, and indeed probable, that some indication of the place of the object, or of the action to be performed, may be unconsciously—or, indeed, purposely—given by those who are in contact with the thought-percipient. As it is practically impossible to be sure that this influence is eliminated, it was thought best by the Society to dispense with such contact, and to obtain thought-reading, pure and simple, if possible, without any admixture of what may be called muscle-reading.

For instance, in the absence of the percipient, the other parties in the experiment agree on a certain card out of an ordinary pack, letting it be understood that the percipient, on returning, is to guess which one it is, without any sign whatever, or any action on the part of the rest, except a concentration of thought on the card agreed on. It is certainly easy enough for persons really desirous of a genuine test in such a matter to avoid the slightest movement of the lips or other vocal organs, after the return of the percipient. "Our own facial expression," as Professor Barrett says, "was the only index open to her; and even if we had not purposely looked as neutral as possible, it is difficult to imagine how we could have unconsciously carried, say, the two of diamonds written on our foreheads."

A series of experiments of this kind was made by Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney, who were associated with Professor Barrett in this department of inquiry, on April 13, 1882, shortly after the establishment of the Society. Out of fourteen cards successively selected, nine were correctly given by the percipient. Two ladies, entire strangers to the family, joined with the gentlemen just named in the endeavor to transfer the name of the card to the percipient's mind. "None of the family," the report tells us, "knew what we had selected, the type of thing being told only to the child chosen to guess. The experimenters took every precaution in order that no indication, however slight, should reach the child. She was recalled by one of the experimenters and stood near the door with downcast eyes." The absence of the family from the circle seems to preclude any idea of any code of signals being employed; for, though the family might be in possession of some such ingenious code, it would be quite impossible for the ladies,

who were strangers, to have devised any on the moment which would not have been easily detected.

As it is not stated which of the experimenters recalled the child, it may of course be suspected that it may have been one of the ladies, and that if she went out to call the child, she may have privately given her the name of the card. But the report tells us that "none were allowed to enter or leave the room after we had selected the thing to be guessed," which effectually disposes of such a suspicion, which is in itself an unreasonable one, as all present probably earnestly desired to put the matter to a genuine test. However, for more complete satisfaction on this point—as something might be inferred from some peculiarity in the recall—the recalling was done in subsequent trials by one of the scientific gentlemen in charge of the experiment. In these trials the family were present, but "never left their places after we had drawn a card, exposed it, and then replaced it in absolute silence." Also, after the entrance of the child, "no sounds nor movements nor interrogatory remarks of any kind by any one" were permitted.

In these trials with the children, Maud and Alice, out of twenty-seven attempts, eight cards were named correctly on the first guess, seven on the second, one on the third, the remainder being failures. In only one of these failures, however, were three guesses permitted. Mary, the eldest of the daughters, was now tried. Out of thirty-one guesses, seventeen were right the first time, eight the second, five the third, there being only one failure, in which case no third guess was allowed.

It would seem that these results pretty clearly show the real existence of an influence of the minds of the agents on that of the percipient. Treating the matter mathematically, according to the theory of probabilities, it is plain that the chance of a single right guess of a card out of fifty-two is 1 to 51; and that the chance of one right guess out of two is about 1 to 26. It will be found that the chance of two right guesses out of four is about 1 to 467; of three right guesses out of six about 1 to 7,451. But Miss Mary succeeded oftener than she failed, in thirty-one guesses. The chance of such a success, by mere natural guessing, is what would popularly be called infinitesimal. That of getting even six guesses right out of twelve is about 1 to 24,000,000. It is true that in small numbers of trials, like those which have been mentioned, the law of probabilities does not hold so closely. But in all,

382 trials were made; quite enough to bring the theory into pretty close approximation with fact. 127 (almost exactly one-third of the whole number) were successful on the first attempt. The chance of such a result is practically nothing. For one right guess out of three, it is about 1 to 18; but for the case of four out of twelve, it has already fallen to about 1 to 17,250.

But the matter was subjected to a still more difficult test, in which the probability of even a single success was evidently very much less, though not in any way calculable: That is, instead of a single card out of a pack, a fictitious proper name, such as "Isaac Harding," for instance, was agreed on by the experimenters. Out of twelve trials, none was really an entire failure. In one case, "Eliza Holmes" being selected, "Eliza H——" was as far as the percipient could get; in another for "Hester Willis," "Hester Wilson" was given on the second trial; in another, "Timothy Taylor" being chosen, it was first given as "Tom Taylor," but correctly on the second guess; in the last but one, "Amy Frogmore" being thought of, the percipient first gave "Amy Freemore," but afterward "Amy Frogmore."

The last trial was specially interesting. "Albert Snelgrove" was agreed on; it was first given as "Albert Singrore," then as "Albert Grover." The difficulty, evidently, was on the surname. The percipient said that she first thought it began with "Snail"; but that seemed to her too ridiculous. It is plain that instead of remaining simply passive, she then began to actively use her own mind in guessing, properly so-called, and became more or less incapable of receiving external impressions. The second attempt, "Grover," would seem to indicate that some passivity still remained, but that the conditions had become disturbed, "Grove" remaining from "Snelgrove," but "Snel" being still dismissed as out of the question. The remaining seven names out of the twelve were given with absolute correctness.

It is evident that in an experiment like this the hypothesis of successful guessing, in the ordinary sense of the word, must be absolutely rejected. The only possible theory, beside that of the reality of thought-transference, seems to be that of collusion; that is, that in some way an indication of the right name thought of was given by some "confederate," so to speak, in the circle. But it is hard to see how this could possibly be done, as all the precautions named above were observed, and the lips of all watched for any possible movements.

Before proceeding to the further development of the experimental results in this matter, let us free ourselves from prejudice as to the impossibility of phenomena such as those described. Why should such transference of thought be impossible, or even, *à priori*, improbable? If we grant the existence of mind or spirit as distinct from matter, why should it not be even more probable, *à priori*, that one mind should communicate directly with another, than it should do so through two bodily or material organisms, one its own, the other that of the other mind? The latter is our usual mode of communication, by speaking or writing. We are accustomed to it; we know it as a fact; but in itself it is more probable that the simpler or direct method would be more successful. At any rate, this may be confidently said in the case of disembodied spirits; in the case of our own, united as they are to matter, the matter certainly may help one method, and hamper the other; but that it should utterly prevent the simple and direct method, cannot be said scientifically; to assert that it does entirely prevent it, is nothing better than a mere assumption.

But, of course, it is not necessary to assume that the facts above reported absolutely require the direct communication of mind with mind; for it is perfectly possible that one mind or spirit may communicate with other by physical processes outside of those familiar to us in the ordinary working of our bodily senses. Sir William Crookes has, we believe, lately suggested that the X rays, or some other radiations as yet unknown to us, may be the medium of such communication from one brain to another; and the same general idea has often been expressed. But there seems to be no particular need of such hypotheses. In the ordinary use of our senses, we know there must be some way of getting across the line separating matter and mind; but how this line is crossed still remains a mystery. It does not appear why the image on the retina should be more visible to the mind than the actual object of which it is the image, or even how such an image can be carried along the optic nerve. So, after all, the direct communication between minds is, to say the least, fully as comprehensible as the one by the way of matter with which we are familiar, or as any other material way which may be proposed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"NO"; said Mr. Lefort, leaning with the party, from their veranda, on the Mardi Gras, to watch the throng below. "No; I do not know where my own invitation comes from any more than yours. The proceedings of the 'Krewe' are always shadowed in the deepest mystery. I do not belong to it myself, but I am almost certain that my brother and cousins do, yet I hear nothing about it."

Here a gigantic cock, strutting past, thrust its beak almost in his face and said shrilly: "Eh, Jules, comment ça-va-t-il?"

"Now," said he with a laugh, as the huge, feathered biped passed on, "that may be my brother, for all I know. Would you ladies care to go down to the City Hall to see the opening ceremonies?"

No; they had all been at the levée yesterday when Rex had been received; and just now they were sufficiently amused where they were. It was a gay scene. Masqueraders in every imaginable garb; thronging strangers, filled with curiosity; and, mixing in everywhere, negroes, the old "Maumas" among them exceedingly picturesque themselves, with their bright-colored head-handkerchiefs of bandanna, and great gold hoops in their ears. Master Jack was uproarious, applauding every mask loudly, and pelting them wildly with confetti; the while his mother kept an anxious eye on him, remembering St. Vidian's day. Had she missed him for a moment, she would have expected to see him next figuring conspicuously at the head of some procession fantastically attired. A distant sound of trumpets now roused the multitude to wildest excitement. They swayed backwards and forwards trying to see to an im-

possible distance. Soon came heralds and outriders, clearing a passage, and there was much good-humored pushing and scuffling below.

"It is his Majesty, Rex," announced Mr. Lefort. And in a few moments the royal cortége appeared. First came burnished Assyrian chariots, with drivers and charioteers in bright-hued mantles, with shining helmets and shields studded with brass. Then Assyrian generals, priests in flowing vestments, astrologers and magicians with mystical emblems, scribes, eunuchs, and musicians with harps and trumpets. Then the chariot, frosted with gold and drawn by twelve horses, in which was seated the king, Shalmaneser II. His robe was gorgeous with gold and jewels, his mantle was of embroidered purple, and his casque, crest, and falchion flashed with gems. Around him were attendants, fan-bearers, umbrella-holders, and charioteers; then captives led in chains and more soldiers. The "Boeuf Gras" came after, mounted on a car and surrounded by Assyrian guards. The pageant afterwards consisted of a magnificent and truly artistic representation of the four elements—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water; and it really seemed as if every element had been searched to give splendor to the twenty cars which now passed, bearing each an illustrative group. One in particular with Lucifer, the morning star, heralding Phœbus in his glory, was indescribably beautiful. Lucifer, in blue and gold, with glittering helmet and star-tipped rod, stood in the car just in advance of the Sun-God's azure chariot, drawn by four white steeds. Phœbus' dress represented golden sun rays, and around and beneath them were banks of soft white clouds, just warmed with rosy tints. The crowd of spectators went wild with enthusiasm, applauding and shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs; but our party on the veranda were almost silent in their extreme admiration.

"It far surpasses expectation," said Will.

"I liked last year's better," observed Mr. Lefort. "Now, we should rest our eyes a little; for the 'Krewe' will be here presently, and their show is usually the finest."

In the interval of waiting, their own group attracted some little attention, between Jack's rampancy and the girls' beauty; and certain masquers even threw flowers and hand-kisses up to them.

"Oh, you must not mind," said Mr. Lefort, observing

Philip's frown. "It is meant for a compliment. It is a carnival privilege."

When the "Mystick Krewe" now appeared, it was found to represent "The Happy Days of the Aztec people, and their Conquest by Cortez." Beside the first car, with Comus, there were six others, each distinguished by admirable fidelity to tradition and history in the most minute details. The effect of the whole was wonderful.

"What time and trouble and study and work it must take to perfect all this!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "And what can repay them?"

"My dear madame, the appreciation of cultivated visitors like yourself would amply repay them," said Mr. Lefort, with extreme gallantry and insincerity.

"Together with a few thousands of gain to the city generally," laughed Will.

"Well, yes, perhaps"; admitted Mr. Lefort with a smile. "Now," he continued, "it is late, and I will leave you for a while; but tell me which of the invitations the ladies mean to accept for the evening, and I will call for you."

"Comus'," said the girls unhesitatingly; and so it was settled.

But Mr. Lefort had called and every one else had been ready for nearly an hour, and Philip had begun to make impatient comments on his sister's tardiness; and still no Molly was to be found.

"Why, where *can* she be?" cried Marjorie, for the twentieth time, looking into the street.

"She went for a walk with Mr. Biggins," declared Jack. I saw them start. Shall I go hunt them up?"

"I wonder how you'd propose to do it in these crowded streets?" inquired his brother.

"Oh, here they are," said Marjorie, running out into the hall to meet them, and she saw that Molly had on Mr. Biggins' mackintosh. "Oh, Molly," she cried, "we are all waiting for you and you are not dressed yet. Go up at once and I will come and help you."

Molly ran on without a word, but as Marjorie was about following, Mr. Biggins stopped her to say: "Will you remind Miss Molly to bring my mackintosh when she comes down. She felt chilly, and I made her put it on."

Something in his tone impressed her, and she turned back to look at him.

"Yes"; he said recklessly, pulling off his spectacles and holding out his hand, "you may wish me joy. She needs some one to look after her, and I am the one to do it."

"You don't mean—it is impossible!" stammered Marjorie, in her surprise.

"I do mean it," he declared. "Of course I might be her father; but I think"—his voice softening—"that she likes me a little; and Miss Marjorie"—earnestly—"she's the whole world to me—a very fine girl!"

"She is, indeed, Mr. Biggins," cried Marjorie, recovering, "and I wish you joy, and her too," shaking both his hands.

A minute later she was in Molly's room.

"Why, Molly," she said, making sure the door was shut, "what is this I hear about—about Mr. Biggins' mackintosh?"

"It is a rather shaggy, rough garment," said that damsel, arranging her hair at the glass with an excess of unconcern, "but I have found it cosy and comfortable."

"Wonderful, my dear!" repeated Marjorie. "Why, you know, *I* always thought him fine, but you never seemed to appreciate him."

"The fact is, Marjorie," turning suddenly and dropping her hair and her indifference in a moment, "he is the best-hearted old thing in the world, and he was perfectly wretched when I was ill, and ever since he has been so—so—that I—"

"Yes"; said Marjorie, with entire sympathy, "and your mother and brother?"

"Oh, his money and position and high character would satisfy them. But that would make no difference with *me*, Marjorie, only that I—I more than like him"; and there were actually tears in her eyes.

In a moment Marjorie's arms were round her friend, and she was saying all the little understanding things girls know how to say.

In the midst of it, however, she burst into a merry laugh: "'Heavens!' Molly," she quoted, "'Mrs. Biggins! *What* a name!'" And after an instant's hesitation on Molly's part, they laughed together.

CHAPTER IX.

Between this episode and Molly's toilet, interrupted by her occasional preoccupations, the gentlemen waiting below had reached a point of gloomy exasperation before the girls appeared. All, indeed, but Mr. Biggins, who, to Jack's extreme surprise, made not a single sarcasm on the inevitable tardiness of the fair sex, and was altogether as mild and genial as a morn in May.

They had nearly missed the first tableau, for when they arrived at the Opera House the curtain was already up. "This," whispered Mr. Lefort, "is the 'Happy Days of Anahuac.'"

The king, Quatzlcoatl, sat high and stately on his throne, holding sceptre and buckler. His happy and prosperous subjects were clustered about him, offering homage and the fruits of the land. Others were dancing and disporting themselves to the sound of musical instruments; others again feasting and revelling; while the country around displayed the richest tropical bloom and luxuriance.

"Poor things," murmured Marjorie, "they might have been left alone."

"You are not sufficiently progressive, my child," Jack observed pompously. "In the march of civilization some must be trampled under foot."

"They had a pleasant little way of boiling a man occasionally among the Aztecs which it was as well to replace," remarked Will.

In the next scene, representing "The Fall of Montezuma," that unfortunate monarch was shown in captivity. Though the chains had been taken from his limbs, he was still a prisoner. Sorrowing Aztecs were grouped in the foreground, and the cross was seen in the distance.

"There is Doña Marina," said Molly, "to the left, just as she looks on our invitation cards. How very pretty she is! Well, her devotion was something left to poor Montezuma."

"It was everything," Mr. Biggins told her in a low voice.

"Hush!" glancing apprehensively at the others, and beginning to laugh a little. "You will be dropping into poetry next, like Mr. Silas Wegg."

"I feel quite capable of it," he assured her.

The last tableau showed the Castilian monarch receiving

Cortez with honors on his return to Spain. Courtiers and ladies crowded around. Aztec prisoners followed in his train, and rich trophies were laid at the foot of the throne.

When the long-continued acclamations after this had died away, the floor was cleared for the dancers, and the orchestra commenced its delightful strains.

"I imagined I knew every one in New Orleans," remarked Mr. Lefort, looking about him, "but it is astonishing how few faces here I recognize. They must be largely strangers." He brought up several acquaintances, however, and the girls were urged to dance.

"We had not intended dancing," Marjorie said doubtfully.

"You must change your minds," said Mr. Lefort; and soon they were all actively engaged in celebrating the Mardi Gras. Mr. Biggins led Mrs. Forest in a stately manner through a figure; and Jack, after vainly urging his mother to "frisk a little," as he expressed it, went off in search of amusement elsewhere. He came back presently in high excitement.

"Why, you have not any of you been received!" he said. "Rex and all his court are holding a reception in another room, and it's jolly! Come on and see," dragging his mother off.

"If you flirt any more with Mrs. Forest," Molly whispered to Mr. Biggins as she passed him on the arm of a handsome young Creole, going into the throne room," I shall faint dead away and have to be carried out."

"And if *you* don't rest a little between your waltzes," he answered smilingly, "I will take you home, for you are getting overheated."

Late in the evening, Philip came up to Marjorie: "You promised me a waltz long ago," he said. "Do you remember that song of Heine's, where the skeleton comes fiddling under the girl's window in the moonlight, and claims a dance which she had promised and not given him? How would you like to be forced to dance with my ghost some moonlight night?"

"Not at all," she laughed. "I should much rather dance with you now," and put her hand in his.

He waltzed admirably, and as they moved smoothly round to the sound of some dreamy melody she forgot all but the pleasure of rhythmic motion, and would have gone on longer; but her partner stopped in a few minutes, and she noticed that he looked extremely pale.

"This room is overheated," he said, "could we not find a cooler, quieter place to rest?" and led her out into a corridor, past the doors of several rooms where people were moving about, stopping at length in a small ante-room, deserted save for an irate Frenchman who was just leaving it scolding a meek lady, presumably his wife.

"It will be pleasanter here," said Philip, drawing up an arm-chair for her; and there was a short silence, while she played with her fan and thought, perhaps, she might better return to the ball room. Then he bent over her and drew the fan gently from her hand. "I want you to listen to me a little while," he said. "It has been so hard to get near you these last few days. Marjorie"—very quietly—"there was once a golden summer—" Then, breaking off: "It is needless to tell you that I love you; you must have known it this long while; you must have read it in every glance of my eyes, in every tone of my voice. But you may not know how deep and strong this love is." She had raised her hand to check him, but he went on unheeding, and she sank back again in her chair.

"Marjorie," he said, almost in a whisper, "it is happiness and pain in one to be near you. It is ecstacy only to hear you speak. You are the one woman in the world to me. Tell me, my only love, will you leave me quite hopeless?"

Though she was now as pale as he, and could feel her heart beat rapidly, she raised her eyes steadily to his dark and glowing ones, and answered with just a touch of cruelty: "I always understood that feeling 'bored' you, Judge Carhart. That you did not care for roses when you could gather laurels."

He did not answer, but smiled faintly and very bitterly.

"Forgive me," she said hastily and with compunction. "You have always seemed so—so self-possessed. I cannot fancy anything making much difference to you. Let us go back to the ball room now. I must not listen any more. It is of no use."

"Stay one moment," he pursued, making a turn or two up and down the room; then coming close to her again: "You must not think I expect to win you easily. I—have discovered your priceless worth. I would serve many years with just a hope. You cannot fancy, Marjorie," in a tone which made her look up at him again, "how utterly valueless my life will be without you."

"Oh, do not say that," she cried, "you have your profession, your career, your triumphs."

"All worth nothing, nothing," he repeated slowly and heavily, "without Marjorie."

"You only distress us both," she said gently, rising, "and it is of no use. Take me back now, please."

"I would not annoy *any* woman," he said, pride and pain both visible on his handsome face, and stooping he just touched her finger-tips with his lips before he led her back to the ball room.

Neither of them had perceived Will, who had entered the ante-room a moment previous in eager quest of Marjorie. The silent room with only these two; the girl's uplifted, agitated face; Philip's head bent low over her hands—this sight had driven him out again quickly and noiselessly. He threaded his way among the dancers, seeing and hearing nothing; exchanged some mechanical greeting with Jack, who asked him if he had been interviewing a ghost; and after a while found himself out in the street under the stars, with the cool night air blowing over him.

"Good God!" he thought, "was it possible that the Martres drama was to be repeated here? Only,"—with bitterness—"that he must this time wear his rue with a difference." Women could forgive some men anything, he believed. And was this the meaning of her reluctance to answer him the other evening, when he had been fool enough to hope that it was just a pretty girlish playing with her own happiness? She had hesitated to tell him of her love for Philip, and would announce it to him to-morrow, perhaps, as her cousin and head of the family. "After Mardi Gras," she had said. And he paced up and down the street, until the nearest policeman began to think him a very suspicious character.

When he returned to the Opera House his party had already left, after some useless seeking for him. They still stood chatting in a group at the foot of the staircase when he again entered the hotel. He noticed that Philip and Marjorie were standing near each other; but he never glanced at their faces for the joy which was doubtless depicted there; seeming to see only the diamond star at Marjorie's throat, which to his fancy glittered and smiled at him coldly and mockingly.

After a while he strolled away from them all, down the

dim, deserted drawing rooms. Through a casement he could watch the dawn just breaking—a pale yellow light streaking the sky. He could hear the group and others exchange laughing "good-mornings," as they separated and went up to their rooms. A breath laden with flower scents came in at a window. He seemed to be lying under a tree at Martres, with his hat over his eyes and Marjorie had just given him a repulse. An open piano stood near, and almost unconsciously he approached it and commenced touching the keys softly, playing minor chords. Suddenly there was the rustling of silken draperies beside him, the softest touch on his shoulder, and, turning, he held in his arms some one who said to him in tender, well-remembered words: "Be comforted, my very dearest, for my heart is all your own."

CHAPTER X.

"I don't think it's fair!" grumbled Jack, leaning his back against a pillar of the piazza.

"I'm not sure that you were consulted," his brother remarked.

"But, Marjorie, it's only a little whim, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Well, yes, auntie"; she admitted, "and, of course, I shall do as you say. But I don't care about Florida, just now; and I detest railway traveling when it can be avoided. Just think how we would escape all that fatigue and noise and dust going by steamer; and how we should enjoy the moonlight nights at sea!"

"Then you shall go by sea," declared Will.

"And I am always so sea-sick!" cried Molly piteously, "that I hate the very sight of a steamer!"

"Then you shall go by rail," said Mr. Biggins stoutly.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Forest, much amused, "I see only one way to settle the matter. That is, a division of the party—half of us going by rail and half by water." And this proposition, made in jest, was, after much discussion, adopted in earnest, Mrs. Fleming taking charge of the Florida party, and Mrs. Forest preferring the boat.

In a few days the party separated, to meet next in New York; and half of them found themselves on the deck of the

good steamer *Victor* as it glided out from the levées. Philip Carhart, who was to have gone to Florida, had come to Marjorie at the last moment and asked in a sort of a repressed manner:

"Will it annoy you if I also go by steamer?"

"Why, no"; she assured him; though, indeed, she would have preferred not.

For how could Marjorie fail to believe in the truth of what he had told her, when she noticed, in spite of his calm manner, a settled, worn look which the last few days had brought upon his face. Severe headache was a readily-accepted excuse to the others for his change of route.

"You are not looking as well as usual," Mrs. Fleming told him, holding his hand at parting. "When we are together again in New York, I mean to nurse you up a little, if you will let me."

"Thank you," he said, pressing the kind hand in return, "but I must make up in work for this spell of idleness." She thought of him again on their car. "Your brother," she told Miss Carhart, "is not as I remember him in Martres. There is something gentler, less indifferent in his manner."

Out at sea the first days were passing in their usual placid, monotonous way, though they did not seem monotonous to Marjorie and Will. These were quite a jest to Mrs. Forest, for the pleasure they appeared to derive from every little happening on shipboard, from the sunshiny days, and the moonlit sea at night. The lovers had too much good taste to make their secret evident to strangers; but to Philip there was a happiness showing in their mien which was a positive torture to him at times, and he wondered vaguely again and again at his own folly that, for the sake of being near her a little longer, he should have subjected himself to this incessant pain.

"They will make a handsome couple," said Mrs. Forest to him, smiling over at the pair, where they stood in the sunshine, struggling with a refractory wrap, which the breeze threatened to turn inside out. He glanced at Marjorie's graceful, lissome form in its dark blue suit, and Will's blond head above her, and was silent.

"You will be wooing some fair lady soon, yourself," she continued, looking up at him kindly, for he had quite won her heart since they had been aboard by much attention. "And

you will make a bonny bridegroom, too"; for indeed, she found his fine, dark eyes and stately figure much handsomer than Will's.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, for he had not heard one word.

The air felt singularly oppressive to him that afternoon as he walked the deck; and the sunset, which all the passengers were loudly admiring, looked to him lurid and threatening. "I am becoming morbid," he told himself. "Hard work will be the best cure for me." Yet he felt an almost invincible repugnance to the mere thought of his profession, and his mind obstinately refused to dwell on the future. It was last summer —always last summer—in his dreams; and when he was near Marjorie, he dreaded to break out with: "When we were at the Roman villa"; or, "If we were floating on the Garonne by this moon!" And sometimes Etienne and 'Colette, or even the dead Serena seemed more real to him than the people moving about the vessel.

After dinner that evening, when Marjorie and Mrs. Forest had come up on the moonlit deck, he amazed Will by refusing to smoke, but he talked more brilliantly and amusingly than Marjorie had ever heard him. So extravagantly gay were his sallies, so whimsical his fancies, that, while they were all entertained and delighted, Mrs. Forest glanced at him once or twice, thinking of the Highland expression "fey" for the high spirits of a doomed man.

"Ah, well, one must go in some time," said Marjorie, rising when it was late.

"Will you take my arm this once?" said Philip, stepping between her and Will, who passed on with Mrs. Forest. He did not go inside with the girl, but stopped on the deck near the door.

"Tell me 'good-night,' he said, taking first one hand and then both, while she looked at him in quick surprise.

"Good-night, Judge Carhart," she said gravely, releasing her hands and passing in.

He walked up and down the deck, now deserted, and then Will came out again with his cigar.

"How long you have been!" he called to him excitedly. 'Does it take all this while to make your good-night to the ovely sweetheart? Why, my boy, it is only until to-morrow;

and then you will have to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. Lucky fellow!"

"I think you are feverish to-night," said Will, looking seriously at him. "You ought to go to bed."

"Is it of any use to go to bed," he cried, "when one never sleeps, and wide awake has strange, delusive, mocking dreams?" Then his excited manner seemed to leave him all in a moment, and a deep depression took its place. He walked to the end of the deck, and came back with the feeling which a man sometimes has that he must speak or die.

"Will," he said very low, "I think you know what ails me. Lochiel was truly warned; and I believe that it *is* worse with me than with most men. It is a strange thing to tell *you;* but my very rare confidences have been made to *you;* and habit is strong."

Will, reading his friend's pale face in the silvery light about them, felt a stronger rush of kindly feeling for him than he had before for many months.

"You may believe me, Philip," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder, "when I tell you that I am deeply sorry that my happiness should be gained through your loss."

"I am sure of it," said Philip quietly. "But do not bother about me. It will pass, no doubt, as all things do pass. Later, when Will had gone in again, Philip still stood on the deck, leaning over the side, gazing absently at the broad, luminous track the moon made across the waters. "If a man should obey an insane impulse," he thought, "and essay to walk over that shining pathway to reach some far away, lovelier, more contented world, he would gain oblivion at least." The vessel was hushed and still, save for the measured throb of the laboring engine. It almost seemed as if he were the only one awake on the boat. Through his troubled thinking he had been just conscious of another ship in the distance, moving swiftly likewise, and coming towards them. He supposed, idly, that either vessel would move from its path to make way. And it seemed scarcely a moment before the other boat came rushing down upon them, and he had sprung from the side with a loud shout and in an instant their vessel was filled with noise and screaming and confusion indescribable. He found himself at the door of the ladies' stateroom and was battering upon it and imploring them for the love of God to come out at once. Will was

at his side almost immediately; and then the open door disclosed the two women's terrified faces; Will drew Marjorie swiftly on deck. "Come," said Philip to Mrs. Forest; and when they were among the panic-striken, rushing crowd outside, he felt all his coolness and nerve restored, and was even conscious of a singular elation. "Spring with her, Will," he called. "They are lowering the life raft from the other steamer, and you have not an instant to lose!"

Will gave an answering glance over his shoulder before disappearing with Marjorie; and then Philip, taking Mrs. Forest, followed him. Supporting her and swimming he managed to get some distance from the sinking vessel. He saw that Will and Marjorie had already been picked up by those on the life raft. He came close enough for one of the men leaning far over to draw Mrs. Forest aboard, and another held out a helping hand to him. Just then a faint cry fell on his ear, and he glanced back. It was a woman, for he saw her long hair trailing on the water in the moonlight. He turned at once and struck out in her direction. She had gone down, but rose again nearer the steamer. He swam on, and had just stretched out his arm to seize her, when some jagged, heavy piece of wood detached from the boat struck him with force in the temple; and at the same moment the vessel, which had fallen over on one side, now sank, making a vortex which drew down with it everything and every one immediately around.

And when Will and Marjorie's horrified eyes rested again on the vacant spot where the *Victor* had stood, the shining, moonlit waters had closed over Philip Carhart, and his long-cherished ambitions, and his late, reluctant love for another.

(THE END.)

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

BY JOHN J. KEANE, D.D.,

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IN the present article it is my purpose to state, as clearly and briefly as possible, just what is meant by the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church. At the very outset I must be permitted to remark that it is in no spirit of controversy that I approach the subject. Controversy there has, indeed, been about it in plenty. When an institution stands prominent among the historical facts which have lasted the longest, and exerted the greatest influence on mankind, it is but natural that judgments should differ as to its character and its merits. My task is not to dispute, but merely to hold up the facts and let them speak for themselves.

The Council of Trent summed up in a few words both the historical fact and the Catholic doctrine, when it defined that there exists in the Catholic Church "a Hierarchy, established by divine ordination, consisting of bishops, presbyters, and ministers." In this definition three things are asserted: first, that there is a Hierarchy; second, that it is of divine institution; third, that it consists of bishops, presbyters, and ministers.

Our first inquiry therefore is: What is meant by a Hierarchy? The word is of Greek origin, has been in use among ecclesiastical writers for fifteen hundred years, and signifies primarily "the administration of sacred things," and therefore, derivatively, "a rank or order of consecrated persons, in whom is vested authority in sacred matters." It is of this body, and in their name, that St. Paul says, (I. Cor. iv. 1): "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." He is speaking of the apostolic priesthood, of whom he says, a little further on: "I think that God hath set forth us Apostles, the last, as it were men appointed to death; made a spectacle unto the world and angels and men."

The Epistle to the Hebrews is entirely devoted to showing that this priesthood of the New Law, founded by Christ in the persons of his Apostles, is the lawful successor of the priesthood of the Old Law, founded by the Almighty in the person of Aaron. All their prerogatives are derived from him whom he terms: "the high priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech; . . . the high priest of the good things to come; . . . the great high priest that hath passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God," who said to them: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you." Summarily reviewing the history of the Old Law and the divine predictions concerning it, St. Paul shows that Christ, the Messias, is the fulfilment of the priesthood of the Old Law, and the source of the priesthood of the New Law.

The same may be said to be the central theme and purpose of the first three Gospels; namely, to show that Christ is the Messias promised by the Almighty through patriarchs and prophets; that as such he is, according to the expression of St. Paul, "the one mediator between God and men"; and that his mediatorship will be exercised "all days, even till the end of the world," through the apostolic body whom he sent forth as the Father had sent him, and with whom he promised to abide forever. Therefore it is that St. Paul says in their name: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." This is the divinely established Hierarchy of the Christian Religion, defined by the Council of Trent.

In the New Testament we also find the three orders of the Hierarchy, as enumerated by the Council. In the first place, as we read in the sixth chapter of St. Luke: "Jesus called unto him his disciples; and he chose twelve of them, whom also he named Apostles." The whole Gospel shows the special intimacy of his relation with the Apostles, and the special powers which he imparted to them, as the perpetual superintendents of his Church's work in the whole world. Next St. Luke says, in his tenth chapter: "And after these things the Lord appointed also other seventy-two; and he sent two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself was to come." This has been in all ages recognized as the foundation of the order of presbyters or priests, who were to be the helpers of the Apostles in their world-wide task.

And finally St. Luke relates, in the sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the circumstances which led to the ordination of the deacons. Their name is simply the Greek for the Latin word "ministers" used by the Council. And no doubt has ever been entertained that this institution of the diaconate by the Apostles was, in virtue of authority, conferred by our Lord, and that this order, like that of the Apostles and the presbyters, must be held to be of divine institution. To these primary "ministers" of the priesthood there were added, later on and by ecclesiastical authority, secondary ministers made necessary by the growth of the Church's work; these are the subdeacons, and the four "minor orders" of janitors, lectors, exorcists, and acolytes.

In the New Testament, moreover, we see the beginnings of that transmission of the priesthood of the New Law which was to go on through all the Christian ages. Many of those who stand foremost in its pages were not ordained by Christ himself, but by those whom Christ had ordained and had authorized to ordain their successors. This is true of Matthias, of Mark and Luke, of Paul and Barnabas and Timothy and Titus and Clement, and of many others whose labors are related in the sacred volume. And these are commanded to choose others fit to be partners aad successors in the holy ministry, who in their turn shall transmit the same to other faithful men. And that this transmission of the sacred ministry, although effected by men, was not a merely human work, is declared by St. Paul when he so solemnly warns them, as we read in the twentieth chapter of the Acts: "Take heed to yourselves, and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." King James' translators, instead of using the word "bishops," which is the usual English rendering of the Greek word in the text, preferred to translate it into "overseers," which is the literal definition of the word "bishops."

This leads us to the very important historical fact, indicated in this twentieth chapter of the Acts and in other passages of the New Testament, and clearly recognized in the history of the primitive Church, that the pastors, permanently established by the Apostles and their immediate successors in the principal cities, were usually possessed of the apostolic power of or-

daining presbyters and deacons in their various localities; that is to say, that they were invested with the fullness of the priesthood of the New Law; in other words, that they were bishops. Thus it is manifested that the evolution of the Hierarchy was not an evolution upward, from the lower orders to to the higher, but, on the contrary, downward from the highest or apostolic order to the lower orders of the presbyterate and diaconate. Since the order of the Hierarchy became established throughout the world, individuals have advanced from the ranks of the laity toward the priesthood by gradually ascending steps. But while the divine institution was in the process of being established, the fullness of the priesthood came from above, from Christ and the Apostles, and then passed from those thus invested with it, down to those whom they found worthy to share in their ministry for God and for souls. While sharing to this extent in the apostolic office, these pioneers of the Hierarchy were seldom or never called by the name of Apostles. Their ordinary title was that given them by St. Paul, "episcopos," bishops. And the sublime ideal indicated by that title is expressed by St. Peter, when he says in his first Epistle, ii. 25: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but ye are now converted to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Thus Christ is pointed out as not only the founder of the Hierarchy and the source of its powers, but as the type and model of all bishops in the exercise of their holy ministry.

As in the course of time questions of doctrine or discipline arose, or disputes about rights and duties, these were naturally referred to the bishop who stood highest in that locality, whether by his personal qualities, or more frequently by the importance of his see. Thus some sees came to be regarded as Metropolitan, that is to say, Mother-Sees; and their bishops came to be Metropolitan Bishops, or Archbishops. Among all of these there were three that stood in unquestioned primacy. These were the two sees held successively by St. Peter, namely, Antioch and Rome, and the see founded by him for his disciple Mark, Alexandria. These were designated the Patriarchal Sees. To these were added in course of time Jerusalem, because it was the Holy City, and Constantinople, because it was the city of the eastern emperors. As time went on, this dignity was accorded to various other cities or regions, to

Babylon, to Cilicia, to Lisbon and Venice, to the East Indies and the West Indies, so that, according to the official record of the Catholic Hierarchy for 1905, there are at present eight Patriarchal Sees of the Latin Rite, and six of the Oriental Rite; several of them having been for centuries merely titles in the archives of the Church.

Next in dignity stand the Metropolitan or Archiepiscopal Sees, which, according to the same authority, number 161 of the Latin Rite and 16 Oriental. Each of these is the centre of a group of suffragan or Episcopal Sees, numbering altogether 651 of the Latin Rite and 52 of the Oriental Rite. Here in the United States, we have 14 Archiepiscopal Sees, and 78 Episcopal Sees, two of which, however, have still only the inferior title of Vicariate Apostolic, North Carolina and Brownsville, Texas. Among the Archiepiscopal Sees of the various nations it has been customary to honor the oldest with the title of the Primatial See, as, for instance, Armagh in Ireland; Arles and Lyons in France; and Baltimore in the United States. This is a badge of honor rather than of jurisdiction; but it indicates where the jurisdiction would be placed, should the necessity arise.

Very early in the history of the Church it became practically manifest that a world-wide system of ecclesiastical authority demands a centre of unity and a supreme tribunal. Questions of such importance arose as to demand the investigation and decision of General Councils. For the convocation and direction of such Councils, and for the practical application of their decisions in the long intervals between them, there had to be an authority recognized by all. Until the ambition of Constantinople started the rivalry, which culminated in the Greek Schism, all were agreed that this central authority resided in the See of Rome. St. Augustine voiced the universal conviction when he exclaimed: "Rome hath spoken; the question is ended." And the General Council of Chalcedon, in 451, expressed the faith of the primitive Church when it decided: "Peter hath spoken by the mouth of Leo." This was the reason of the universally acknowledged Primacy of the See of Rome, namely, that it was the See of Peter. And this prerogative was recognized in Peter and in his see, because of the special place assigned by our Lord to St. Peter among his Apostles, as the foundation Rock of the

Church; as the holder of the Keys of the Kingdom of God; as the one commanded to feed the lambs and the sheep of the whole flock of Christ. It is not necessary that I should enter into the polemics which, for the past few centuries, have raged around these passages of the New Testament. It suffices for my purpose that for fifteen centuries their meaning and their authority were never questioned, and that the practical conclusion as to the supreme place which Peter and his office and his see held in the Christian Church was combatted only by those whom the verdict of Christendom held as schismatics.

To aid the successor of St. Peter in the exercise of his world-wide jurisdiction, as head of the Hierarchy and universal arbitrator, he naturally chose as his first advisers the most distinguished and learned ecclesiastics in and around Rome, These came to be designated as the Cardinals of the Roman Curia. In the early centuries, the cardinalitial title was used in all parts of the Church, to indicate fixedness of tenure (from *cardo*, a *hinge*) in any ecclesiastical office. But, for the sake of clearness, it gradually came to be limited to the official advisers of the Pope. Their number has varied with the exigencies of the ages, and at present is limited to a total of 70. These are chosen from among the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the world, some because of the unquestioned preeminence of their Episcopal Sees, some because of their great abilities, irrespective of the ecclesiastical dignity they may hold. Nearly all of them are bishops, whether residental or titular; but in their character as Cardinals they receive their titles according to the three orders of the Hierarchy, so that six of them are called Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons. Thus Cardinals Gibbons and Logue, although Archbishops and Primates, yet in the College of Cardinals rank only as Cardinal Priests. The College of Cardinals is meant to be the Senate of the Pope. Those of them whom duty permits to reside in Rome are daily occupied with the questions and appeals which continually come to the Holy See from every corner of the world. For this purpose, they are divided into several standing committees or congregations, in each of which they are aided by a number of learned theologians and canonists. All their conclusions are referred to the Pope for final decision and promulgation. Periodically he brings them all together for the treatment of matters of

special importance and for the creation of Cardinals to succeed deceased members. Such meetings are called Consistories. Finally, on the death of the Pope, they are summoned from all the nations to the assembly known as the Conclave, for the election of his successor; a ballot is taken every morning and evening, two-thirds of the votes being needed for a choice.

Besides the attention thus perpetually given in Rome to the appeals, the problems, the necessities of all the dioceses and even all the parishes of the world, representatives of the Holy See are sent to reside in the capital or other central city of various nations, there to organize a preliminary court of appeal, in order that recourse to the supreme authority may be easier, more economical, and more expeditious for all. These representatives of the Holy Father are known as nuncios, apostolic delegates, or apostolic vicars, according to the dignity of their court. They are nearly all bishops or archbishops, not of residential but of titular sees, that is to say, of ancient sees obliterated by Mohammedan invasion or similar historical catastrophes, but whose titles are still retained for honorary appointments. These titular bishoprics are also conferred on many of the ecclesiastics residing in Rome for the work of the cardinalitial congregations, likewise on coadjutor bishops given as helpers to residential bishops, owing to their age or infirmity or the magnitude of their charge. The number of these merely titular bishoprics and archbishoprics is, according to the official authority already quoted, 395, the occupants of which are distinguished ecclesiastics throughout the world, who have risen to this distinction by their special services to religion.

Under the superintendence of the episcopate, the second order of the Hierarchy, namely the presbyterate, are everywhere hard at work for the best welfare of mankind. I have no means at hand of ascertaining their number in the whole Church; but an estimate of it can be formed from the fact that our fourteen archbishops and seventy-eight bishops in the United States have under their authority nearly fifteen thousand priests, busied in the parishes, colleges, and other religious works of the entire country. No estimate need be made of the number of "ministers," that is deacons and clerics of lower degrees, because in recent ages these are almost entirely to be found in the ranks of students preparing for the priesthood.

Thus it is that the Hierarchy of the Christian Church has been built up, in all nations, from all races, amid the changing events of history, by the evolution of nineteen centuries, always substantially the same, yet always adapting itself to the conditions and needs of every age. Macaulay has exhausted his wondrous eloquence in picturing its greatness and its indestructibility, with nothing among merely human institutions to compare with it in the past, and with nothing likely to compare with it in the future. Assailed by the powers of earth since its beginning, it has made good the declaration of Gamaliel which we read in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it." The Son of God established it, and promised its perpetuity for the two ends enunciated by St. Paul: "to rule the Church of God"; and to be "dispensers of the mysteries of God." The first end was necessary, because, as the great Apostle says: "all things are to be done decently and according to order." The orderly establishment and administration of parishes, dioceses, provinces, and patriarchates, has constituted the "ruling of the Church of God" of which St. Paul speaks. This has necessarily had a powerful influence toward the orderly administration of villages and towns and nations. Hence serious thinkers have always regarded the Hierarchy as the most potent influence in modern civilization. This accounts for the fact that its principal members have for centuries been entitled to seats in the parliaments of the nations.

To superficial minds, this function of the Hierarchy in the government of Church and State seems its chief prerogative. But such an impression is entirely erroneous. The second end for which Christ established the Hierarchy, namely "the dispensation of the mysteries of God," is by far the more important. To this end the Church's government is simply a means. The forgetting of this great truth by some ecclesiastics of eminence and historic renown, has ever been a curse both to them and to the Church. Many a one of them has had reason to exclaim: "Would that I had served my God as I have served my King!"

No matter what a man's abilities or renown or worldly standing, as a member of the Hierarchy he is simply a priest of Jesus Christ, and as such a dispenser of the Savior's truth

and grace to his fellow-men. Woe to him if he forget this or consider anything else as superior to this. Christ has declared: "I have come that mankind may have life, and may have it more abundantly." He was not speaking of man's physical life, or of the innumerable contrivances by which man surrounds that life with comfort, convenience, and splendor. He was speaking of the supernatural life of the soul, of which he, the God-Man, is the fountain-head, and which he desires to communicate to all with such abundance that he says of them: "They shall live by me." This is done by communicating to them that "fullness of truth and fullness of grace" of which St. John speaks in the beginning of his Gospel, "of which fullness," he adds, "we all are to receive." This is "the dispensation of the mysteries of God" entrusted to the Christian priesthood, for the orderly and efficient communication of which the Hierarchy has been established by our Lord and endowed by him with perpetuity. When we see the Hierarchy in any country persecuted and impoverished, we sympathize with their sufferings; but we pray that, if such conditions have been occasioned by too close a blending of the temporal with the eternal in the career of that Hierarchy, the purifying fire of tribulation may now burn out the earthly dross and make the servants of Christ all the more efficient for the real end of their divine vocation.

All along the ages, some have gone out of the Hierarchy, either through loss of faith or through loss of virtue; and some have been expelled from it for similar reasons. We mourn their defection with fraternal sorrow; but "they went out from us because they were not of us." All the more humbly and circumspectly do we "consider our vocation," and esteem the sacredness of "the heavenly treasure which we carry in earthen vessels." And full well do we know that, from the Vicar of Christ down to the humblest pastor of souls, the one object of our endeavors must be that the charity of Christ may be spread abroad among mankind, and that "at the name of Jesus every knee may bow, and every tongue confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

FOGAZZARO AND HIS TRILOGY.

BY L. E. LAPHAM.

IV.

THE last part of the trilogy, *Il Santo*, opens three years later in Bruges, where Jeanne Dessalle is living, in a little village on the Lac d'Amour with her brother Carlino and her friend Noemi d'Arxel. Her incessant thought is Piero, and her constant desire to find out his whereabouts. Noemi's sister, Maria, married to Giovanni Silva, and living in the neighborhood of the monastery of Santa Scholastica at Subiaco, has been writing of a Don Clemente, a charming young Benedictine monk not long there, who Noemi thinks can be no other than Piero Maironi. Jeanne has no longer any peace at Bruges. She must find Piero at any cost. She flatters herself that, if he knew that she had been freed from her husband by death he would leave his retirement and return to a love that now would be perfectly proper. So she persuades Noemi to go with her to Subiaco.

On leaving Valsolda during the night after the burial of his wife, Elisa, Piero goes to the Benedictines at Subiaco. As he has no intention of becoming a monk, he lives at the hospice of Santa Scholastica as a simple gardener, under the name of Benedetto, and leads a life of prayer and severe penance under the direction of the young monk mentioned above, an acquaintance of his former years. This Don Clemente is a disciple of the elderly Giovanni Silva, a layman living in retirement, "perhaps the most legitimate representative of progressive Catholicism in Italy," the author of *Critical Studies on the Old and New Testament*, and a book on the *Foundations of the Catholic Theology of the Future*. The gist of Silva's "progressive" teaching is to be found in his remarks to a small circle of disciples gathered at his house on the very evening that Jeanne and Noemi arrive. He said:

> There are a few of us Catholics, in and out of Italy, both ecclesiastics and laymen, that desire a reform in the Church. Not by rebellion, but under the direction of legitimate authority. We desire reforms in the religious teaching, in the worship, in the discipline of the clergy, and even in the supreme government of the Church. Hence we must create a public opinion that will induce the legitimate authority to bring about these reforms within twenty, thirty, or fifty years.

The Abbé Marinier, not a disciple but an uninvited guest, thinks that no reform in the Church can be accomplished by a "Catholic Freemasonry." The abbé has a fine sense of humor that seasons all he has to say.

> You evidently think you can swim under water like wily fish and not be seen, and you don't consider that the sharp eye of the Supreme Fisherman, or a Deputy Fisherman, watches your every move, and can finish you with one thrust of his spear. Now I should not advise the most delicate and savory fish to collect in schools. You understand what would happen if one of them were caught. The great Fisherman of Galilee put his little fishes into a pool, but the great Fisherman of Rome fries them. . . . There will be reforms some day, because ideas are stronger than men and make their way; but if you dress them up like soldiers and send them to the front in companies, you will expose them to a terrible fire that will stop their progress for a while. It's individuals, Messias, that make science and religion progress. Is there a saint among you? Or do you know where to find one? Send him out ahead with a few fervent words, real charity, two or three little miracles, a few suggestions as to what to say, and your Messias will accomplish more than all the rest of you put together.

Don Clemente replies that the saint is at hand.

> Let us be prophets, as it were, of this saint, of this Messias; let us prepare his ways before him, that is, make every one feel the need of a renovation of all the clothes of our religion, all that is not the very body of truth, even though this renovation be painful to certain consciences.

The keynote of the novel is struck in this meeting. The saint to whom Don Clemente refers is no other than Benedetto, *alias* Piero Maironi. And the germ of the gospel he is to

preach is contained in the remarks of Giovanni Silva and Don Clemente just quoted.

As Don Clemente and Benedetto leave Silva's house after the meeting, Jeanne and Noemi arrive, and the old lovers recognize each other as they pass. The night that follows is one of tempest for both. Benedetto asks and obtains permission to spend it alone on the mountain, in prayer and penitential exercises; Jeanne, impatient to go to the monastery the following morning, cannot find a moment of rest.

After an heroic struggle with the "spirits of darkness," Benedetto is refreshed by a vision which confirms his mission.

> He sees himself at night kneeling in the Piazza of St Peter's between the obelisk and the façade of the immense temple, illuminated with the light of the moon. The Piazza is empty, the murmur of the Aniene suggests the sound of the fountains. From the door of the temple issues a group of men dressed in scarlet, violet, and black. They look threateningly at him, and point towards the castle of Sant' Angelo as if to intimate that he must leave the sacred place. He rises boldly to face the enemy. Suddenly he hears at his back the roar of a multitude of people pouring into the Piazza from the adjacent streets. A great wave carries him forward and places him on the threshold of the temple, acclaiming him the reformer of the Church, the real vicar of Christ. He turns around as if to claim authority over the world. At that moment the thought of Christ being tempted by Satan flashes through his mind. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" he exclaims, "I am not worthy to be tempted like you."

After the vision a celestial calm takes possession of his soul and he returns to the monastery filled with the joy of heaven.

Meanwhile the abbot, advised by Don Clemente of the danger to which Benedetto is exposed by the presence of Jeanne, decides to send him to Jenne, not for a day as the former had suggested, but for good. However, he allows Don Clemente to give him the monastic habit if he will make promises similar to the religious vows taken by lay brothers. Pained at the action of the abbot, but still resigned, Benedetto goes to make a farewell visit to the Sacro Speco. While there, absorbed in prayer, Jeanne enters and, kneeling down beside him, makes her presence known. By a sign he imposes silence; but afterwards in the Church he exacts a promise

from her that she will never attempt to see him again, and promises in return to summon her to him "at the appointed hour."

So Benedetto goes to Jenne, a small mountain village in the neighborhood, and there continues his life of prayer and penance. It is not long before he begins to preach to the rough peasants around him, who look upon him as a saint, and ascribe miraculous powers to his prayers. The sick are brought to him and go away relieved. But his unorthodox preaching arouses suspicion; two priests are sent from Rome to watch him, recognize him as a follower of Silva, and declare him to be a heretical imposter. The abbot of Santa Scolastica at once sends Don Clemente to reclaim the habit confided to him. The death of a poor young man brought, when at the point of death, for him to cure, impairs his credit with the people, and renders his further stay at Jenne impossible. As he goes down the mountain, "broken images from his vision flash through his mind. . . . While the great voice of the Aniene roars from the depths louder and louder; Rome, Rome, Rome!"

Rome he feels to be the real goal of his apostolate, and thither he goes after a short stay in the house of the Silvas. There is no change in his mode of life. He works as a simple gardener at the villa of Professor Mayda, just below San Anselmo, devoting himself to a life of prayer and to the care of the sick and abandoned. The common people of the Testaccio quarter venerate him as a saint; members of the Roman *élite*, "persons attracted by Christ, but repelled by Catholicism," come of an evening to hear him tell them "what Catholicism really is, the vital, indestructible essence of the Catholic religion, and the *human* character of its divers forms that render it repugnant to many forms, which may be changed, do change, and will continue to change, by the evolution of the internal divine element acted upon by the external world, by science and the public conscience.

A Benedictine of San Anselmo obtains him an audience with the Pope, and he is taken at night by secret passages into the private room of his Holiness. This audience forms the climax of the story. The Pope receives the self-appointed apostle in the most fatherly manner, and listens patiently to his denunciations of the policy of the Church. Benedetto said:

Holy Father, the Church is ill. Four evil spirits have entered its body to make war upon the Holy Spirit. One is a spirit of falsehood. Even the spirit of falsehood can transform itself into an angel of light, and many pastors, many teachers in the Church, many good and pious people among the faithful, listen devoutly to the spirit of falsehood, and think they are listening to an angel. Christ has said: "I am the Truth," and many in the Church, even among the good and pious, *divide* the truth in their hearts, have no regard for truth that is not what they consider religious, are afraid that truth will destroy truth, set God against God, prefer darkness to light, and teach men to do the same. They call thmeselves "the faithful," and do not understand how mean and cowardly their faith is, how far from the spirit of the Apostle who would "prove" all things. Idolaters of the letter, they try to force children's food on adults, who find it nauseating; they do not consider that God is infinite and immutable, and that man gains a larger idea of God and of all divine truth from century to century. They pervert the faith, and this causes corruption in the whole religious life; because the Christian who forces himself to accept what they accept, and refuse what they refuse, thinks he has done his best to serve God, while he has done less than nothing; he needs to *live* his faith in the word of Christ, he needs to live "*Thy will be done.*" Holy Father, few people know that religion is not the intellectual acceptance of formulas of truth, but is rather action and life according to truth, and that for real faith more is required than negative, religious observances and obedience to the ecclesiastical authority. I know some that recognize this, that do not divide the truth in their hearts, adore God the Truth, and are all on fire with a dauntless faith in Christ, in his Church, and in his Truth. I know such, Holy Father, and they are malignly persecuted, are denounced as heretics, are silenced; and all through the spirit of falsehood, which for centuries has been generating a tradition of deceit in the Church, so that those who serve this spirit think they are serving God, like the persecuters of the first Christians. . . . Many hearts both of priests and laymen belong to the Holy Spirit; the spirit of falsehood has not been able to force an entrance, even as an angel of light. Say the word, Holy Father, do something to encourage these hearts devoted to the see of the Roman Pontiff. Honor before the Church some of these men, these priests, that are persecuted by the spirit of falsehood; raise some one of them to the Epis-

> copate, another to the Sacred College, and, Holy Father, warn theologians and biblical scholars, if necessary, to be prudent, because science can only advance by being prudent; but don't let the Index or the Holy Office condemn for too great boldness men who are the honor of the Church, who, with their minds full of truth and their hearts full of Christ, are fighting for the Catholic Faith.

The second of the evil spirits that infest the Church is "the spirit of domination in the clergy," Benedetto tells the Pope. The clergy are too desirous of directing the faithful in the matter of devotion, and, instead of urging their spiritual children to "communicate directly and normally with God, to ask his counsel and direction," they have "suppressed the ancient Catholic liberty," and have made "obedience, even when not obligatory by law, the first of virtues." This spirit

> tends to carry religious authority outside the religious field. You know how it is in Italy, Holy Father; it is not for Italy alone I speak, but for the whole Catholic world. . . . The spirit of domination will try to govern you, too. Do not yield to it, Holy Father. You are the ruler of the Church; do not allow others to rule you, do not let your power be a glove for other hands.

The third evil spirit that corrupts the Church is the spirit of avarice. "The Vicar of Christ lives in the papal palace, as he lived in his episcopal residence, in the spirit of poverty. Many venerable pastors of the Church live in the like spirit; but the spirit of poverty is not sufficiently taught as Christ taught it." He urges the Pope to impose real poverty upon the clergy, as the Church has imposed chastity. Then, he says, the humblest priest will enjoy the respect of the people such as is not given to-day to the princes of the Church. Benedetto continued:

> The fourth evil spirit in the Church is the spirit of rigidity. This spirit, too, transforms itself into an angel of light. The clericals, your holiness, and all religious men that oppose progressive Catholicism, would, in the name of Moses, have crucified Christ in good faith. They idolize the past, and want to have everything in the Church stereotyped, even the traditional expressions of the papal speech, the big proces-

sional fans that your Holiness' heart so abhors, and the stupid tradition that forbids a cardinal to walk out on foot, and would consider it scandalous if he should visit the poor in their houses. It is this spirit of rigidity which tries to preserve things impossible to keep alive, that brings down on us the derision of unbelievers; and this is a grave sin before God.

Vicar of Christ, I pray you one thing more. I am a sinner, unworthy of being compared with the saints, but the spirit of God can speak even through the mouth of the lowest. If a woman could conjure the Pope to return to Rome, I conjure your Holiness to leave the Vatican. Come out, Holy Father; but for the first time, at least, go out on the work of your ministry. Lazarus is sick and is dying every day; go and visit Lazarus. Christ is calling for help in all the poor creatures that suffer. I saw from the Galleria delle Lapidi the lights of another Roman palace. If human suffering calls in the name of Christ, they will perhaps reply: "No"; over there. But they will go. At the Vatican they reply: "Yes"; but they do not go. What will Christ say, Holy Father, in that terrible hour? These words of mine, if they were known to the world, would bring down upon me the denunciations of all who profess to be most devoted to the Vatican. But, in spite of denunciations and condemnations, I shall cry out until I die: "What will Christ say? What will Christ say? I appeal to Him."

And what does the Holy Father say to all this? He replies:

My son, some of these things the Lord has said to my heart long ago. You, God bless you, can settle things with God alone. I have to adapt myself to men whom God has placed about me, and govern with them in charity and prudence; and I have to adapt my counsels and commands to the different capacities and temperaments of so many millions of men. I am like a poor schoolmaster who out of seventy pupils has twenty poor, forty average, and only ten good ones. He can't teach his school merely for the good pupils, and I can't govern the Church merely for you and those like you. Christ paid his tribute money to the State, and I would willingly pay my tribute of homage over there in that palace where you saw the lights, did I not fear to offend the sixty pupils. And so it would be, if I should take certain books off the Index, or elevate certain men that have not the best reputation for

> orthodoxy, or go and visit the hospitals of Rome, if a sudden epidemic should break out. . . . And then I am old and tired; the cardinals did not know whom they put here; I did not want to come. I feel, my son, that you have the right spirit, but the Lord cannot expect from me the things that you suggest, to which even a strong young pontiff would not be equal.

Finally the Pope gives Benedetto his blessing, commends himself to his prayers, and dismisses him.

Benedetto's repeated visits to the Vatican have roused the suspicions of the Intransigents, and they begin all sorts of machinations to force the "saint" out of Rome. The "powers that be" at the Vatican even descend to treat with the Italian Government, in order to move the "secular arm" to act. They offer to quash the appointment to the see of Turin of a certain ecclesiastic obnoxious to the Quirinal, on condition that the Government undertake to relieve them of this annoying reformer.

The next scene is the most touching in the novel, and reveals Fogazzaro's power of pathos. We find Benedetto at the bedside of a wretched old man, a former monk who had left his order to get married, and was now dying in misery. His only friend is a hunch-backed old woman living in the same house, who had taken pity on him for Christ's sake. Through her Benedetto hears of him; he brings him some fresh roses, and consoles him in the most tender manner.

> Benedetto bent over the sick man and began to talk caressingly to him. His gentle words flowed in varied notes of tenderness, now cheerful, now mournful. At times the old man's face would light up with joy; again he would break out in agonizing questions, only to be restored to peace at once by the soothing sound of that sweet voice.

While in the midst of these ministrations Benedetto is interrupted by an officer who comes to conduct him to the police station. He has only time to tell the old woman that the sick man is prepared to see a priest, and is hurried off in a carriage.

At the Questura he is told by the Commendatore that he has been accused of having illegally practised medicine at Vienna,

and of having poisoned a patient; that the only way he can escape his enemies who have made this accusation is to leave Rome at once, and even Italy if possible. Benedetto tells him that he will not leave Rome, that he is willing to take the consequences of any trial. He is then conducted into the presence of the Minister of the Interior, and is thus given an opportunity to read the Italian Government a sermon on reform as he had done the Church. Questioned as to his "Reform," Benedetto tells the minister that, like Pilate, he is not prepared to receive the truth.

"Oh," exclaimed his interlocutor, "and why not?" Benedetto replied:

> Because he who doth the works of darkness walketh in darkness and cannot see the light. *You* do the works of darkness. That is easy to understand. You are Minister of the Interior. I know you by reputation. You were not born to work darkness, and there has been much light in certain of your works; but at this moment you are doing the works of darkness. I am here to-night because you have closed a bargain you dare not confess. You say you adore the truth. You ask a brother whether he possesses the truth, and you do not confess that you have betrayed him.

The Minister of the Interior, enraged at these words, tells him to go. But Benedetto will not go till he has said his last word. He said:

> Your Excellency, not only am I about to leave this room, but also, as I think, soon to leave this world. I shall not see you again. Listen to me for the last time. You are not ready for the Truth now, but the Truth stands at your door, and the hour will come (and it will not be long, because you are advanced in life) when night will come over you, over your jurisdiction, your honors, your ambitions. Then you will hear the Truth call in the night. You may reply: "Begone"; and it will never return again. You may reply: "Come in"; and it will enter breathing sweetness all about. You do not now know how you will reply, nor do I, nor does any one in the world. But we prepare ourselves to make a good answer by good works. Whatever your errors may be, you have a religious spirit. You have much power in the world; use it for good. You were born a Catholic, and say you are a Protestant. Perhaps you do not know Catholicism well

> enough to understand that Protestantism is crumbling to ruin over a *dead* Christ, and that Catholicism is growing by the power of a *living* Christ. But I am speaking to the statesman, not certainly to ask him to protect the Catholic Church, which would be a misfortune, but to tell him that the State must be neither Catholic nor Protestant. However, it has no right to ignore God, and you dare to deny him in more than one of your so-called Higher Schools in the name of the liberty of science, which you confound with the liberty of thought and speech, because thought and speech are free to deny God. Such denial cannot be scientific, and you are called upon to teach science alone. You are very well-versed in the petty politics that makes you silence your conscience in order to gain a favor from the Vatican ; but you do not understand the higher politics of maintaining the authority of him who is the eternal principle of all justice. . . . You imagine you believe in God, while in reality you are prophets and priests of false gods. You serve them like the idolatrous Hebrew princes, in high places in sight of all the people. You serve in high places the gods of all earthly lusts.

Benedetto goes on in this strain to accuse the Government of systematic bribery and lying, and warns the minister, who thinks Benedetto's God "irrational," of his colleagues who are "scorners of God." These, and not the Socialists and Anarchists, are the real enemies of the State. Turning towards the Under Secretary, he adds:

> As for you, you scorn One who is silent. Beware of his silence.

With these words the "saint" leaves the palace, exhausted by the excitement of the interview. Jeanne, who is kept informed of his movements, has sent her carriage to take him to Villa Mayda, where he arrives half-dead. But here he is in hourly danger of being arrested, and Jeanne persuades one of the senators to give him a place of refuge in his own house. His hiding-place is soon discovered by his enemies, and the senator, who fears his political ambitions will be compromised by his friendship for Benedetto, refuses to harbor him any longer. So he is taken back to Villa Mayda in a hopeless condition, and at his request is given a wretched little room in the gardener's house that he occupied before. He feels that the end is near, and prepares himself for the last sacraments

and for death. He blesses all his friends and the common people of the neighborhood, who come in crowds to say a last farewell to the "saint" that had ministered among them. Don Clemente is summoned, and brings with him the beloved Benedictine habit. Noemi comes to say farewell, and is converted to the Catholic faith. Last of all comes Jeanne Dessalle, as he is sinking into his agony, and is no longer able to utter a word. By a sign he indicates that he wants his crucifix; she hands it to them.

> Piero placed it to his lips and looked at her steadily with his large eyes, now glassy in death. He made an effort to take the crucifix in both his hands, and to raise himself up towards her. His lips moved, but made no sound. Then Jeanne took Piero's hand in her own, and kissed the crucifix passionately. His eyes closed, and his face lighted up with a smile. He was dead.

The appointed hour had come, and Jeanne had found her faith again.

V.

Such, in brief, is the story that has caused so much stir in the religious world of Italy for the past twelvemonth. In our sketch we have included enough of the many passages devoted to religious questions to justify our statement at the beginning that *Il Santo* is a tract rather than a novel. It is not only an expression of Antonio Fogazzaro's own views concerning the great problem of reconciling the Church with modern society and thought, but it is typical of a state of mind not at all uncommon among educated Catholics in Italy to-day. The Catholic mind is not unaffected by the violent fermentation of ideas that is going on outside the Church, and many that are intellectually ungrounded in the foundations of religious belief are being alienated from the faith by what they consider the irreconcilableness of the Church's teaching with the findings of modern science. Doubtless one of the objects the author had in mind in the publication of *Il Santo* was to convince such minds of the errors of their judgment; and how does he set about it?

When some young men who find themselves in this predicament ask Benedetto's advice, he replies by the following parable:

> Thirsty pilgrims approach a famous spring. They find a pool of stagnant water, repugnant to the taste. The spring is at the bottom of the pool and they do not find it. They turn disappointed to a laborer working in a quarry nearby, and he offers them *living* water. They ask the name of the spring. "It's the same as in the pool," he says, "it all comes from one and the same vein underground. Who digs, finds." You are the thirsty pilgrims, I am the poor quarry man, the vein of living water hidden underground is Catholic Truth. The pool is not the Church; the Church is the whole field through which the living waters run. You turn to me by an unconscious instinct that the Church is not the Hierarchy alone, but that it is rather the aggregation of all the faithful.

In other words, the Seekers of the Truth are to leave the filthy pool of the appointed teachers of the faithful, and consult some layman, who, in the pride of his intellect, pretends to have tapped a purer vein. Is not this the old heresy of Luther in another dress? And are such arguments of a nature to reassure timid and doubting souls? Of course Benedetto protests:

> I do not judge, I recognize and honor the authority of the Hierarchy; I only say that the Church is not the Hierarchy alone.

This is a *suggestio falsi*, for the Church has never claimed to be the Hierarchy alone. She does claim, however, that the Hierarchy alone possesses the authority to *teach* the faithful revealed truth, an authority given to the Apostles and their successors, the Bishops of the Catholic Church, by Christ when he said: "Those that hear you, hear me." It is this liberalistic tendency to discredit the constituted authority of the Church in matters of faith, rather than the denial of any definite doctrine, that has brought down upon Fogazzaro's novel the condemnation of the Index. Enough has been quoted to prove that such condemnation was not unjustified.

As for the four "evil spirits" that infect the Church, they are merely the "five wounds" of Rosmini reduced to four, and have been refuted time and again. By the imputation of the "spirit of falsehood living the Truth," Fogazzaro accuses the Church of closing her eyes to the so-called conclusions of modern science. But is the accusation founded on fact? Has

the Church ever refused to accept the *final* conclusions of science? She is justly suspicious of the hypotheses and theories of the modern agnostic scientist, as long as they remain hypotheses and theories, but she has always shown herself open to conviction. To those who consider the Church and her history only superficially, her intellectual conservatism appears uncompromising rigidity. But surely a man of Fogazzaro's intelligence, brought up in the atmosphere and traditions of the very centre of Catholicism, ought to know better than to make such a charge. It would take us too far to attempt a discussion of this momentous problem, but the question has received thorough treatment at the hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. In his works, *The Rigidity of Rome*, *Changing Dogma and Changeful Man*, and *Problems and Persons*, to which the reader is referred, Mr. Ward shows how Rome, with a *true* conservatism, has resisted her two greatest foes, the Ultra-Conservatives, who would stereotype everything in the Church, and the Liberals, who would have nothing defined. In an address before the Catholic Truth Society on "The Conservative Genius of the Church,"* he says: "The aggressive movements of the times she has opposed. To yield to them would have been to identify herself with partly false, partly one-sided and aggravated phases of thought, and lose her own authority and her own individual character. But each movement witnessed to a real advance of human thought, new truth amid new error, and to fresh developments of human activity. It supplied material for repairs within the Church, although it was unacceptable as a whole. . . . All the systems she opposed contained elements which were good and true. And from not one did she fail ultimately to assimilate something, in most cases a great deal, once their aggressive character had been broken by her resistance. 'She broke them to pieces,' writes Cardinal Newman, and then he significantly adds, 'she divided the spoils.' . . . To preserve a building we must resist those who would pull it down. But we must also repair it, replace what is worn out by what is new, and fit it to last in the varying conditions of life." This thought may be a source of consolation to Signor Fogazzaro. "Within twenty, thirty, fifty years," even some of his reform measures may be adopted.

* *Tablet*, June 13, 1900. See also "The Function of Intransigeance," by the same author. *The New York Review*, July-August, 1906.

As for the other "evil spirits," they are merely echoes of recriminations that have been brought against the priesthood from the beginning. That the spirits of avarice and domination have possessed the souls of many men that have entered the sacred ministry without a real vocation is only too true; but that they have infected the body of the clergy will be believed by nobody acquainted with the facts. Certainly, in Italy the underpaid priests have little opportunity to foster the sin of avarice. To impose a vow of poverty would not cure the evil. Already the "rigidity" of ecclesiastical etiquette has had to bend under the reforms of Pius the Tenth, and it is only a question of time when all the "worn-out forms" will be things of the past. But such changes cannot be brought about in a day. Your reformer is always so impatient!

As a novel, *Il Santo* is disappointing in the extreme. The plot is meagre and thin, especially as compared with the plots of the two preceding novels; nor do we understand how the story, as story, could hold the attention of any one not already interested in the character of Piero Maironi by a reading of *Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno*. The progress of the action is impeded by the repeated religious discussions and preachments. It is claimed by some critics that the character of Piero is inconsistent. With this opinion we do not agree. On the contrary, we find him most convincing. He is a true son of his parents, Franco and Luisa. He has inherited from his father all his emotional religious nature, his indecision of character, and his temperamental hesitation until forced to act by external circumstances; from his mother he has all his self-sufficient independence of authority, his perfect confidence in the decisions of his own mind, and the indomitable determination to accomplish his purpose. These conflicting elements Fogazzaro has reconciled in the character of his "saint" with rare psychological insight.

As was to be expected from a literary artist of Fogazzaro's attainments, *Il Santo* abounds in passages of sustained beauty, charming descriptions of Italian scenery, and delicate touches in the portraiture, while the prevailing spirit is serious and even religious.

It is a source of deep satisfaction, at a time when the pagan Carducci with his glorification of "Satan" on the one hand, and the brilliant D'Annunzio with his pornographic nov-

els on the other, are corrupting the minds and hearts of the Italian youth, that an author with so profound a knowledge of human nature and so charming a style as Fogazzaro is using his gifts to discuss the most serious problems of the spiritual life and the relations of Christianity to society. We cannot for an instant doubt the honest intentions of the author of *Il Santo* in his desire to make the Church and modern thought better friends; our only regret is that he has been so unsuccessful. Certainly it is not by caricaturing those who stand before the world as the representatives of the Catholic Faith that the modern malcontent can be reconciled, or the unbeliever attracted to the fold of Christ. In this age of general destruction we need more constructive work, on modern lines, however, like Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Out of Due Time*, a novel that covers pretty nearly the same ground as *Il Santo*.

Mr. Norris tells us in the *Octopus* that "the novel is, or ought to be, everything"; that "the novelist is our inspired teacher in matters theological, social, political, and perhaps scientific." Certain it is that the novel is at the present time almost the only form of literature that appeals to the average reader, and a novelist ought to think twice before he fathers and disseminates through the press views on the most serious subjects that tend to unsettle the minds of the unthinking and to arm the tongues of scoffers. "This is a serious thought for the conscientious novelist; the making of the spiritual life of England is in their hands," says Conan Doyle. This is quite as true of other civilized countries as of England. Conscientious Fogazzaro certainly is; and we trust that his next novel will be a work of real constructive powers, such as he gave promise of in *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*.

THE STATE OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

IT is hardly possible to doubt any longer that we are on the eve of significant changes in the religious thought of England. While the Catholic Church has always lived on the lines that our Lord laid down, and has explicitly recognized them to consist, as regards her continuous life, of two principles—namely the immutability of her doctrine and the development of its expression—other bodies that have seceded from her have no such safeguard against the inroads of criticism and historical discovery.

To take a single example, the Church of England in the sixteenth century, in drawing up her constitution, attempted to lay as her foundation the Scriptures as interpreted by the Primitive Fathers; the first four or five or six centuries, she implicitly declared, were necessary to the unfolding of Gospel truth, and since the close of that period she would admit no further light. Her homilies, in fact, state explicitly that "damnable idolatry" was the atmosphere of all Christendom for a thousand years. By this confession to some extent, and by the course of events in any case, she was deprived of all further right to issue fresh definitions of old truth in answer to new attacks upon her faith. The old Anglican divines were never weary of enunciating this position and of appealing, not to the present and living consciousness of the Church, but to her ancient decisions, issued to meet ancient and exploded heresies. The result of this is seen at the present day in the numerous schools of thought that compete within her for the mastery.

There is one such school, identical to a large extent with that of the Nonconformists who maximize the appeal to the Scripture and miminize the necessity for its interpretation by Primitive writers; and upon this party, as we shall presently see, there is a fiercely destructive influence at work.

A second school, which we may call the "Moderates," still clings to the Anglican position of the sixteenth century, and

attempts to solve all questions by a repetition of old answers that have outgrown their use. These, more and more, are forfeiting the attention of a world that lives vividly in the present and finds its difficulties unmet by such a method of treatment.

Thirdly, there is the advanced school of "Ritualists," evolved from the Tractarians though possessing little in common with them, except a passionate desire to be one with the Catholic world; and these, more and more, are endeavoring to assimilate the Catholic doctrine of development, with results that we shall see presently.

And these three schools of thought are by no means exhaustive, but all others, I think, are composed out of their elements. There are the "Biblical Latitudinarians," as we may call them, who attempt to combine an appeal to the Scriptures with a complete freedom of modern interpretation, and these take one of their principles from the first, and one from the third school of which I have spoken; they will not admit the mediæval writers, thereby destroying the essential truth of Development; neither will they admit the simple truth of the Scriptures as they stand, thereby forfeiting the clear positiveness of the "Evangelicals." But, for purposes of discussion, I think the three schools which I have named cover the ground very tolerably, and that it is unnecessary to complicate matters by analyzing the numerous shades of thought which take their rise from these.

Now there are two main influences very active in the world at present, which, while leaving the Catholic Church unscathed by reason of the two principles of her life of which I spoke just now—namely, Immutability of doctrine and Development of expression—are working havoc among these various schools; and the first of these is Biblical Criticism.

It would be a remarkable fact, if it were not for the divine guidance of the Church, that so few *de fide* decisions have been made as regards the exact nature of Inspiration. Even recent authoritative pronouncements have left many questions still open to controversy. It is perfectly possible for Catholic theologians, for example, to discuss with complete freedom the various elements out of which St. Matthew's Gospel took its rise, and to write learned papers upon the exact original form of the Lord's Prayer. For the Church recognizes now, as she has always done, that God employed human agents in the composition of

the Sacred Books, and that, although he himself could not be the author of error, he did not transfer his prerogative either to copyists or to private doctors, however eminent.

But this air of quiet and reasonable confidence is completely alien to the Protestant "Evangelical" mind. For him these books are not guaranteed or guarded by a divine Teacher, still less interpreted authoritatively by her; they are rather their own sponsors and their own interpreters. The "Authorized Version" of the Scriptures is to the average uneducated "Evangelical" scarcely less written in its exact and present English form by the finger of God, scarcely less literally and obviously true than were the tables of stone on Sinai. The result, then, of biblical criticism is to render the faith of such persons an exceedingly precarious thing, for there is no divine Teacher in whose hands they may leave the honor of God's word, and whom they may trust to support them in their confidence while disabusing them of their superstitions concerning it.

The "Moderates" are affected, although to a less degree, by the influence of modern criticism, for to some extent they do believe in the "undivided" Church as the interpreter and guardian of Scripture; but, on the other hand, by just so much the more does the Doctrine of Development imperil their position.

This doctrine, enunciated clearly by St. Paul when he compares the Church to the body of a child, declared by our Blessed Lord himself in his parable of the mustard seed, commented upon by St. Vincent of Lerins, and expanded by Cardinal Newman in his famous book—this doctrine has more than ever been brought before the attention of the world by Darwin's researches in the last century. Whether or no a man may accept Darwin's conclusions, it is impossible for him not to see that all Almighty God's noblest works in creation are those that contain the principle of life, and that life, while unchanging in its essence, manifests itself in the gradual perfecting of its outward form. If, then, Almighty God in the creation of the Mystical Body of his Son has permitted that sacred organism to cease growing after the sixth century, or rather, at the worst, to "see corruption" for over one thousand years, he is acting in a way very hard to understand, and has withdrawn from our faith all those supports which the analogies of the rest of creation might have supplied. To the Catholic, of

course, he has done nothing of the sort, for the Catholic contemplating the Vatican decrees of 1870 finds no more difficulty in accepting them than his forefathers found in accepting the decrees of Nicæa. There has been an orderly movement throughout, a gradual unfolding of the hidden deposit, implanted in the consciousness of the Church at Pentecost, that, so far from being a stumbling-block to his faith, is rather a manifest evidence of her divine and immutable life. The decrees of yesterday or to-morrow, when uttered by the infallible head of the Church, have exactly the same claim upon his faith as the pronouncements of Peter at the Council of Jerusalem.

But further, not only does the moderate find himself landed in an uncomfortable theory, but even in practice he is not at his ease. A young man, let us say, approaches him with a difficulty that never even came within the wildest dreams of Arius or Pelagius; and the moderate theologian, rejecting as he does all authoritative pronouncements of the last thirteen hundred years, searches the Scriptures and the Primitive Fathers in vain for an answer. All that he can do at the best is to draw a deduction from these authorities utterly unsupported by anything but his own private learning; whereas a Catholic priest could show the young man chapter and verse after a ten minutes' hunt. This does not, of course, prove that the Catholic priest is right, but at least it shows that the Catholic theory "works," while the "moderate" does not.

Thirdly, there are the Ritualists; and these approximating as they do closely to the Catholic position, in their view both of the Scriptures as guarded and interpreted by the "Church," and of the Doctrine of Development, are very much more competent to withstand the assaults of criticism and the discoveries of the laws of growth. But, while they acknowledge these laws of life, and understand that an organism that does not develop cannot claim to be alive, the weak spot of their position is that they do not possess that other essential of life, namely a continuity and unity of consciousness. Or, to express it in mechanical terms, a centrifugal tendency can only be safeguarded by an immovable centre. The Ritualists, that is to say, while acknowledging that the sweep of the Church's range must ever whirl wider and wider, covering this ground and that which in primitive ages was outside her province, suffer

from this fatal and irremediable defect, that they have no immovable central authority from which the whirling may be controlled. They acknowledge neither Canterbury nor Rome as their fixed pivot; they have too much knowledge for the one and too little for the other; and the result is that their organization covers indeed a quantity of ground—they produce endless books, dogmatic, devotional, casuistical, critical, and historical—but it swings loosely here and there at random, and is at one time Tractarian and severe, at another Ultramontane and Belgian; at one time Roman, and another Sarum; there is neither rest nor security; they have no certain guides; Dr. Pusey and Dr. Gore are both numbered among their prophets.

Now I have treated of these three schools at length, partly because they are certainly the chief representatives of religious thought in England outside the Catholic Church, and partly because, in their failure to meet modern questions, we have an explanation of the attitude of the average Englishman towards religion at the present day. There is no doubt that that attitude is one of bewilderment, and this bewilderment shows itself in various ways. The principal of these ways is Agnosticism.

It is a remarkable fact, I think, that the Englishman is still a very reverent person. There is very little hatred of religion; a Catholic procession can go through the streets of almost any town without fear of insult. The bystanders will behave with decorum and will even, when requested, generally remove their hats. But there is a pathetic and puzzled air in their faces. It seems to them all very nice and pleasant, but they honestly cannot understand the certitude of mind which causes the Catholic to behave in such a way. The Englishman of this class believes in God, and even, vaguely, supposes that the death of Jesus Christ has done good to the world; but beyond this he is frankly Agnostic. He does not dream of guiding his life by precepts of self-sacrifice; he does not even trouble to comply with our Lord's ceremonial institutions; and the reason of all this is, to a large extent, that he despairs of understanding in what these demands consist. The religious temper of Englishmen, while preserving in the country a general sense of good feeling towards Christianity, has issued also in acrimonious controversy, with the result that the laymen do not know what to believe. It is difficult to feel hardly towards

this large class of persons; it is not their fault that the Voice of the divine Teacher does not reach their ears.

Secondly, there is an increasing number of people who are not content with Agnosticism of this kind. The soul, naturally religious, becomes impatient of the empty wilderness, and we have, therefore, the phenomenon before us of well-intentioned, God-fearing persons following in despair any who calls louder than his fellows. The Salvation Army had their day some ten years ago; they still win respect by their untiring patience and conscientiousness, but they are scarcely considered, now that General Booth has taken to a motor car and become a free citizen of the City of London, to be much more than religiously-minded philanthropists. But their place is being occupied by a very much more disagreeable and fantastic crew. It seems sometimes, when one considers the growth of "Christian Science," and the Sunday-schools of the Spiritualists, and the thousand other queer sects that thrive in England, that almost any doctrine will win adherents if it is proclaimed through brazen trumpets. Yet here again, the motive is so admirable. There is a sincere desire to get into touch with the supernatural world, and there is a growing despair at the contemplation of the failure of the National Church to announce any coherent or intelligible message—a failure which, in my opinion, as I have already pointed out, will become more and more evident as time goes by.

Thirdly, there is a class of people which, in spite of what some authorities say, I believe to be negligible—I mean those who explicitly deny the existence of any supernatural world at all. Twenty years ago these were active and prosperous; then, owing in a large measure to the gallant response made by certain prominent members of the Church of England, in London, at any rate, the movement was checked. Lately there has been a recrudescence of this set, due, a good deal, to the active dissemination of infidel literature; but, from the fact that the Rationalist Press is still in no sense able to sell its productions at a profit, as well as from a hundred other considerations, chief among which is that of the innate religiousness of the Anglo-Saxon race, those best qualified to judge declare that there is little danger of any real anti-theistic success.

There remains to be considered the progress of the Catho-

lic Church; for I do not propose to discuss the Nonconformists at any length. These are so completely incoherent, both in their message and in the announcement of the foundation on which they take their stand, that, although numerically strong and even, it may be, increasing, they are important only in the political world. More and more, in fact, they seem to to be arriving at the conclusion that Christianity is little else than a term for good citizenship; their leaders devote far more energy to electioneering, speech-making, and democratic efforts than to the proclamation of any supernatural message. With them, by a strange irony, considering their history, it seems that the "Kingdom of our Lord" is becoming the "Kingdoms of this word." Yet, so far as they are still conscious of any definite foundations of faith, they appear to divide their allegiance between Bibliolatry on the one hand and undogmatic Latitudinarianism on the other.

It is extremely difficult to estimate the progress of the Catholic Church. Just at present the school of Ritualists, from which most converts have been drawn for the last fifty years, is so much occupied with the seriousness of their relations with Parliament, that there is news of but few conversions among the clergy and the militant laity. On the other hand, among the educated classes not concerned with controversy, there is a steady stream flowing towards the Church. This includes both men and women of all ranks of society, who have sufficient independence of thought to listen to the Catholic message. Among the less educated there is certainly a movement, at any rate, towards a higher degree of toleration than ever before since the Reformation, but the comparative ineffectiveness of this, as well as the undoubted leakage among Catholics in the same order of society, is due almost entirely to the dearth of priests. The conversion of an uneducated man is a far longer and more laborious process than that of one with sufficient initiative and education to read and inquire for himself; and priests in the great towns, so far from having leisure for this evangelistic work, already have their hands full with purely pastoral duties towards their own people. In numbers it would seem that the Church is not increasing in proportion to the population, but, as regards the quality of her converts, there is every ground for encouragement; and quality in the long run, it must be remembered, means quantity.

To sum all up then in a few words, it may be said that all positive systems of belief that have been in possession for the last two or three hundred years, other than that of the Catholic Church, are undergoing a process of disintegration at the hands of the two influences I have named, criticism and a knowledge of the laws of life. On the disorganized units thus left drifting, a number of further influences are at work—Agnosticism, what may be called Fancy Religions, and the Catholic Church. There is one further element at work which I have not discussed, since it is scarcely a system at all, I mean that kind of quack-mysticism or quietism which serves, for the most part, as the fabric on which Fancy Religions ultimately trace their religious designs.

The future undoubtedly lies in the hands of the Catholic authorities, who alone hold that which, even humanly considered, has those elements which promise security. If, on the one hand, theologians will continue their work of formulating new methods of meeting new questions with ancient and divine truth—if, that is to say, they continue their work as those wise stewards of which our Lord spoke, bringing out from their treasures things new and old—and if, on the other hand, there is a sufficient supply of priests to carry these re-stated truths to those who need them, as well as to evangelize the masses with the simple message that is the essence of God's revelation, there is little reason to doubt that in England, as well as in America, a great Catholic revival will make itself felt, and that in a few years we shall less and less be looked upon as one sect among others, and be regarded rather as an organ of Christianity which, above all others, demands the attention of the religiously-minded, since it alone possesses those qualifications which link it to the past as well as make it capable of grappling with the future.

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

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"When the lofty and barren mountain was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevated hills covered with verdure and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: 'Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered: 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of a passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer day shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'"—*Brahminical Legend.*

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

CARAGH LAKE.

CERTAIN travelers and artists have said that Caragh Lake is even more beautiful than Killarney. But let that pass. It is enough to say that this lovely and tranquil evening in the late summer of 189—, when the sun had gone down behind yonder hill, and left all the sky crimson, and when the crimson had faded into pink as reflected in the lake, and all the shadowed places were dark and tranquil mirrors of tree and shrub, the whole was a picture of peace, such as weary men long for in troubled dreams, and tire of so quickly when the dream becomes a reality. And the beauty was not marred, nay, it was emphasized by the dark blot of one shallow boat that just now lay very still and close to the shore. It had one occupant, a young man—that is, if one of thirty can be still considered young in these hot days when the hair blanches so quickly, and the wrinkles around the mouth gather so silently; but he looked young, and the crimson glow from the clouds seemed to add something to his youthful and calm appearance. His occupations, too, just now spoke of a stillness that seemed the external symbolism of his mind; for he was

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watching in some unconscious way a salmon-rod that stretched itself out beyond the boat, and was mirrored in a long dark line on the water. He was, again unconsciously, smoking tiny cigarettes, which he rolled up between his fingers, lighted, and flung away in some mechanical manner; and he was, again unconsciously, reading from a tiny volume on his knees—a little book of three or four Russian dramas, the first of which was called *The Power of Darkness*. The two first dreamy occupations were comparatively harmless. The latter was perilous. For, certainly, of all dangerous amusements of the present day, that of reading is the most dangerous. If all the graduates who passed through Trinity College during the last fifty years had followed Bob Maxwell's example, this Ireland of ours would long ago have been a Republic. For great power streams out from those iron gates that open on College Green, only it divides itself, just at its embouchure into the outer world, into three sections—that of those who read professionally their Anatomies or Law Digests, and pass into snug sinecures and become naturally and, therefore, stubbornly strenuous supporters of the "things that are"; that of those who sweep through the world, sowing their wild oats everywhere, and then settle down into landed sinecures, and become strenuous supporters of the "things that are"; and that of those who, unattached to land or profession, give themselves up to thinking and study. These are the dangerous class—the supporters of things as "they ought to be." For if you leave college with the knowledge that a certain goddess was "pulchra adspectuque delectabilis"; or that a ram goes by the classical title of "magister gregis"; or if you are a muscular Christian, what a profane modern writer would call a "flanneled oaf"; it makes not much difference in the economies of life. Or, if you know that England governs Ireland by "a whip and a sop," and that if you bend beneath the former and swallow the latter, you may become a Bencher and a K.C.B.; this, too, makes little difference. But if you begin to read, first for amusement; then to be in "the swim of things, you know"; then to be hurried along the stream of modern thought and tendencies, and to become a dreamer of dawns and sunsets, and vast vistas that open up an imaginary New Heaven and New Earth to the masses who groan under the weight of the "things that are"; ah, then, you become dangerous and

possibly *declassé*, if you are not wise enough to keep the new wine from breaking through the skins of speech.

To this dangerous class Bob Maxwell was dangerously approximating. He had begun to be troubled, not about a wife, although that interesting subject did occupy a share of his thoughts; not about his health, although it was chiefly for health's sake he was down here in the Kerry mountains, camping out under that white bell-tent that seems like a mere tiny convolvulus up there in that lovely valley where the fir trees are; but about, oh, shades of Trinity, his place in the universe, his work in this weird world, where he had only begun to wake up and find his existence. Now when a young man begins to ask the fatal question, what he has to do on this planet during the tiny span of life allotted to mortals, it is all up with him. For, either he pursues the question to its logical issue, and then he becomes an Ishmaelite to his class; or he sets it aside as an impertinence, and then he is haunted during his life with some awful consciousness of failure, some ever-gnawing remembrance that he was called to the higher life, and preferred to grovel in the "sty of Epicurus."

Therefore, Bob Maxwell was troubled, and that little drama of Russian life did not smooth matters for him. It told of a peasantry sunk in all kinds of ignorance and superstition and vice; of millions on millions of human beings steeped to the lips in everything that could be physically and morally degrading; of a dense, brutal type of humanity, through which there gleam possibilities of nobleness that might satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious dreamer of a risen and exalted humanity. The dreadful and poignant remorse that seizes the chief actor in this powerful drama, this magnificent exculpation of others, and self-condemnation, reveal depths of conscience and feeling that are generally unassociated with a criminal of such magnitude; and the author clearly wants to prove that, deep down beneath the stagnant and squalid surface of peasant life in Russia, there are hidden springs of nobility, that only need a strong hand to spread abroad and sweeten all the land.

"He knows it," soliloquized Bob Maxwell, as he held the book open in his fingers there in the waning twilight. "This man—Count, too, and nobleman—had the courage to go down into the depths, and see things for himself; and then the greater courage of telling his countrymen what he thought of them.

Yes, the grave clothes must be unloosed and the face cloth unfolded before a Christ can say: 'Arise and come forth!'"

There was a sudden tug on the rod that he had drawn beneath his knees; and, in an instant, the instinct of sport banished every other thought and sentiment. He tossed the book aside, and it fell into the water. He gave it one thought only: "What will Mabel think of her pretty book?" and then he centred all his energies towards one supreme effort.

"A big fellow," he thought, as he allowed the line to reel out, whilst he kept a firm finger on the wheel, and held his rod deep down on a level with the lake. "It will take all my time and strength to land him."

For the boat now was being swiftly towed along the shore by the captive fish, which struggled gallantly for life, and tore along the water to get away from the invisible enemy.

Bob Maxwell contrived to lift from his watch chain a small boatswain's whistle, and to ring out its clear notes, whilst he held a strong hand on the rod.

"If only I had some one now," he thought, "to pull back, I'd soon exhaust the fellow. Or, if he keeps backing into the shallows—"

A queer figure appeared on the lake shore. A long, lank body was crowned with a shock of red hair, that had never touched comb or brush. The red, hard flesh of the chest was clearly visible through the edges of the shirt that opened out into a V-like shape; and the bare legs were encased in a corduroy breeches, that was slit by the scissors of time, until it hung down in ribbons to the feet.

"Hould hard, yer 'anner! Hould hard, Master Bob," he gasped, as he ran along the lake shore, now stumbling over a boulder, now tripped up by a furze branch hidden in bracken, but wildly gesticulating and crying aloud in his excitement: "Hould hard, an' you'll get him in the shalla water! Hould hard, yer 'anner! Oh! he's the divil of a fellow intirely! Pull, pull, yer 'anner! There!"

"Have you the gaff, you fool?" gasped Bob Maxwell in return, as he tried to steady the boat and call in the line. The boy did not answer, but fled up the hill; and in an instant the strain on the line slackened, and Bob thought the salmon had escaped, when he felt the sudden swish almost beneath the boat, and the rod was nearly jerked from his hand, as the line

drew around after the fish, as it tore madly through the water. He had now to change his tactics, and by main strength keep the salmon from rushing into deep water, as the boat swiftly slewed around under the strain. Again, the young man drew in the line slowly, and again let it go, as the salmon, maddened with pain and fright, rushed back to the shallows, until, after a long struggle, exhausted with pain and fatigue, it drew back slowly into the mud and shingle, and hid there panting with flapping fins and quivering tail. Once more Bob Maxwell drew out the whistle and sent peal after peal through the hills. He heard a far-off shout, and guessed it was the bare-legged boy who, regardless of his neck, was leaping down the steep declivity. In a few minutes the boy was up to his knees in the water, wading towards the boat. Bob Maxwell held up a warning hand, and drew his line right up to the top of the rod, where the fish hung limp and quivering. In a moment, the keen point of the gaff was in the salmon's gills, and the boy, with savage delight held him, whilst his master loosed the hook. Then, with a wild shout that came back in savage echoes from the hills, he drew up the dying fish and flung gaff and salmon into the boat.

"T'was a tight shave, d—— you!" said Maxwell. "What did I tell you—never to take that gaff home? Didn't I?"

"You did, yer 'anner, but—"

"There—no buts—you have the lie always ready to your lips. Here, jump in, and take the oars. That brute has almost pulled my arm out of its sockets."

The boy clambered over the side of the boat, and sat on the thwarts, drawing the two oars through the rowlocks silently, whilst his wet garments soon made a pool of water beneath his feet.

"Well, by Jove!" said Maxwell, looking admiringly at the silver fish as he lay, gasping faintly through the gills, and at long intervals lashing feebly with his tail, "he is a beauty. What will Queen Mab and the Major say? But you are all wet," he suddenly cried, as he watched the red, wet knees of the boy, and the long streamers of the torn corduroy dripping into the bottom of the boat.

The boy grinned, and almost blushed. He was unused to commiseration, and it rather disconcerted him.

"Never mind," said Maxwell, salving his own conscience,

as they neared the pier, "pull straight in, and I'll hold her nose all right. There, that's good! Ease her now. Back her a little."

He jumped lightly from the boat, and keeping his rod untackled, he bade the boy follow him with the salmon and gaff to the hotel.

The lights were twinkling in the large drawing-room and dining-room of the hotel. It was the hollow, idle moment in hotel-life, when veranda and billiard-room and drawing-room are deserted; and men and women are vesting themselves for the great sacrificial act of the day. As Maxwell approached the house, however, he saw two figures lingering on the porch. Mabel Willoughby, his cousin, was one. She rose and came towards him.

"Look here, Mab," he cried with enthusiasm, "look at this fellow that I hooked. Come here, you sir! Lay down the fish!"

The boy approached and laid the dead fish on the flags.

"Isn't he a beauty? What will the Major say?"

Mabel looked rather coldly on the salmon, and said, with a curious chill in her voice:

"Where is Tolstoi?"

"By Jove," said Maxwell, crestfallen, "I never thought—this fellow tugged, and your book fell into the water. I'll fetch it the first thing in the morning."

"I'm sorry," she replied, "the book belonged to Mr. Outram. It can hardly be replaced. Father is in the sitting-room."

And she turned away to her companion.

Thoroughly chilled and dispirited, Maxwell took up the fish; and, after a few minutes' deliberation, he passed through the hotel corridor and knocked at the Major's door.

"Come in!" said a gruff voice, and Maxwell entered.

The Major was sunk deep in a soft armchair, one leg swathed in flannel resting on a pillow. He must have been sleeping, for he gave a sudden start as Maxwell entered the room.

"Look here, Major, look at this fellow!" said the young man enthusiastically, expecting appreciation here. "Mabel would not condescend to look at him."

The Major was writhing in sudden agony. The surprise

and the start had suddenly strained the swollen foot and it was now in raging pain.

"Yee-es"; said the Major, "put him down there! D—— you, Bob, why did you disturb me? Oh-h! Oh-h! Bloody wars! Oh-h! 'Tis a fine fellow! How did you hook him? Oh, bloody wars! Oh-h! Leave the room at once, d—— you, you numskull—you and your d—— fish. Don't look that way, but leave the room, or I'll strike you! Oh-h! Send me Mabel, and tell her to bring that liniment quick. And take that d—— fish out of my sight. The fellow stinks. You never killed him. Go, and be d——! Oh, bloody wars!"

Maxwell took up the unlucky fish silently, and went away. The gruff Major called after him.

"Come back, you sir! Come back, Bob, I say! I didn't mean it! You know, well—oh! Bloody wars! Go away, and be d—— to you!"

"All right, sir!" said Bob, looking in. "It makes no matter. I'll call again, when you're better. Good-night!"

He passed into the veranda again. Mabel was still there.

"The Major wants you," he said coldly, "he is in pain, and he bade you bring the liniment for his foot!"

And without another word he passed out into the darkening night, and, followed by the boy, went up along the white dusky road that passed across the hill, beneath which was hidden the deep, ferny valley where his white tent was pegged in the midst of gorse and bracken. His lamps had been lighted by his faithful attendant Aleck, a shrewd Scotchman, remarkable for many things, but most of all for his habit of reticence. He was silent as a statue, nothing could disturb his equanimity; but when he spoke he threw out words that bit and stung; and he enjoyed so much the confidence of his master, that the latter never resented the freedom, although sometimes he said things that made Maxwell wince and rage in silence. The pretty bell-tent, now lighted up, looked bright and fresh as a nightflower down there in the dewy valley; and Maxwell thought, as he clambered down the rough grass-path, that, compared with the grand hotel, down there near the lake, with all its artificiality, its stuffy bedrooms, carpeted corridors, heavy dinners, and stiff company, he had the best of it.

"Here, Aleck," he cried, as he gave the salmon to his servant, "I had luck this evening. Isn't this a fine fellow?"

Aleck took the fish in silence.

"We'll have salmon cutlets at least for a week!" said Maxwell. "Is tea ready?"

The silent servitor pointed to the table in the tent. It was a pretty picture. The little round table, the spotless cloth, the white cup and saucer, the sliced beef and ham, the sprigs of fern here and there, the bright lamp, the camp-bed with its silk coverlet, the white canvas that swayed and undulated in the soft air, the flapping of the canvas beneath where the winds stole in, the creaking of the ropes, and the odor of a hundred country scents, of gorse and fern and wild flowers, and the cooler air that blew up from the lake, made the whole place a little fairy home of freshness and sweetness and delight.

Maxwell sat down to tea with a hearty relish. The air, the exercise, the early dinner, all combined to give him a healthy appetite, although now and again the remembrance of the chill reception he had got from Mabel, and the rough manner of her father, did recur with a certain poignancy and bitterness, against which he was not quite proof.

It was not the first time that he had experienced the capriciousness and fickle temper of his cousin. Her astonishing beauty hardly compensated for her wilful and most unjust changes of temper and attitude towards him. She played with his feelings in a manner that would have revolted a stronger man. But Maxwell had all the weakness and long-suffering disposition of those who are made up of generous principles and instincts. Nobility of soul is very generally accompanied with the infirmity of will-power, because it is too generous to remember or resent. Hence a frantic resolution to emancipate himself from her slavery forever was dissipated by a look, a gesture, a half-spoken word—any of the hundred little artifices in which his cousin was such a proficient. But now, unknown to himself, he was working out his freedom. That strange sub-consciousness that operates silently beneath the consciousness that works through deliberation and judgment, was working outward towards a new line of thought, which would render him perfectly insensible to his cousin and her coquetries. He was entering on a new realm—a kingdom where ideas, not the senses, had dominion; and where great thoughts, like wizards and enchantresses, would woo him to heights perilous enough in themselves

and only to be trodden by firm feet, but far removed from the valleys or the plains where the voluptuary is content to rest.

He bade Aleck remove the tea-things and refurnish the lamp; and he began to read, and read far into the night.

CHAPTER II.

NONCONFORMISTS.

What he read was this. That all the great work of the world had been done by those who, discontented with existing things, sought to break through the crust of custom and establish a new order; that purely human institutions have an invincible tendency to decay, and the sooner that decay is pushed into dissolution the better for the hope and prospect of creating a fresh and more vital condition of things; that all the mighty men of the race were nonconformists, that is, they refused to accept the things that were, and pushed on to the things that ought to be. And that as in the moral order the ancient prophets of Judea protested against their own surroundings and gave their lives in forfeit for that protest; and as they were succeeded by reformer after reformer, who perished on the gibbet for an idea; so in the order of science Aristotle was pushed aside by Bacon, Bacon by Kant, Newton by his many successors; and in the social order all the generations of economists, statesmen, and philanthropists seem to have left their ideas of human social happiness concentrated in the terrible struggle of Socialism to reconstruct the fabric of human lives and happiness, or in the efforts of some solitary dreamer like Tolstoi to get back from the standard fictions of civilization to some great primeval model on which human lives might be fashioned. This brought back the recollection of the lost book.

"Tolstoi," cried Maxwell, lowering the flame of the lamp, a man of men, a living figure amongst clay puppets, a man with the courage of his convictions, who left behind him all the luxuries and comforts of his home and went down amongst the poor and became one of themselves, to study their lives and draw them up to higher models and larger issues. When shall we—?"

But that thought, suddenly interpreted to his reason by the very force of imagination, presented possibilities that made rea-

son shrink from even contemplating the experiment. There was something transcendental and poetical about a Russian nobleman stripping himself of all his habits and traditions, and going down amongst the squalid Russian peasantry to study their lives, with the idea of transforming and raising them. But for an Irish landlord and gentleman, an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, to leave his own ranks and go down amongst the Irish peasantry to study the economics of their wretched condition—why, that is unimaginable! And yet, why?

The thought became so troublesome, and that Why? would repeat itself with such damnable iteration, that he took up the book again to distract himself.

This is what he read:

"If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
. . . . . .
Surely, at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be done for which he lost the world.
This will I do who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now."

"All the same, and everywhere the same," cried Maxwell. "That divine ideal of losing oneself to help on the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity, but stifled under the 'drums and tramplings' of the nations. What

if I, I, Bob Maxwell, landlord and gentleman, the affianced of Queen Mab, the envied of my own class, should be as Siddartha, as Tolstoi—should break all the traditions of my class and creed, and go down amongst the people to raise them up unto a new consecration of life?"

The glory of the idea seemed to lift him above himself, until he began to think of all the sacrifices it involved, of all that it meant to himself and those dear to him. Then his heart sank. To go down among these wretched peasantry—ignorant, superstitious, sunk in all kinds of sordid surroundings—to wear rough clothes, eat plain food, sleep on rugged beds, bear winter cold and summer heat unprotected by suitable raiment—above all, to associate with the people, whom he had always been taught to regard as serfs and worse—no; it was clearly impossible! These things were for heroes, and Bob Maxwell could not bring himself to believe that he was of heroic mold. Well, he would be at least compassionate and courteous in his conduct in future. He thought with a pang of conscience, which he had never felt before, how he had treated that poor boy, who did his menial work at a merely nominal compensation. He remembered the oaths he flung at him, the vile names he called him, the contemptuous manner in which he always treated him; and the patience, the equanimity, the long suffering of the boy; and the wistful look in his face under a shower of contumely, as of a hunted beast that pleads with his eyes for some mercy.

"I'm a brute," said Bob Maxwell, springing up and rushing from the tent. "Here, Aleck! Is Darby gone?"

"An hour agone!" said Aleck, who was smoking outside the tent.

"The poor devil was wet. He paddled through the lake for me. I wish I had given him a drop of whisky!"

"I gied it," said Aleck.

"Did you?" said his master. "I'm very glad!"

And Aleck was much surprised, but said nothing.

"Time to turn in, Aleck!" said Maxwell, anxious to originate some conversation as a distraction to his thoughts.

"Time enod!" said Aleck sententiously.

"When does the moon arise?" asked Maxwell.

"Between eleven and twelve!" said his man.

Maxwell returned to his tent and to his thoughts. He read

and reflected, reflected and read, until the dawn wind lifted the flap of his tent. Then he undressed, and slept on till the morning was far advanced, and the moon was but a cloudy radiance far down in the west.

When he rose, a dainty breakfast of salmon cutlets, eggs, tea, and toast awaited him. There were no letters, no newspapers, and he thanked God for it. Darby Leary was sitting outside, near the ditch, his hands propped on his knees, and his head on his hands, thinking, dreaming in a kind of a half-conscious slumber. Maxwell looked at him for a moment; and then in a tone of voice that startled himself by its novelty, he said:

"Darby!"

Darby leaped up, as a dog at the voice of his master.

"I dropped a book yesterday in the lake; and you must find it for me. Would you recognize it?"

"The thing you had wid you in de boat?" asked Darby.

"Yes; I don't mean the fishing-rod, you know!"

Darby grinned acquiescence.

"Well, run down to the hotel pier, loose the boat, and pull round to where we gaffed the salmon, and wait there for me. You should find the book somewhere along there!"

Darby chuckled with delight at the idea. To be alone in the boat, even for an hour or two, was heaven. He ran down the mountain road, his bare feet throwing up little clouds of dust as he went.

Maxwell turned round, and asked Aleck the way to Darby's cabin.

"Ye canna help seein' it," said Aleck, "that is, if ye ken disteenguish it from the furze and bracken. First house to the left, whin ye crass the burn that runs doon to the loch!"

And Maxwell, enjoying the lovely morning, the fresh pure air, the scents of the mountain herbs, and the superb views that broke around him at every turn in the mountain road, went forward, eager to know a little of these strange people, yet shuddering at the thought of coming into closer contact with them. "If one could raise them," he thought, "but the cost, the cost!"

He had no trouble in finding the wretched cabin; but if he had been told that it was a pig-sty, he would have readily believed it. Four mud-walls, about five or six feet high,

pierced by a window not quite a foot square, and a door so low one had to bend oneself double to enter, supported a ragged roof of thatch and thistles, broken here and there where long leaves of grass grew, and held down by straw-ropes, or sugans, weighted with heavy stones. There was a pool of slimy, fetid water before the door, where four or five ducks cackled proudly; and from a neighboring recess, so like the habitation of men that it seemed but a cabin in miniature, came the low gruntings of a pig. All was poor, lowly, squalid—all but the merry little burn that crossed the road, sparkling gaily in the morning sunlight, and the sweet, clean birds that perched everywhere without soiling themselves, and sang their little songs of freedom and happiness.

Maxwell looked at the place for a while, doubtful whether he would pursue his investigation further. The place was thoroughly uninviting; but the deeper the degradation, he reflected, the higher the resurrection. He crossed the rough pathway; and, bending low, he entered the cabin. A flock of chickens, that were feeding on broken potatoes on the rugged and muddy floor, protested loudly against the intrusion. An old woman rose up painfully from a low seat near the fire; and spreading out her check apron, she sought to drive away the fowls, whilst at the same time she curtsied deeply, and looked at the unexpected visitor with a pitiful face of surprise and alarm.

Maxwell was astonished to see how perfectly clean and decent the old woman looked amidst such unpromising surroundings. The check apron, which probably concealed a more or less ragged dress, the red shawl that was crossed on her breast, the spotless cap that covered without concealing her gray hairs —all looked quite out of keeping with the dirty floor and the black and rotten thatch, although they quite suited the clear, healthy complexion of the old and feeble woman. She would have said "God save you!" to any ordinary visitor, and proffered a chair; but she felt that this was one of the "ginthry," and she awaited in silence his introduction.

"Is Darby at home?" said Maxwell abruptly.

"No, yer 'anner"; replied the old woman. "He's just gone down to the masther, God bless him!"

"Why do you say, God bless him?" said Maxwell. "Do you know him?"

"Well, thin, indeed, yer 'anner, I don't," said the old woman. "I never set eyes on him a-yet. But sure, av I did, I'd go down on me two knees to ask God to bless him for what he's doin' for me poor little bhoy!"

This outburst of gratitude was in such singular contrast to his own remorse of the preceding night, that Maxwell did not know what to think. He then determined to probe further to see how far it was genuine.

"Oh, come now," he said, "I know Darby has as hard a master as ever ground the faces of the poor. I heard him curse Darby, and call him all kinds of bad names!"

"Wisha, I suppose you did, yer 'anner," answered the poor woman. "Sure I mustn't contradict you. But sure that's a way the ginthry has wid 'em. I suppose they are brought up to it!"

"And then," continued Maxwell, "he has your son out, day and night, in wet and cold, in the river and in the lake up to his waist in water; and, from all I can hear, he hardly gives him enough in wages to keep body and soul together."

"Wisha, thin, whoever was the busybody to tell yer 'anner that," said the old woman, "would be betther imployed. What have poor people to do but work; and sure Darby isn't made of salt that a shower of rain 'ud melt him!"

"But then his master ought to pay him decently!" said Maxwell. "He's a rich man, and he can well afford to pay decent wages."

"Maybe your 'anner is thinkin' of imployin' the poor bhoy yerself," said the old woman. "But to tell ye the truth, I'm afraid Darby won't lave the masther he has, av ye gev him double the wages—"

"You have a poor place here, my poor woman," said Maxwell, suddenly turning the conversation. He was touched in spite of himself.

"'Tis poor, yer 'anner, but clane," said the old woman, "I try to keep it as clane as I can; but I'm ould, and I haven't the strinth I had."

"That roof will fall soon," said Maxwell, watching the grimy timbers and rotten thatch that hung down in wisps from the ceiling.

"'Twill hould this year," said the old woman, "and maybe

we'll be able to get half a ton of straw with Darby's wages agin the winther."

"Half a ton of straw!" said Maxwell. "How much would that cost?"

"Oh, a power an' all of money!" said the old woman. "The farmers do be thrashin' now, an' we might be able to get it chaper than in the spring."

"Would it cost five pounds?" asked Maxwell.

The old woman nearly got a fit.

"Five pounds? Five pounds? Yerra, no, to be sure, yer 'anner, nor half, nor quarter. Five pounds! Yerra, 'tis a long time we'd be waitin' before five pounds would come our way!"

"Well, then, if Darby's master is as good as you say he is, you shouldn't want a roof or thatch over your heads very long!"

"God is good, yer 'anner! God is good, an' he said he would! We can wait a bit longer, as we waited so long!"

Maxwell would have liked to prolong the conversation. It was novel, and deeply interesting to him; but the day was wearing onward, and he had seen enough to give him material for another evening meditation. He was fully determined to see more of this strange people, although he could not make up his mind to live their lives. And then the thought would occur: But how am I to raise them, if I cannot get a footing amongst them? One needs a fulcrum to move the world, or to raise up any of its fallen. You cannot work from without. All the processes must be inward; and all moral development is on the same lines as physical development, from some great secret principle of strength and vitality. Is that principle wanting in these people altogether; or has it been checked by malignant influences? Yes, that is the problem.

CHAPTER III.

A TALISMAN.

Darby Leary was the happy boy as he ran, or rather leaped down the dusty road that led from the hills to the lake-level. The prospect of being sole possessor of the boat, even for a couple of hours, of putting his red, bare, dusty feet on the thwarts, of leaning back and drawing the oars through

the yielding water, of hearing the zip! zip! of the waves around the prow, of resting in cool shades, and watching for the dark form of the salmon, lying still with quivering fins and watchful eyes—was so utterly delightful that he leaped up and down the hedges, snapped his fingers, flung stones at imaginary birds and rabbits, sang little snatches of old Irish songs, and gave himself to a very ecstasy of anticipated raptures. He soon came in sight of the pier; and there, yes, there was the little punt rocking gently on the water, and tugging at the rope, as if she were a living, aquatic thing that was striving to get back to its elemental freedom. He had got into the boat, and was loosening with his strong, bony fingers the rope, when he was startled by a peremptory order:

"Stop that, and come out, you sir, at once!"

Darby looked around wonderingly, and saw sitting on a garden seat a gentleman, whom he recognized as one of the visitors at the hotel. The gentleman appeared to be engrossed in his pipe and book; and Darby, seeing no signs of hostility, interpreted this challenge as something addressed to some one else, just then invisible. He again proceeded to untie the knot, when the same gruff voice challenged him again:

"Do you hear me, you sir? Drop that rope and come out of the boat!"

This time there was no mistake. Darby dropped the rope, but thought he had a right to protest.

"The masther tould we to pull de boat around the shore to the shallas," he said.

"The master?" said Outram. "What master?"

"Misther Maxall," said Darby. "The gintleman that lives up in the tint, and brung the salmon here last night."

"Go tell your master," said Outram, "that that boat is hotel property, and is at the service of the visitors. I want that boat for a lady."

"But the masther," said Darby, now in a quandary between the two "gintlemen," "tould me—"

"I tell you," said Outram, waxing very angry, "to et that boat where it is, or I'll break your head."

"But the masther will be as mad as blazes," pleaded Darby in agony. "He wants to fish up somethin' he lost yesterday in the lake—"

"Come out at once, you dog," said Outram, now stung

with vexation and pride, as he saw Mabel Willoughby, with her boat shawls on her arm, coming down the little avenue. "Come out, or, by gad, I'll pitch you into the water."

He had come over, and now stood on the little pier, overlooking the boat. Darby was still undecided. The prospect of a pleasant row across the lake, backed with his master's orders, was too much even for his innate and habitual dread of the gentry.

"What is the matter?" said Mabel, standing by Outram's side.

"This fellow and his 'masther,' as he calls him, want to monopolize the boat. It is the hotel property, as you know, and no one has any rights in it beyond another. Come, come, I'll stand no more nonsense," he cried to Darby, who was still undecided, and looked a picture of helplessness, as he drew the loosened rope through the iron ring on the pier.

It was too much for Outram's temper. He leaped in, almost upsetting the punt; and, as the rocking of the boat threw Darby out of his centre, Outram shoved him roughly, and the boy fell headlong into the lake.

Mabel gave a little shriek; but Darby swam like a dog, and very soon pulled himself, wet through and dripping, on to some sedges that lined the lake beyond the pier. Outram, without glancing at him, held the rope taut through the ring with his left hand, with his right he handed Mabel into the boat; and then, sitting down with some caution, lest the rocking should frighten his companion, he pulled the punt, with a few long, easy strokes, far into the lake.

"Maybe I'll be even with you some day," said Darby, casting a look after the boat and its occupants that would have disturbed them, probably, if they could have interpreted it rightly. He then turned round and trotted home, his wet garments leaving little streams of water as he went along.

Bob Maxwell, meanwhile, had gone down from the widow's cabin, past his tent, and was leisurely making his way through narrow and sinuous paths in the shrubs and heather to the edge of the lake. That brief interview with the old woman had again stirred up strange reflections in his mind. It was quite clear that here was a world of which hitherto he had been profoundly ignorant—a world where poverty reigned supreme, and yet was but a gentle tyrant, for patience and

resignation under hard circumstances made easy a yoke that seemed to one, not inured to hardship, impossible to bear. And what a gulf between his condition and theirs! What a colossal sum five pounds seemed to the imagination of that poor woman—five pounds, that he had often flung away on a race, on a dog, and thought no further of it. And that five pounds, wrung from the sweat and labor of these toiling and patient poor! There was some abominable blunder here in the economy of things; and though his education and training and tradition had hitherto led him to think lightly of such things, some deep chord, hidden from his own consciousness, was now stirred, and throbbed with new emotions of a generous and noble spirit. But Bob Maxwell was mercurial, like all such spirits; and his education was far from being complete. The great principles that alone can live amidst the stress and storm of passion and prejudice, had not yet taken root. Only the fair seeds had been lodged on the surface of his soul, which every wind might drive away and disperse.

Hence, when he reached the lake, and saw no trace of his boat, he leaped into a sudden rage against Darby.

"D—— them!" he said, anathematizing Darby and his class, "one can never trust them. They are all right to-day; and to-morrow— What can ail the fellow, I wonder? He had plenty of time to get down to the pier and pull the punt around. Probably he met a chum, and is now calmly smoking against the pier-wall."

He sat down on some withered bracken, drew out his cigarette-case, and smoked. This calmed his passion for the moment; but he had hardly rolled and lighted a second cigarette, when the soft flash of oars woke him from a reverie; and looking around, he just caught the black nose of the punt rounding an angle of the lake, over which some willow trees were bending. The flutter of a lady's veil made his heart beat quicker for a moment, as he thought Mabel had ordered Darby to take her with him. Then, another glance showed the long, lithe, muscular form of Outram, whose gray jacket and white flannels showed bright in the sunlight. Maxwell was on his feet in an instant; and in another moment he withdrew into the shelter of the copse. He did not care to be seen there by these two; nor did he care to observe them from his hiding-place. But some singular fascination held him there; and he

stood sheltered from observation, but rooted to the ground by the spell of their presence.

Outram was leisurely drawing his oars through the placid water, each swing showing his powerful chest and muscles. His eyes were fixed on the face of his companion; and she, with face averted, was drawing her ungloved hand through the cool ripples made by the boat. To Maxwell the scene was maddening; and he made a hundred furious and frantic resolutions about his future. Then the oar struck something, and Mabel stretching out her hand drew from the lake the swollen, saturated volume he had dropped the evening before. He saw her hold it up in a gingerly way; then drop it into the boat, with a merry laugh that echoed over the waters. Outram raised the oars, and allowed the boat to drift; and in a few minutes they had passed from Maxwell's sight.

He would have given way to an outburst of unrestrained passion; but it was one of those occasions where reason comes to the rescue, and, brushing emotion aside, replaces it with a firm, desperate resolve. It was all over now between himself and his cousin. This little episode revealed many things, or rather confirmed his belief in suspicions already harbored. And somehow his reading, his reflections, his experiences, had all the tendency to compel him to look away from this siren and all that an alliance with her promised of happiness and pride; and to gaze forward to more heroic paths of self-denial and endurance for himself, and the possibility of making a noble use of a life that might be cut short at any time. For it was under medical advice that Bob Maxwell had come down to these primitive regions, and was now living an open-air and strictly temperate life. He had an inherited tendency to gout; and had already had two severe rheumatic attacks. And, although assured that there was no heart lesion, there was the predisposition to a disease, that could only be averted by exercise, temperance, and care. This narrow hold on life often leads men to think seriously of things, which in the full lustiness of unimpaired health they would probably ignore. The thought of a probably short life, and the possibility of making it a noble one, was every day impressing itself more deeply on the young man's mind. He went slowly homewards. One tie to the old life, the life of convention and tradition, was rudely broken.

"Did you see Darby, Aleck?" he asked his valet.

"He gaed up yon hill an hour agone, dripping like a spoonge," said Aleck.

"He did not call here?" said Maxwell.

"Nae; I guess the laddie was nae presentable!"

Maxwell was silent; and the shrewd Scotchman saw at a glance that something untoward had happened.

"Tak' yer gun, and kill somethin'," he said.

And Maxwell obeyed him.

He went up towards the mountains, trudging along in a kind of desperation. He broke from the main road into the heather, pursued little footpaths worn by winter rains and the feet of the country folks, who came down from their cabins, Sunday after Sunday, to Mass in the valley. He was an eager sportsman, but somehow his usual enthusiasm was to-day absent. Birds rose up around him, whistled in shrill alarm, and whirred away unharmed and unhurt. He had climbed steep hills, looked in an unconscious way down from their summits on lake and hotel, nestling far below; then turned again and climbed still greater heights, trying by the sheer force of physical exercise to drive away the fierce thoughts that were tormenting him. At last he startled a hare in her form, and mechanically he raised his gun. A rough voice behind him shouted:

"Fire, yer 'anner, fire!"

He pulled the two triggers simultaneously, and the animal rolled over as if dead. Darby sprang forward and took it up. Maxwell came over and looked at the pitiful appeal in the eyes of the dying animal. He was ashamed of himself.

"It was an unsportsmanlike act," he thought, and so it was.

"Why did you shout, Darby?" he cried. "It is mean to shoot a hare."

"Yerra, what harrum is it, yer 'anner?" said Darby. "It will make grite soup intirely for the Scotchman."

"Take it home to your mother," said Maxwell. Then, as if recollecting something, he said:

"You didn't take my orders this morning. I waited down near the lake for nearly an hour; and you never turned up with the punt."

"The gintleman wouldn't lave me," said Darby.

"What gintleman?" queried Maxwell.

"The big, long gintleman wid the sandy hair and whiskers," said Darby.

"Mr. Outram? What did he say?" asked Maxwell.

"Bejabs, it wasn't what he said, but what he done," replied Darby.

"What did he do?" said Maxwell, interested beyond appearance.

"'Come out', sez he," replied Darby. "'I won't', sez I. 'Come out,' agin sez he. 'I won't,' sez I. Thin he jumped in and flung me into the wather, head foremost."

"What?" cried Maxwell, "flung you into the lake?"

"Yes, bejabs"; replied Darby. "Look at me. I'm not dhry a-yet!"

Maxwell went over and felt the boy's garments. They were still damp and clung close to his long, lank figure.

"Sit down," said Maxwell, "and tell me how it all happened!"

Darby sat down at a respectful distance from his master, and narrated in detail all that had occurred from the first gruff order until he found himself in the lake.

"Why didn't you pitch him out of the boat when he dared seize it?" said Maxwell when the boy had finished.

"Yerra, is it me, yer 'anner?" said Darby, with a face of horror and incredulity, "is it me to tetch a gintleman?"

"He tried to drown you!" said Maxwell.

"But he's a gintleman, an' I'm only a poor bhoy," said Darby. "Sure they'd hang me in Tralee gaol if I threw him in."

"It's the scoundrel himself that should be hanged," said Maxwell. "Come, the matter mustn't rest here. You must come with me."

"Oh, for the love of God, yer 'anner," pleaded Darby, "lave the matter alone."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Maxwell. "You'll have to come down this moment and swear information at the constabulary depot against that ruffian. I'll have him arrested this evening, so help me God!"

Darby was now thoroughly frightened. To approach the police office at all would have been a trial. To approach it to take an oath would be still more dreadful. To swear informations against a gentleman would be the climax. Maxwell urged him, coaxed him, threatened him. He was anxious to drag the

matter before the public if he could. He had his own object in view. It was all in vain. Darby saw, with the shrewdness of his class, that not only would he not be listened to, but that he would forfeit any chance of being employed again by the visitors at the hotel. Whatever his own desire or promptings of revenge might be, this was not the time or place. At last Maxwell let him go.

"You are a coward, Darby," he said, "like all your class."

"I suppose I am, yer 'anner," said Darby; "but poor people must keep themselves quite, where they're makin' a livin'."

"I suppose so," said Maxwell, "but that scoundrel was a greater coward than you."

He went down to the hotel after dinner; and was shown into the Major's room. The major was in an amiable mood.

"Hallo! Bob, how are you? What did you catch to-day?"

"You must ask Miss Willoughby and Mr. Outram that question," he said. "They had the boat to-day."

"Ye-es"; said the Major in a dubious kind of way. "I heard Mabel say she had a row on the lake with Outram. Why weren't you with them?"

"The punt has scarcely room for two," said Maxwell. "I ran over the mountains with my gun. But I have just run down, sir, to say good-bye. I am off to Dublin to-morrow."

"No"; said the Major, quite alarmed. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, you see, the year is running late," said Bob. "My agent writes to say he cannot get in the September rents; the evenings are getting cold, and I don't want to get back that rheumatism again."

The Major was silent. Bob was advancing too many reasons. He was proving too much.

"Well," he said at length, "I shall be sorry. But we must all be clearing out soon. With these d—— tourists and carpetbaggers filling every seat at table, and grinning in at every window, the place is intolerable."

"Well, good-bye, sir," said Maxwell, extending his hand.

"Good-bye," said the Major reluctantly. Then, when Maxwell was moving to the door, he cried out:

"I say, Bob!"

Maxwell came back.

"You didn't mind those hasty expressions of mine last

night? 'Tis all this d—— gout, you know. You'll have it yet, so have pity on a poor sufferer. Say, you didn't mind?"

"Don't speak about it, sir!" said Maxwell. "I forgot all about it before I had got to my tent. 'Twasn't worth mentioning."

"Thanks. You were always a good fellow. Good-bye! Of course you'll see Mabel?"

This time Maxwell did not reply.

As he passed out there was a group on the veranda. It was quite dark. Outram, the centre of an admiring circle, was showing how a wonderful ring which he wore on his middle finger emitted waves of light, exactly like phosphorus, in the dark. He had got it, bought it, stole it, begged it, from a certain Brahmin in India. It was a kind of opal, dull during the day, like a cataract on a blind man's eye. It was only in the dark it smoked and shone.

"It is a talisman," he heard Outram saying. "Whoever wears it cannot die a violent death. I have seen it proved."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REINFORCEMENT OF THE BOND OF FAITH.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH. D.

I.

A RECENT issue of a Catholic magazine contains a reference to "the undeniable leakage among educated Catholics" in reviewing a pamphlet on "Fortifying the Layman." A late Catholic paper complains that "the touchstone of Catholicity is applied, and they (Catholics) are found wanting." A prominent priest, in a sermon a short time ago, complained that men, in very large numbers, systematically neglect Sunday Mass. One hears frequently the statement that many Catholics seem not to have a Catholic point of view.

Are these conditions symptoms of a process of disintegration from which Catholicity may be suffering? Do Catholics find themselves in the midst of a conflict between necessary and unavoidable facts of life and actual demands of Church loyalty? If they do, there is some danger of attempt on their part to frame a practice of religion which will enable them to meet social conditions without seeming to surrender conscience. The spiritual vigor and loyalty of the individual Catholic must be protected. If conflict exist between the demands of his Church and demands of life, not he but his spiritual leaders should direct the struggle. Where modification of policy or discipline in the Church may be made without shock to Catholic feeling or sacrifice of vital and essential interests, concession to great social facts and forces may be advisable. When concession would mean surrender of principle or necessary policy, it is not to be thought of. At any rate, the problem is beyond the competence of the individual; his spiritual leaders and not he should meet it.

If a leader ask the improbable or the impossible from his followers, he weakens their allegiance. Nothing discourages more than the feeling that a demand cannot be met. It would be a hard blow to the power of the Church were her children to drift into the feeling that, in modern conditions of society,

she asks the impossible. It would be a paralyzing thing, were men to yield to such an impression, and then to undertake concessions which rob faith of its power and discipline and deprive the Church of loyalty in its members.

One can scarcely doubt that a problem exists. It may be timely to discuss the natural social reinforcements of the bond of faith, as in them is to be found protection against some of the conditions which we face.

Social groups represent particular interests and sympathies in life. Individuals are always unequal to their own wants and possibilities. Hence, they are continually forming associations or entering them to seek what nature or interests or sympathy craves, but cannot unaided give. Groups thus become larger selves; group consciousness fills the members' minds; group point of view controls their sympathies, and feelings of loyalty, devotion, and enthusiasm are developed. Social groups which represent vital human interests gradually gain an ascendency in the individual's life, until principles, character, and ambitions are largely under their control.

The development of the group point of view is usually a slow process. One is born into groups, such as family, religion, state, race; one is led into others, such as party, trade, or benevolent society; one is sometimes influenced by temperament, taste, or interest to enter others. In all cases, sympathy and feeling are of primary importance. It is true that social groups exist, and justify their authority by force of definite principles which they profess; that they devise institutions to work out their purposes, which are in harmony with the principles and with the temperament of members. While these appeal to mind and judgment, and underlie conviction and allegiance, it is nevertheless not to be forgotten that feelings are of highest importance to hold the group together, to give it power. The group becomes personified; loyalty, attachment, approval, sympathy, association, discussion, and all such processes, are of highest value in building up the group and insuring power. As an individual represents intellect, feeling, sympathy, so the group that becomes a power in the lives of its members involves mind, feeling, sympathy, and loyalty.

Events which keep the group purpose well in view; occasions which call the members together in great meetings; crises which threaten the integrity or interests of the group, are of

highest importance in developing its consciousness and in im pressing members with a sense of its reality, power, an identity with them. A group is very real when members se and hear one thousand or ten thousand members giving ex pression to mass consciousness, symbolizing group power, an acting in group interest. Literature which gives expression t the emotional features of group life, which presents great event or noble history to the reader, symbols of all kinds which re present interests and memories or aims are of highest value i stimulating loyalty. Leadership which calls forth enthusiasm stirs loyalty, and enlists sympathy, fosters group consciousnes and, in a way, represents the vitality of institutions. Antagon ism clarifies always the sense of loyalty, and often wins bac many in whom some subtle process had undermined allegianc The laboring class without unions, symbols, conventions, leader opposition, could never hope to express or defend its philosophy Socialism depends more on propaganda literature, catch phrase and symbols than on argument. Federal and State election with all of their delirium, waste, confusion, and debate, ar worth many times what they cost, because they make real, con crete, personal, the fact of government and the citizens' share i it. The cult of the flag is shrewd, for that symbol touche deep national feeling and fosters the sense of group unity power, and interest.

Social groups depend also on pride in their past. Grea men, great events, noble deeds stimulate us highly. To be on in historical continuity with great and noble men arouses th sense of attachment to a group and helps to make its spir strong. States recognize this when they insist so much on th study of national history; party leaders are conscious of it whe their present day appeal to voters is based on reference t great heroes or statesmen who belonged to the party in th past.

One sees readily, then, that social groups depend on some thing other than principle or conviction. Not conviction bu feeling socializes. Men love their sentiments as much as thei rights; they fight not so much for truth as for truth that they love. Mere teaching, mere appeal to intellect will not build u and sustain a great social group. Loyalty, sympathy, attach ment, enthusiasm, consecration, trust, are vital, constituting th very essence of social cohesion.

The relation of these social and psychological processes to group life and power should not be overlooked. They are not so much matters of volition as of wisely ordered circumstance. They cannot, as a rule, be called forth unless care has been taken to foster them. Not all members in a group can reason; not all can analyze thought or rise above feeling. But all can love; capacity for sympathy and loyalty is universal; all can feel identity with a group, can trust it even blindly, and cling to it against every adverse pressure.

Social groups represent particular interests in life. State, Church, Labor Union, Party represent but partial views of human interests, fragmentary efforts to care for man. Each in its own sphere aims to form, direct, and win its members. If men belonged exclusively to one or another of these groups, the process of upbuilding group supremacy and point of view would be simple. If the groups, to which men in the course of life belong, were in harmony with one another, co-ordinated and subordinated in perfect form, the process would be simple. But, in fact, these great vital groups are now indifferent, again antagonistic to one another; sometimes in principle, again in emphasis, or administration, or method. As a result, men find many claims on mind, on sympathy, on loyalty which are mutually exclusive, with the result that every kind of compromise is attempted. The Catholic lives, we will say, in a business atmosphere in which the soul cannot thrive; on Sunday he hears teaching from the pulpit in which his quest of wealth is condemned; he spends his evenings reading literature which represents every point of view or none at all. He belongs to clubs which have still other atmospheres. The result is seen in a general endeavor to mark off sections of interest and attention, leaving each group supreme on its day or in its field, and charged not to interfere beyond. Thus a Catholic is supposed to be not a Catholic, but a citizen, when he votes; a labor unionist is not a Catholic, he is merely a unionist when he strikes. We live in a time when everything is strain and confusion. Doubt or evasion is a matter of daily occurrence, and conscience, loyalty, ideals, have great difficulty in maintaining themselves. Even when group principles or institutions do not conflict, one may find conflict in spirit, administration, policy; in emphasis, view, or method; so that the impulse to force group claims back to a minimum, and leave a larger field

free, is daily growing stronger. The Catholic cannot look o the process with indifference, and the Church, as the institu tional expression of Catholicity, must take account of the situa tion in her efforts to build up and sustain Catholic spirit an point of view.

Although in this country the several groups that represen our chief interests profess to let one another alone, in the na ture of the case they cannot succeed. Business is tolerant o only such form of religion as allows its own point of view to re main supreme; the labor union would antagonize any form of re ligion which denied one of its fundamental principles; the Stat constitutes itself sole judge of the limits of its own jurisdic tion, and while tolerant of religions and willing to protect them imposes its views in some matters, regardless of what a give church would say. Individuals who share intensely the spir of any of these groups, tend necessarily to modify allegianc to the others whenever conflict arises among them.

An instinct in each great group leads it to expand. Th Catholic Reform party in Europe, born of a religious inspira tion, has a developed plan of organization of politics and indus try. The German, English, Russian states establish, or attemp to control, churches within their confines. Socialism, primaril economic, tends to become politics and religion. Labor Union endeavor to break party allegiance and direct the members i their voting. Fundamental social facts such as these may no be overlooked in the direction of any social group; least of al in the work of developing and protecting the Catholic spir and point of view among the faithful children of the Churc If we but hold in mind the confusing appeals made to th individual from many sides for assent, for sympathy, allegianc for support of social groups unlike in purpose, contrary in spiri and often antagonistic, some understanding results of reason for taking care that the supreme spiritual interests of Catholic be protected in the circumstances which confront the Churc to-day.

II.

It is not customary for Catholics to look on the Church a a social group, subjected to the action of social forces, modi fied by social relations, and limited in natural powers, as an other groups which claim no divine sanction and serve n

supernatural and everlasting interest. That the Church as a society has a divine constitution; that its powers, teaching, sanctions are divinely guarded; that it has promise of endurance as well as experience of it; none of these facts suspend the action of natural laws of sympathy and interest, of the average up and down, flourish and decay here or there, of social groups. Nor do these divine characters exempt the leaders in the Church from employing such wisdom and resorting to such means as reason may suggest, to preserve the spirit, defend the aims of the group, to awaken loyalty, stimulate zeal, and protect its point of view.

The Church as a social group, rather the whole congregation of all the faithful, appeals to our sense of loyalty and enlists our sympathies. There is not a human bond which serves to hold right-minded men together that has not its place and function in the cohesion, solidarity, and mutual service of this great group. Our principle is absolute and final that the Church is God's messenger, that its constitution is divine, that its law-making power is divinely sanctioned, that in all that makes for spiritual welfare, Church integrity, and moral uplifting, we owe it supreme loyalty and support. Catholicity is a matter of intellect, but also of feeling; of sanctification, but also of sympathy; of teaching, but also of association; of grace, but also of group spirit and point of view. Loyalty to the group as a group, oneness with it, its interests, and zeal for its integrity; personal attachment for those who lead and teach, abiding trust in their wisdom and disinterested service, are all in and of the loyal Catholic spirit. Only they who realize this, and generously abandon reserve in surrender to it, find peace in the Church's spirit, wisdom in her enactments, security in her directions, and glory in her venerable past. States ask this much from citizens; in every active political campaign we see and hear appeals from leaders for just such loyalty, trust, and zeal; a labor union demands as much from its members. Shall the Church ask less, or thrive on less?

In view, then, of the need of loyalty to the spirit and point of view of a social group; in view of the complex social relations that affect the growth of a group and the conflict in points of view to which we are every day subjected, it is of

interest to look into the situation by which the Catholic group as a group is confronted.

Usually a group spirit is greatly fostered by mass meetings of great numbers who reinforce one another. Gatherings impress individuals deeply with a sense of the reality, vitality, and power of the group, and instill the group consciousness into individual minds: extended social contact among members; active participation in group government; knowledge of group history and pride in it; a distinctive group literature actively read, are powerful factors in sustaining a social group, yet, on the whole, they play a lesser *rôle* in the development of the Catholic group spirit in the United States than one would suppose.

The individual Catholic has few opportunities to come into direct contact with great numbers of his fellow-believers, brought together under some common inspiration. Occasions are rare when one may stand in the presence of thousands, or among them, all feeling, thinking, acting under one great conviction or purpose. The presence and influence of leaders, the fusing of wills and awakening of enthusiasm, the strengthening of the sense of the group's reality, the contagion of loyalty, even when questions of policy or view may on the surface divide the group, all of these reach deeply into imagination and feeling, strengthen conviction, renew spirit, and clarify point of view to a marked degree. The local parish or diocese is, of course, actual, but these themselves do not have many occasions for energetic mass action. When they do, the result is seen. There is symbolism of power in numbers brought together for action, but the routine of parish life, the rare occasions when the Catholics of a city or a diocese come together, permit us to lose this important inspiration in our efforts to upbuild a group point of view. The regular meeting of Catholics for Sunday worship has, of course, its social value, but reference is now made to meetings where the numbers are active, aggressive, and at work on an interest felt as a social reality.

This loss is sometimes overcome by antagonism from without. Attack on the Church, misunderstanding which provokes explanation, self-assertion, and advertence to group interests, have very great value in developing group spirit and loyalty.

Every social process, positive or negative, which provokes the assertion of the group point of view, and calls for defence of its interest, contributes to its vigor and establishes its spirit among the members.

The social value of anniversaries, jubilees, commemorations; the importance of striking events in the group's life and growth become at once apparent. Many were heard to remark on the occasion of the centenary of the Baltimore Cathedral that never before had they so felt the grandeur, power, and reality of the Church. Our occasional Congresses, such as those of Baltimore and Chicago, have value in the same way, but the rarity of such events reminds us of what we lose in group inspiration by not having them more frequently. The meaning of these features of Catholic activity in Europe can scarcely be overestimated.

Association with fellow-members is another important factor in fostering group spirit and protecting the integrity of its point of view. Americans very generally associate independently of religious views. Business, locality, like taste or culture, similar pursuits or ambitions, are usually final in fixing our associations. Conditions in America make this largely a practical necessity. There is consequently a tendency to indifference concerning a man's religion. Men may do business with one another for years, and never know one another's religion. The interests and sympathies which men have in common monopolize conversation, attention, while religion and its particular interests silently recede from our social intercourse. Hence our own religion tends to become a matter of mere personal concern; it fails to be in any particular way a social concern, and we are thus deprived of another aid usually of avail in building up a group spirit. Much in the way of understanding, increase in knowledge, strengthening of attachment to group institutions results when our religion becomes a real human interest to us, when it forms the basis of discussion, of reading, and is intermingled with the real concerns of daily life. If social conversation, discussion, and lecture play their *rôle* in keeping alive interest in our political institutions, in our business or art or literature, shall it be of no avail in strengthening the bond of faith among believers and increasing their attachment to the Church, which is the

guardian of what is dearest in life and supreme in value? If, therefore, association among members of a group has value for the development of its spirit, the extent to which Catholics fail to associate with one another—necessarily a varying quantity—measures the degree of loss of another usual factor in group development.

Active share in the government of a group is another powerful stimulant of group consciousness and spirit. In the Church, however, the great mass of members have no voice in government, no intervention in Church policy, and no control of her authoritative institutions. As the constitution of Church authority has developed, this is, of course, to be expected, nor is there any specific reason why it should be otherwise. However, among social groups, this share in government by members is of great importance. It is a right jealously guarded, if not always nobly or zealously exercised. Democracy consists largely in this; the vigor of a nation's spirit depends on it. Campaign, election, discussion, party, vote, convention, meeting, all such activities which result from the individual's share in government, foster, in a marked way, political consciousness. It is no shortsighted policy in a great school like Harvard that it permits its graduates to vote for overseers. This share by former students in government plays its part in fostering the spirit of loyalty among them when a hundred other actual interests claim their attention.

Of course the Church is unlike any other group, since the teaching, governing, and sanctifying powers derive from a divine source and are independent of members. However, lay participation in Church affairs, though at present uncalled-for in this country except in a minor degree, was not unknown in the past. Attention is directed to the point merely because the age is democratic and practically all great social groups depend on this share in government to foster interest and loyalty among their members.

Knowledge of a group's history, pride in its achievements, veneration for its traditions, admiration for its heroes and leaders, are powerful factors in developing group spirit and protecting its point of view. States carefully insist on the teaching of their history in schools; names of heroes of other days are constantly invoked; faces of men of fame are printed on our money; pic-

tures adorn our walls, which represent great events, stirring crises, or noble achievements. And rightly, for the leaders of to-day know that hearts turn by instinct to the past no less than to the future for inspiration, pride, and zeal. Then the Church will not develop to the fullest until knowledge of its past and pride in it are widely shared. Great, indeed, are her claims to recognition, venerable is the authority which she exercises, noble her services in creating a social order, in disciplining unruly peoples to social obedience, in fostering industry and learning. But the story of it must be brought to her members; they must feel and know the inspiration in it all, if they would develop to the fullest the spirit that might endear to them these splendid achievements. And the more an indifferent or hostile world overlooks, misrepresents, or misreads that past, the greater the reason for our knowing it and feeling inspiration from it. Surely we underrate the inspiration in the history of the Church. We find too little consecutive interest in it among the masses of Catholics; it is too seldom referred to in our pulpits; it is too little depended on outside of our seminaries and the more learned circles. Our schools, themselves great expressions of tenacity of purpose and far-looking wisdom, accomplish something it is true, but far from enough. The circumstances in which they labor compel them to yield to social pressure and make the youth practical rather than learned; the curriculum is shaped to suit general needs, so that opportunity is usually lacking to do justice to the history of the Church. Hence the great figures in the Church's past do not stand out in impressive prominence in the consciousness of the mass of Catholics. Saints are venerated, invoked, known possibly by name, but we need a personal bond, a sense of oneness with them, pride in their power, example, and work. St. Vincent de Paul or St. Louis ought to be as near to us, as much loved, as Washington or Jackson is by so many Americans. We tend to be separated too much from the past; it is not vital, real enough, and hence much group inspiration is lost to us.

We find too, as a last social factor to be referred to, that in the Catholic family, very often, insufficient attention is paid to the home as the most important channel for the awakening of Catholic inspiration and transmitting of Catholic ideals and traditions. On the whole, it appears that the integrity of the family

spirit is suffering. Industrial, social forces are reducing its power. Strong bonds that should hold family consciousness intact are relaxing, and the home is too often merely a place where blood relations stay when not at business or in society or visiting. The family spirit, sacred, powerful, chastening, with every dearest memory of home united with manifestations of faith and love of Church, should be a powerful factor in awakening attachment to faith and fostering its spirit. Everthing seems to indicate, however, that the spiritual, religious, and moral power of homes is decreasing; that outside social influences, business, worldliness, companions, social pursuits and tastes other than domestic are disintegrating them. Catholicity loses one of its mainstays, in as far as this is true of Catholic homes.

III.

Turning from these social facts, which bear directly on the development of the group spirit among Catholics, we find that in the social atmosphere in which we live there are elements which may affect our point of view and lead us to misunderstand the essential truths for which the Church stands. The lack of social confirmation of our group existence, lack of occasions when the vitality and power of the Church are impressed on us socially, poor development of our sense of solidarity as Catholics, leave us exposed to such elements in the social atmosphere about us, as tend to harm our belief in the doctrine of the Church as a divinely constituted social body.

We are surrounded by the belief and assertion that religion is a private matter between individual and Creator. The Church, or any church, as a divinely constituted society is not recognized. Insistence on the political dignity and self-assertion of the individual is close akin to similar insistence on religious independence. We see and know and speak daily with hundreds who, believing in some way in Christ, believe in no divinely organized Church. Lacking frequent large social expressions of our own group consciousness, tending under pressure of all manner of worldly interests to confine our own religious sympathy, interest, and practice to the details of personal, individual sanctification, we miss the thousand beautiful expressions of the communion of saints in worship, liturgy, and devotion;

we live without much contact with whole group consciousness, and we are thus prepared to hear without much protest and meet without recoil, the general sentiment that religion is individual, that there is no organic Church, no corporate teaching agency instituted by Christ. As a doctrinal proposition, the Catholic will not accept such a view, but in the loss of sympathy with the works of the Church; in indifference to her policies, and in apathy toward many of her appeals, we show at times that some influence has reduced the zeal and dampened the ardor with which a Catholic fully alive to his group spirit, and animated by its point of view, would second the interests of his Church. This view of the nature and function of the Church is central and vital in our whole system, while we live in an atmosphere which not only does not strengthen, but, on the contrary, tends to weaken belief in it.

Closely related to that view, which is widespread in our age, is another to the effect that religion is, after all, mainly ethical and not dogmatic. It is believed that men can unite on standards of conduct, can work to purify morals, and that this can be done quite apart from our forms of belief. Professor Lamprecht, who visited the United States recently, claimed that we are all Unitarians, professing many creeds in which we do not actually believe. Whatever the truth in his impression, it appears that the moral standards and consciousness of Americans at large tend to become distinct from creed or faith consciousness, and that, consequently, the morals of many are the morals of their social environment, and not of their faith. The receiver for a wrecked trust company recently suggested that financial corporations should not have directors of only one denomination; that all faiths should be represented and "a conservative infidel of business reputation might be a good man to have on the board." A daily paper, commenting on it, remarks that business ability and character are more valuable than piety. It is not customary to judge a man's religion by his type of conduct. There is then a marked drift to develop a general ethical consciousness, a definite standard of morals and civic and social virtue, independently of men's form of belief. As a result, less and less emphasis is laid on doctrine, while more and more is laid on conduct. Surrounded as we are by that atmosphere, while we can never overrate the

value, sacredness, and power of noble conduct and exalted character, we may underrate the importance of truth as truth, of doctrine as doctrine.

Thus the Catholic receives no reinforcement for his distinctive beliefs from the larger social atmosphere in which he must live. In his mind, the Church is divinely commissioned, and his relation to God involves definite beliefs, definite form of worship, definite obedience to Church law, as well as purity of mind, elevation of character, and social service; from the larger world about him through example, conversation, newspaper, literature, lecture, magazine, comes the teaching that no Church is divinely commissioned any more than all are; service of God is mainly service of man; it makes no difference what one believes if one but act rightly. These features of our social atmosphere are lamentable from our standpoint, yet it is more profitable to seek means of defence than to complain. In no country possibly has the Church fewer legal obstacles, nowhere else will she find a more respectful hearing; nowhere else are the faithful as a body more loyal, more self-sacrificing, quicker to respond to a moral or spiritual appeal; more outspoken in defence of faith and Church. The integrity of the allegiance of American Catholics to their faith; their docility, faithfulness in worship, in devotion to the Holy See, is, to the highest degree, remarkable. And this in spite of the difficulties under which they live and the limitations to which they are subject.

But the new social forces at work on the younger generation, the wholly changed character of life and action, the dissolution of spirit and influence of small groups and local life, raise new questions day by day. In earlier days, religious bodies were more markedly individualized; group consciousness was more pronounced, the influence of group aim and spirit on the individual was greater, the religious element in life was stronger. Possibly, in those days, group consciousness was stronger in the Church, and menaces to integrity of faith were fewer. It is scarcely to be expected that the younger generations, now born into new times and influenced by other and powerful spirits, will preserve faith undimmed, loyalty undoubting, and devotion unfaltering, unless these social influences be recognized and met.

We clothe ourselves to suit our climates. Shall not the Church clothe her children to be protected in the new atmosphere in which they are to live? The tremendous efforts made to develop a whole educational system are a thousand times justified by the conditions that confront us. If social conditions prevent natural processes from strengthening our group spirit as already described; if the atmosphere in which we live contain elements that not only do not reinforce, but even threaten our own fundamental beliefs, if the necessities of daily life and culture bring us necessarily into close relation with other points of view, and give us interests in common with those who differ fundamentally in this supreme aspect of life, it would seem that we ought to exhaust every effort to draw from all sources of group strength in forming the young. The inspiration that has hardened patriots to suffering and death, is latent in the millions who profess our faith with us; the opportunity that has stirred noblest philanthropy and consecration is at our feet within our own group, waiting for us to grasp it. The zeal that has honored great causes throughout history, is hidden somewhere and needs but a touch to awaken it, among those who, in the fellowship of reverent faith, surround the earth. The social resources on which the Church may draw are limitless; the strength and purpose that might be awakened are without measure.

Our school system, noble by countless sacrifices, honorable in unquestioned achievement, splendid in opportunity, and abundant in promise, is one great means to work toward that development; societies, organizations for spiritual and philanthropic purposes, an active press, a growing literature, are mighty agents. The country gives the Church a fair field. Conditions and social atmosphere invite truest wisdom and unremitting toil, for the great duty of any generation in the Church is to hand down faith undiminished and to form those who follow, to meet the circumstances in which they must live. Faith, in the individual is a divine gift, obeying a special providence of God; the Church is a divine institution; but natural mental and social processes affect the Catholic in natural ways. Through association, in harmony, understanding, and co-operation, with fellow believers, he strengthens the social reinforcements of his faith, increases concretely the authority of the Church, by simu-

lating his sense of loyalty, by becoming conscious of the vitality, power, and devotion in the mass of believers of which he is part; and he shapes his sympathies, emotions, habits, associations, more and more around his faith to support and corroborate it. If, with the old saying "The fig tree, looking upon the fig tree, groweth," the Catholic looking upon the thousands of his fellow-believers cannot fail of inspiration and loyalty. In this day of complex socializing, when more and more our thinking is the thinking that surrounds us, our feeling is the feeling with which we are in daily contact, our aims are largely the aims which social admirations and current valuations set up, the group consciousness of the Church should be active. The Church is the Congregation of all the faithful, not merely the teaching authority. We should then be in touch normally with that body; one in sympathy with it, reinforced by association, and stimulated by it.

This much is necessary for any social group which would, in this day, preserve its power and individuality. It is the more to be desired in the case of the Church whose purpose is less concrete than others. Symbolizing a future life, teaching spiritual truth, offering no flattery to pride, no indulgence to inclination, no prize to ambition, she represents self-denial, offers disturbing discipline, represses what we would long for, and does violence to what we would most fondly cherish. Aside from grace in its many forms, to which no reference or comparison is intended, it is not difficult to realize that there is great power of reinforcement of allegiance to the Church, of loyalty and docility in the natural processes of group upbuilding, to which reference is made.

THE RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE.—I.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

EVENTS great and small conspire, just now, to throw the question of Church and State into striking prominence on the world's stage. It underlies the struggle which is going on at present between the two great English political parties, which threatens the existence of that anomalous survival, the House of Lords. In Rome it eclipses for the moment even the burning topic of biblical criticism. The Holy See found itself called upon, recently, to discipline severely a bishop, otherwise a conspicuous model of virtue and episcopal zeal, for officially expressing views that seemed to concede too much to "liberalism." A novel, through which runs a similar strain of thought, having received the powerful advertisement of being placed upon the Index, has been translated into almost every European language. The eyes of the world are intently fixed upon the struggle going on in France, consequent upon the rupture of the Concordat. A clash of ideas in Spain indicates the imminence of a similar conflict in that country. It is scarcely possible to open a daily newspaper, or a serious periodical, without being confronted with items of news, or discussions referring to the paramount subject.

If editorials and articles were written only by persons sufficiently equipped with knowledge and sufficiently free from prejudice, to discuss, competently and fairly, the subject, Catholics might cheerfully court the ordeal. But where prejudice and prepossessions are great, and accurate knowledge is in an inverse ratio, serious and pernicious misrepresentations may, and do, easily occur in handling a subject that requires for its fair treatment an acquaintance with principles of theology and Church law, in which, to say the least, a large number of the writers from whom the public takes its information are not experts.

If the only result of this publicity were to confirm the er-

roneous views and prejudices of non-Cathclics, it would be sufficiently deplorable. But a much more dangerous consequence is that such representations of the papal claims regarding the relations of Church and State may lead Catholics, that is American Catholics, to imagine that the head of the Catholic Church maintains pretensions that are irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of the Constitution which they revere; and that, therefore, loyalty to country and unqualified acceptance of Roman doctrine are incompatible.

Nor has opportunity been lost by those organs which represent the surviving forces of anti-Catholic prejudice, whose hereditary stock argument, in this, and other English-speaking countries, has been that the claims of Rome are a standing menace to national independence, and especially to nations built on the principles of democracy. That the action taken by the Pope and his advisers in the French difficulty is open to serious misconstruction, even by Catholics, is no conjectural danger is sufficiently established by the appearance of an article on the subject in one of the most influential of English periodicals. It would, perhaps, be taking Mr. Dell* too seriously to consider him as the faithful exponent of any considerable number of even his own Catholic compatriots; much less can he be considered as giving voice to the feelings or opinions of American Catholics. Nevertheless, his published statement is not negligible. Like a single case of a deadly disease, its general importance rests on the truth that similar causes produce similar effects, and that a single case that has come under notice may represent many that are concealed, or that may subsequently develop, unless preventative measures are taken. The hygienic steps necessary and sufficient to meet the malady under which Mr. Dell suffers, is a proper understanding of Roman doctrine; which understanding includes the careful distinction between what is meant by an ideal and practical policy, between the abstractions of logic and the reality of life. On the occasion of his visit to the Catholic Summer-School, Cardinal Satolli, whose capacious grasp of things American is undisputed, observed that he noticed in this country a surprising want of knowledge concerning "what is commonly called ecclesiastical law which precisely deals with the fundamental, or rather the essential, constitution of the Church and

* *The Fortnightly Review*, October, 1906.

the State, and determines the limits of action of both authorities in such a way as to prevent the conflicts that unfortunately disturb social peace and retard social progress." He furthermore expressed the hope that the Summer-School would incorporate with its objects the presentation to the American people of the precise ideas of the relation between the Church and the State. On several other occasions he delivered himself in the warmest terms of enthusiastic admiration for the Constitution of this country. One remarkable utterance to a National Catholic Congress condenses epigrammatically his copious testimonies to American ideas: "Go forth," he told a National Congress, "Go forth, bearing in one hand the book of Christian Truth, and in the other the Constitution of the United States."

This desire of so profound a theologian and prudent statesman ought to be a sufficient assurance that the claims of the Holy See, when properly understood, contain nothing that can clash with American convictions.

Now let us listen to the Catholic writer who sees in the recent action of the Pope an assertion of authority in irreconcilable conflict with civil freedom and national autonomy. After saying that when he made his submission to the Catholic Church, he was not asked to make any profession of undivided allegiance to the Pope, nor to renounce his fealty to the civil government and laws of his country, Mr. Dell declares that by the action of the Pope in the French situation, "we now find ourselves face to face with the claim of the Pope that his authority is absolute and unlimited; that he can and will annul and set aside laws regularly made by the constitutional law-making authority; and that if he annuls them or sets them aside, we are bound to disobey them." Proceeding to a staggering generalization, he adds: "If in future this claim is to be enforced, as it is being enforced in France, it should be made clear to every convert before he is received into the Church, that it is of Catholic obligation."

One would like to ask Mr. Dell, whether when the Roman "constituted law-making authority" ordered Christians to sacrifice to idols and the Church forbade Christians to obey, this act of prohibition implied that Peter or his successor claimed the power to abrogate all the civil laws of the Roman empire; and to lay upon Christians the obligation of disregarding them?

II.

The purpose of this paper, which is simply to set forth the exact claims made by the Holy See regarding its relation to the State, dispenses from any historical review, however cursory, the most continuous and momentous conflict which, under varying phases, has been the one enduring factor in the history of Europe, from the fifth century till our own. To the question What does Rome teach? the direct and sufficient answer may be provided by putting in evidence the official, contemporary teaching of the Holy See and its approved theologians. The enemies of papal authority confuse this simple issue by bringing into court records of the struggle from ages when the application of principles that do not change was fixed by conditions that have ceased to exist. They insist on holding Leo XIII. or Pius X. accountable for the pronouncements and actions of Boniface VIII. or Innocent IV. They argue that the real mind and policy of the Pope of the twentieth century is to be discovered only by consulting the deeds of his predecessors in the fourteenth or the fifteenth. Hence, to remove or anticipate perplexities that may arise from this source, a brief retrospective glance may be profitably given to one or two records in which, it is alleged, are to be found the real significance of the Holy See's pretensions.

According to the controversial exigencies of the moment the papal pronouncements of the past on this subject are appealed to by opponents, alternately, now to prove that, notwithstanding its loud protestations to the contrary, it is to-day bound to, and does, claim supreme direct power over all States, and, again, that it gives up doctrine which it once imposed as part of obligatory Christian faith, thus shattering its pretension to infallibility. When a piece of evidence is presented to prove two contradictory statements—papal doctrine has changed, and papal doctrine has not changed—the least acute of minds must suspect that somebody is indulging in a false interpretation. There is no need for the Catholic apologist either to ignore or to evade the testimony of records that are before everybody who can read and chooses to look up the subject in any decent library. Certainly, if a comparison is made between the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on Church and State, in which a concise and masterly statement of the present canonical teaching is set forth,

and the Bull, "Unam Sanctam," of Boniface VIII., or other pontifical documents of the same epoch, one finds, between now and then, a striking divergence of spirit, ideas, and language "Whatever," declares Leo, "in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs, either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church; whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order, is rightly subject to the civil authority." And regarding Church and State: "Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature of and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right."

Here is a clear acknowledgment that in purely temporal affairs the Pope claims no authority, and that they appertain exclusively to the inherent native power of the State. In the famous Bull launched by Boniface VIII. against his antagonist, Philip the Fair, we find the mediæval conception of Papacy and State laid down in explicit terms: The Bull first sets forth, through comparisons drawn from the Bible, the unity of the Church, under a single universally supreme head. It makes much of a favorite text that received from St. Bernard an interpretation which may seem far-fetched, but which has the first place, even down to our own day, in the phalanx of proofs offered by some canonists in support of the thesis that the Pope has direct supremacy in civil affairs. The Gospel teaches us, continues the Bull, that there are in the Church two swords, the spiritual and the temporal. For when the Apostles said to our Lord: "Here are two swords"—*here*, that is, in the Church. The Lord did not reply: "It is too much"; but, "That is sufficient." And whoever, reasons Boniface, denies that the temporal sword is in Peter's hand, misses the meaning of the Lord's words when he said: "Put back thy sword into its place." Hence both swords are in the power of the Church; the spiritual to be used by her, the other for her, by the hand of princes, at the will and direction of the priesthood. Things which are ordained of God must be established with due subordination; therefore, the lower, that is the temporal or civil, is to be subordinate to the spiritual power. If the temporal

goes wrong, it is to be judged by the spiritual; if the spiritua fails, it is to be judged by God alone.

Boniface gives a fatal blow to the theory offered by some theologians of his day, that while supremacy over the State in civil affairs was lodged in the papacy, this was to be ascribed to the action of Constantine who, as emperor of the world, could and did deliver up his power to the Pope. For, declares Boniface, this supreme power of the Church in civil affairs is not of human origin, but was conferred, by Christ himself, on Peter and his successors, with the words: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth," etc. The Bull concludes with the dogmatic formula: Porro subesse Romano pontifici omnem humanam creaturam declaramus, diffinimus, dicimus et pronunciamus omnino esse de necessitate salutis—Wherefore we declare, define, say, and pronounce that it pertains to the necessity of salvation that every human creature be subject to the Roman pontiff.

This declaration of Boniface was no new departure; it had its prototype in many antecedent papal utterances. Let it suffice to quote one, which is perhaps the strongest that an adversary can find to urge his charge that the Church claims direct supremacy over the State. In 1236 Gregory IX. writes to Frederick II.: "There exists no power which is not ordained of God. Hence it is a wrong estimate of facts, and argues an incapacity for going back to the origin of things, to believe that the Apostolic See possesses the right of governing secular affairs only since Constantine. Before him this power was already lodged in the Holy See in virtue of its nature and essence. In succeeding to Jesus Christ, who is at once the true king, and the true priest according to the order of Melchesidech, the pope have received the monarchy, not merely the pontifical, but also the kingly, and the empire, not only celestial, but terrestrial. Constantine merely restored to the hand of the Church a power which he had exercised without right when he was outside of her; and, once incorporated in her bosom, he obtained by concession of the vicar of Christ an authority which only then became legitimate. It is in the Church that are deposited the two swords, emblems of the two powers. He, then, who belongs not to the Church can possess neither one nor the other; and secular sovereigns, in exercising their authority, do nothing more than make use of a power which has been transmitted to them yet continues to remain latent and potential in the bosom of

the Church." Declarations of similar tenor might be quoted from various dates during the long struggles, first between the Pope and the emperor, and afterwards between the Pope and the rising nations of Europe. But none surpass, or even equal, the above for vigorous and unqualified assertion of the papal claim.

The language of Boniface and Innocent is not the language of Leo. Much thought and ink have been expended in the task of bringing them both into harmony. The number of the theories suggested to establish a concordance testifies that no one of them is perfectly satisfactory. Perhaps the most plausible is that outlined by M. Baudrillart:* "The truth is that the theories of direct, and indirect or directive power have been invented, after the event, by men who had but a very imperfect knowledge of the social conditions in which those pontifical claims had been put forth, and who, judging them according to the ideas of their own age, were as much scandalized by them as would be the greater number of our contemporaries in presence of similar affirmations. The scandal and even the astonishment ceases if we take the trouble to remember that feudal society was a society strictly hierarchical, in which sovereignties and rights were co-ordinated to one another in such wise that the right of the inferior flowed in some manner from the right of the superior. It was impossible that the question, Who is the first, the Pope or the Emperor? should not present itself; and it was also impossible, in a society Christian and spiritual, that men should not proclaim that, in itself, the spiritual power was the superior. The result was that the spiritual power became, in itself, theoretically the source of all right, but this eminent right in no way undermined the inferior rights."

This, observes M. Baudrillart, is admirably shown by Gregory X. in a letter to Rudolph of Hapsburg in 1275. "If it is the duty of those who direct States to safeguard the rights and independence of the Church, it is also the duty of those who carry on ecclesiastical government to see to it that kings and princes enjoy the plenitude of their proper powers. In short," he sums up, "as Innocent IV. well says, the supreme spiritual authority has a certain power over the temporal in

* *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses.* Tome III. "L'Intervention du Pape en Matière Politique."

virtue of its nature and essence (not in virtue of historic circumstances, often fictitious, that have been invoked in its favor); and this power it exercises in different fashions, according to the social forms prevailing at different epochs, for the good of souls; the spiritual order is in itself superior to the temporal; the papacy has never in its dogmatic definitions pretended anything more."

Whatever the value of this solution may be, the matter presents no practical difficulty for Catholics to-day, who can leave to the historian or the student of law the resolution of the theoretical problem. Either Leo and Boniface are, in spite of superficial divergences, at one fundamentally, or they are not. If they are, *cadit quæstio;* if they are not, it is to Leo and his successor that we have to look to find what the Pope claims to-day. Suppose that it were proven that while the papacy to-day does not claim, of divine right, any power in temporals, popes in the past have done so, the inerrancy of authoritative, or Catholic, doctrine is not compromised. For no pope has committed the Church to any dogmatic pronouncement on the subject. Theologians of the period, as is always the case, were found who assigned the most comprehensive significance and the greatest possible authority to every declaration of the Supreme Pontiff of the time, or the views then favored by the Roman government. In the twelfth century John of Salisbury, and after him others, taught that to the Pope belonged direct power in all, even purely temporal, affairs. When the strife between Boniface and Philip the Fair was at its height, to the theologians of the king who magnified the royal privileges, the papal theologians of the Pope replied with equal vehemence of assertion. Ægidius Colonna, an Augustinian, Archbishop of Bourges, registers the highwater mark of papal power in theological teaching. This writer, who was no mere time-server or self-seeker, but one who, according to the testimony of a contemporary cardinal, "*Sanctissimis moribus exactissimam eruditionem conjunxit,*" contended that the extent of the ecclesiastical power is such that it reaches even the private property of everybody; the owner of a field or a vineyard cannot justly possess this field or vineyard, or whatever else he owns, unless he holds it from and through the Church; that all things belong to the Church in eminent domain; and can be the property of somebody else only through an inferior title derived from the Church.

Such opinions, to-day, would not be advocated even by the most retrogressive of theologians. Nor is the Holy See bound by the past declarations of its occupants, except, as has been said before, in the case of doctrine that has been dogmatically defined. Canonists now dispose of the famous Bull "Unam Sanctam," which long proved a stone of stumbling to those within, and a very serviceable missile to the enemy, by pointing out that there is but one dogmatic sentence in the Bull—the closing one which has been already quoted—and that it is so indefinite as to be susceptible of an interpretation in conformity with the doctrine of indirect power that prevails to-day. In fact, it asserts no more than is contained in the basic claim of the Catholic Church, *viz.*, that she received from Christ authority to teach the Gospel to every creature. For the rest, to look to the ecclesiastical policy of the Middle Ages in order to determine what is the papal claim to-day, in this matter, would be on a par with insisting that the Holy Office must still support and believe the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, because it did so two hundred years ago. Notwithstanding all calumnies to the contrary, theology does move, though it necessarily moves slowly. When dogmatic doctrine is not involved, the changes, social, moral, intellectual, which take place in the world in which the Church exists, among men, of which she is composed, produce, in the course of time, a revaluation of doctrines, opinions, and attitude. Before the Encyclical "Immortale Dei" shall be as old as the Bull "Unam Sanctam" is now, future theologians may find that some of its contents too shall have grown obsolete. Meanwhile, in conjunction with the approved works of our living canonists, which elaborate the same teaching, it stands before the world as the present official authoritative doctrine regarding the relations of Church and State.

III.

Probably some readers, much better qualified to treat this subject than the present writer, who have thus far followed him, are experiencing a feeling of uneasiness, and echoing in their thought the remarks made orally by a friend: "What! you mean to say you are going to set down plainly in THE CATHOLIC WORLD the entire doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the union of Church and State?"

"The doctrine of the Catholic Church is an expression that needs careful definition, and is susceptible of far-reaching distinctions."

"Oh! well, I mean the general teaching of Rome and the theologians on the point?"

"And why not, pray?"

"Simply because you are likely to do more harm than good by your beautiful but misplaced candor. You know how intensely this entire country, Catholics no less than Protestants, is attached to religious liberty for all, and the complete separation of the State from every creed."

And, continuing in this strain, he spoke of the pride which Catholics take in claiming Lord Baltimore and his Maryland Catholics as the first champions of religious toleration; the strong, unsleeping suspicions among non-Catholics, that if Rome could but have its way, the knell of American liberty would soon be tolling from every Catholic belfry in the land; the unwisdom of destroying the growing sympathy for, and attraction towards, the Church on the part of many outsiders, who would turn their backs upon us for good and all, if they once understood that, in order to be a Catholic, one must recant the principle dearest to the American heart; finally, the likelihood of doing a disservice to many Catholics who would find their loyalty put to a strain too severe if they should learn that, contrary to their present belief, Catholicism did not unreservedly approve of granting to all men liberty to worship God according to their conscience, though Catholics raise the cry of bigotry and religious persecution when their own liberty is interfered with.

To the part of this expostulation which refers to Catholics the easy and embarassing answer might have been given that "the touchstone of true Catholic loyalty is to think, in all things religious, as the Pope thinks, to hold what Rome holds, and reject what Rome rejects, in the sense in which she holds, or rejects, it; and to take every opportunity to disseminate her doctrine, and to remove every contrary error from the Catholic mind." Then, to clinch the argument by focussing that maxim on the precise question at issue, there was ready to hand the example of the Holy See itself. On the occasion when it last addressed itself to the entire body of American Catholics, it acknowledged that the progress and flourishing condition of Catholicism

are due, in part, to the fact that "the Church, unopposed by the Constitution and government of the nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common law and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to act and live without hindrance." Then the Pope proceeds to do what the advocate of expediency deprecated: "Yet, though all this is true, it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced." What the Holy See's conception of the most desirable type is has been explained, and its correctness upheld by pontiff after pontiff for nigh a thousand years; yesterday it was inculcated by one of the most widely read and weighty encyclicals of Leo XIII., to-day, by Pius X., in his address to the French hierarchy. It is paying but a poor compliment to the Holy See to imply that what is proclaimed from the housetops of the Vatican should not reach the ears of the world.

And the probability of turning away from the door of the Church, by indiscreet communication of official teaching, those who are approaching it, or already knocking for entrance? Undoubtedly there is something plausible to be said for the policy of reticence—concealment is an ugly word. There are many things in Catholic faith and practice that can only be seen in their proper perspective when viewed from within, and in their proper place in the edifice. The misrepresentations of our religion which are so frequently perpetrated by honest adversaries are very often the result of distortions which attend the severing of a doctrine or a point of discipline from the surrounding elements that qualify or explain it. But this is true only of either things which pertain to the actual spiritual life of the individual, such as confessional direction, or doctrines that are explained by others. The teaching upon the relation of Church and State belongs to neither of these classes. It is formulated in a statement whose meaning is obvious to any one who understands the meaning of the terms, Church, State, Pope, civil government; it bears, not upon the soul's relations to God, but upon an essentially public affair, the right relations that ought to exist between two societies, the religious and the civil.

Besides, the policy of reticence, a sort of practice of the *Disciplina Arcani*, may, and sometimes does, furnish occasion for the taunt that we have an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine, one for the outsiders and the simple, another for the initiated, because we are afraid to proclaim openly the totality of the doctrines that are imposed on us. It has often been said that converts are inveigled into the bosom of the Church, by being shown in their catechumen days only what is lovely in Catholicism. The other part is revealed only when they have taken the fatal step. In fact, the writer already quoted roundly declares that if Catholics must believe in the justice of the claims urged by Pius X., in communications to France, then he himself has been lured into the Church on false pretences; and furthermore, he says that there is a pronounced tendency to employ such tactics: "If in future this claim is to be enforced in France, it should be made clear to every convert before he is received into the Church that it is of Catholic obligation. Hitherto the desire to make proselytes would seem to have blunted the moral sense of those who are possessed by it; how else can we account for the remarkable difference between the plausible presentment of Catholic teaching and obligation that is dangled before the world in controversial lectures and publications and that which the dominant Ultramontane party imposes on those who are inside the Church?"

We have merely cited Mr. Dell to illustrate the danger of giving real grounds to charges similar to that which he makes, we believe, without sufficient justification. But one cannot refrain from the reflection that we should not have believed it possible for any living, educated Englishman to be unacquainted with the controversy which was ushered in by the publication of Gladstone's famous pamphlet on *Vaticanism;* and the literature on the two sides of that discussion ventilated pretty thoroughly the nature of the Roman claim. As to his notion that everything affirmed by those whom he designates as Ultramontanes is obligatory Catholic doctrine, we may dismiss it with no other notice than to breathe a gentle *Requescant in pace* for the souls of John of Salisbury and Ægidius Colonna.

The most effective reply to any objections that may be urged, on the plea of prudence or expediency, against drawing attention to the political claims of the Holy See, is that, when

those claims are properly understood and their practical import rightly estimated, they need give no apprehensions whatever to Americans, Catholic or non-Catholic. The ideal, or typical, relations of Church and State which Rome insists upon expressing in her canon law presumes a condition, or rather a juncture of several conditions, which is becoming every day more and more theoretical. We need to trouble ourselves only with the actual world in which we live. The Church has lived on through changing centuries by adapting herself to the new demands made upon her. Her fairest triumphs were made before theologians discovered the meaning for the episode of the two swords. While the ancient system of a union between the altar and the throne continues to endure as a legacy of the days when all Christendom was one family under one common Father, naturally the Holy See will feel called upon to remind us of the excellence of the ideal, even though history proclaims that every attempt made to realize it entailed evil as well as beneficent consequences. Meanwhile the course of events will modify policy, and when policy is long enough established it relegates to oblivion logical and legal conceptions that have no longer any actual application.

Current Events.

Russia.

Russia does not attract the attention of the world as much as for so long a time she has done; but this is no indication that what is being done does not deserve attention. The future is being quietly prepared for. That a new *Duma* will meet is now a certainty. The Tsar remains faithful to his word, notwithstanding the efforts of that section of the community which delights in autocratic methods. The Grand Dukes, it is said, are no longer consulted, and are left to the less noxious occupation of hunting wild animals. M. Stolypin remains in office, notwithstanding the efforts of the reactionaries to oust him; and notwithstanding the fact that one of the subordinates in his own department has been accused of dishonesty. In the district of Kazan the distress is so great that the starving inhabitants have been selling their daughters in order to feed their families, and this because the official entrusted with the measures of relief gave the contract to a man who had not the power to carry it out. Whether the official was guilty, or merely incompetent, is not yet settled. M. Stolypin excuses himself, on the ground that his duties as Premier preclude his supervising his own special Department with that care which is now shown to be necessary. But, although he still remains Premier, rumors have been circulated that he is to be superseded, and Count Witte has been mentioned as his successor. There seems, however, to be no foundation for their anticipation.

The measures of repression taken by the government, atrocious though they were, seem to have succeeded in frustrating the efforts of the extreme revolutionaries to destroy the foundation of society. Necessity, we presume, knows no law. Efforts are now being made to secure a *Duma* of a more moderate character than was its predecessor. This is justified on the ground that it would be necessary again to dissolve, should equally extreme views be predominant in the new assembly. The Senate has issued a series of decisions by order of "the Lord, Emperor, and Autocrat of all the Russias," which exclude from the franchise numerous categories of workingmen, peasants, and small householders or tenants, who voted in the elections

for the last *Duma*, thereby disqualifying hundreds of thousands. Repressive measures have also been taken against the Constitutional Democrats who formed in the late *Duma* the most numerous of its parties. They are treated by the government as a revolutionary party, and their clubs and meetings are closed, while other parties, one of which openly advocates a *coup d'État*, receive the countenance and support of the official world. All efforts, however, have failed in securing the popular favor, and the prospect of obtaining a majority for the present ministry grows daily less. Even measures which deserve praise, and which are real ameliorations of the present state of affairs, are looked upon by public opinion as encroachments upon the rights of the coming Legislature. An imperial Ukase, issued on the 25th of November, which brought into effect one of the most vital reforms promised in M. Stolypin's ministerial declaration, failed to excite enthusiasm on this account. This Ukase has effected a most noteworthy improvement of the position of the peasants, at least of a large number of them, for it enables those who hold the allotments made at the time of the emancipation to become owners of the freehold, the redemption dues which have hitherto been paid annually ceasing at the end of the present year. As, however, this Ukase will have to be submitted to the new *Duma* for ratification, it seems somewhat pedantic to blame the government for its promulgation.

The position of the Jews is, of course, one of the most difficult of Russian questions. Their vast numbers, and the awful circumstances in which they have to live, render it impossible for peace to exist until justice is meted out to them. The ultimate settlement of this question is to be left to the *Duma;* but in the meantime certain narrow police regulations and restrictions in commerce and industry have been set aside.

A fairly long list of outrages might be given, and a still longer one of executions, but, on the whole, the state of Russia is better at the present time, and the hopes for the future are brighter. With the improvement of its internal affairs there is an extension of Russian influence abroad, although no definite result of the journey of the Foreign Minister to Paris and Berlin is known with certainty.

To those who are watching the advent of a new era in Russia—the destruction of despotism and the inauguration of

some degree of self-government—the views upon those subjects of one of the embodiments of the hitherto dominating theory—M. Pobiedonostseff—may be of interest. This interest is increased by the fact that he, more perhaps than any other man, certainly more than any other Russian subject, contributed most to the reduction of Russia to its present state. Parliament, M. Pobiedonostseff defines to be an institution serving for the satisfaction of the personal ambition, vanity, and self-interest of its members. He holds the Parliamentary comedy to be the supreme political lie that dominates our age, and to be one of the greatest illustrations of human delusion. That his own people have been given over to this delusion has broken his heart, but not his will. That he remains an active opponent of the new measures is a thing not to be left out of account by those who are hoping for a more reasonable system of government for so many millions of their fellow-creatures.

Germany.

On the opening of what has proved to be the last session of the Reichstag Prince Bülow made a speech which was meant to be taken as an exposition of the policy of the Empire. This speech was fairly well received, both at home and abroad, and the first sessions of the Parliament gave no indication of the storm which was so soon to arise, and which has wrecked the ship. The relations of Germany with France, while not likely in the near future to become intimate, might, the Chancellor said, possibly become "correct," and in the spheres of commerce, finance, and industry, a *rapprochement* might take place; on some colonial question or other an understanding might be arrived at. No wish was entertained by Germany to thrust herself between France and Russia, or France and Great Britain, provided, however, those powers had no intention to make a circle round Germany, and thus to isolate her. In that event pressure would have to be met by counter pressure, and there might be an explosion.

With reference to Great Britain, the Chancellor declared that the political differences were not deep, although keen commercial competition existed. The influence of Goethe and Kant, Shakespeare and Darwin—"these be thy gods, O Israel"—would prevent hostilities breaking out between nations hav-

ing such an intellectual inheritance in common. However, it would require time and patience to remove the misunderstandings of recent years. The interview of King Edward with the Kaiser at Cronberg had contributed to this result by re-established good personal relations between the heads of the States.

The conduct of Italy at the Algeciras Conference, and in fact the complete change of the relations between Italy and France within the past few years, as well as the recrudescence of bad feeling in certain classes between Italy and Austria, have led many to come to the conclusion that the Triple Alliance is practically dead. Prince Bülow contented himself with pointing out its value and importance, and acquitted Italy of any act inconsistent with fidelity to the alliance, denying, on Germany's part, all the stories which have recently been circulated as to the interference of German agents in Tripoli in a way detrimental to Italian interests.

In reply to the criticisms of his speech, the Chancellor dealt with what he called "a very grave subject." There is spreading throughout Germany, and growing deeper and deeper, dissatisfaction with the system which makes the Ministers responsible not to the Parliament or the people, but to the Sovereign. The conduct of the present Emperor, so different from that of his grandfather, his impulsiveness and manifold activities, add strength to this feeling. The well-being of the country is felt by many to be too much dependent on personal whims and on moods which are incalculable, and which prevent that feeling of security on which the nation's prosperity reposes. The Chancellor in reply declared that the system of parliamentary responsibility, such as it exists in England, could not be introduced into Germany, because it was not likely that there would ever be a stable majority to give support to a ministry. Germany being so much divided in opinion on political and religious questions, instability and insecurity would be the inevitable result of the introduction of this system. On the other hand, no ministry, although dependent on the Crown, would carry out the wishes of the monarch, unless it approved of them; and if it found those wishes detrimental in its judgment to the common weal, or if the Sovereign showed himself too much inclined to interfere, it would be the duty of the ministry, under the Constitution, to resign. The Prince denied that the present Emperor had in any way trans-

gressed the limits of the Constitution, or that he had in any way tried to become an absolute ruler.

Whether the Chancellor will be able to appease the discontent of the many Germans who are seeking a larger measure of political influence cannot be predicted. Residents in Germany affirm that the feeling that they are no longer children is widespread. Many imagine that they are capable of taking at least a part in the management of their own affairs. Not merely Socialists and Radicals hold those ideas, but also some of the Junkers, and they are the most old-fashioned people of all. The present system is looked upon as paralyzing the initiative of many whose co-operation is necessary for the well-being of the State. To make a change, however, will be difficult, for it will conflict with that good opinion of their own excellence and even necessity which is commonly held by the holders of power; moreover, the present system is imbedded in the Constitution of 1871. King William, the first Emperor, rejected the idea of an Imperial Crown which bore the taint of being offered by the suffrage of the masses, and only accepted it when it came as the gift of the German Sovereigns, whom he looked upon, on what grounds we do not know, as one and all indued with divine rights, notwithstanding the partial intervention of the first Napoleon.

Speculation is rife as to what was meant by Prince Bülow when he spoke of the likelihood of an understanding with France on a colonial question. Some think that he had in his mind the project, which is known to be dear to the heart of the Kaiser, of connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf by means of a railway which is to pass through Baghdad, although this can scarcely be called a colonial question. However that may be, the Baghdad railway scheme will soon come to the front again, as its value and importance are widely recognized. Who is to control it is a question of international importance in which Great Britain is deeply interested, as the railway would be a route to India and would be on the flank of Egypt. Were it not for want of money, Germany could make it and control it, for the German influence is now all powerful with Turkey; but the undertaking is too vast for the Empire to undertake alone. The aid of French financiers is, therefore, sought, and the desire to obtain it is thought to be the reason why so little activity is shown by Germany in Morocco, why she is leav-

ing France and Spain to act so freely. The *entente cordiale* between France and England will, however, preclude the former country from making any arrangements with Germany which are hostile to British interests.

The mismanagement of the colonies has led to the existing crisis in German affairs. For two or three years an uprising of the natives in Southwest Africa has caused the loss of many lives and the expenditure of large sums of money, and the oft-recurring question has been again raised as to whether the colonies are worth what they cost, and whether they ever will be. Worse questions have been raised, owing to the conduct of a former governor of the Cameroons and of an official in Togoland. When he left Europe the governor took with him a lady who was not his wife, while the official in Togoland made for himself an establishment similar to that which Mahometan Sultans maintain, in addition to the practising of unheard-of cruelties upon natives who did not respect these, his domestic arrangements. The partial rehabilitation of the notorious Dr. Peters added fuel to the fire, as well as the financial scandals in connection with the colonial office at home—the bad if not dishonest business arrangements. Of the attempt to correct these abuses Catholic members of the Reichstag have been the leaders, giving an example to Catholics in other countries. To the evil proceedings of the official in Togoland the Catholic missionaries offered uncompromising opposition, and had the honor of being imprisoned by him in consequence. The debates in the Reichstag on all these various matters were long and stormy, and resulted in the defeat of the government's demand for an additional sum of money for the troops in South Africa by a majority of 10. The Catholic Centre, which constitutes the ruling party in the Reichstag, decided the question against the government. The Kaiser thereupon dissolved the Reichstag more than a year in advance of the normal time, and appealed to the people. The elections for the new Reichstag are to be held this month.

The treatment of the Poles by the Prussian government has called forth a remonstrance from M. Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis?* in the form of an open letter to the Kaiser. M. Sienkiewicz in this letter lays bare before the Emperor and the world the sufferings which the Poles are undergoing, sufferings which have been augmented during the present reign. Instead

of protecting the higher interests of the Polish people, respecting their faith, their traditions, their language, a *régime* of violence, hatred, and even vengeance has, he says, been instituted. The ancestors of William II. waged great wars with men, the present Prussian authorities are waging war with children.

This question of making it compulsory upon the children in Poland to receive religious instruction in the German language—against which 47,000 have struck—was brought before the Reichstag by the Prebendary and Papal Prelate, Professor von Jazdzwewski, and by the Silesian Archiepiscopal Commissary, Archdeacon Glowatzki. The former described the measures taken by the Prussian authorities as religious oppression, and as a prelude to the establishment of religious worship in German. This would be religious despotism, which was despotism in its worst form. The latter declared religious instruction in the native language to be a natural right—a right which had been accorded by the authorities in Southwest Africa to the children of the native Hereros. No satisfactory answer was given to the interpellation. The question was declared not to fall within the purview of the Reichstag and the debate was closured.

A pleasing example of the Kaiser's activity is found in an edict issued on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor William I.'s message of November 17, 1881, which inaugurated the legislation for the national insurance of the working classes against accidents, illness, and old age. In this edict the Kaiser announces his intention of seeing that social legislation for the benefit of the weak and the needy shall be further developed. He likewise refers to the necessity of a more general spirit of sympathy and helpfulness, and acknowledges the efforts of those who have devoted themselves to works of social amelioration among the people. That his grandfather's purposes have not been more fully realized he attributes to the continued opposition of those who claim to be the representatives of the working classes.

Austria-Hungary.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has been at work upon the Universal Suffrage Bill, and has adopted it by a majority of 194 to 63. Nothing, perhaps, shows the composite character of the Austrian Parliament, and the

many sub-divisions of its parties, so well as the enumeration of the parties who voted for and against this Bill. For the Bill were the young Czechs, most of the Poles, the German Radicals, many German Progressives, the Christian Socialist Anti-Semites, part of the Catholic Centre, the Southern Slavs, the Italians, the Social Democrats, and one Rumane. Against the Bill were the German Constitutional Party, the Bohemian Feudal Party, the Pan-Germans, the Liberal Slovenes, the Czech Clericals, and a few German Progressives. The Ruthenes abstained from voting. A remarkable feature of the contest is the active support given to the Bill by the Emperor. One result of the Bill, if it passes the Upper House, will be to increase the influence of the Church. Its most determined opponents were the large landlords, whose privileges it abrogates.

By the Bill the four existing curiæ or categories—the large landlord proprietors, the towns, the rural communes, the chambers of commerce—are abrogated. And all present and future electors are merged into a single curia or category of universal suffrage. Every male twenty-four years of age, and in possession of civil rights, will have a vote. Voting will be secret and without any form of plurality. What seems a very ingenious arrangement has been made in order to avoid racial conflicts. Czechs are put on one register, Germans on another. So that Czech voters will only vote for Czechs, German for Germans. A Czech Radical can be put up against a young Czech, but not a Czech against a German. Electoral contests will thus be confined to the various parties of the same race. It will be interesting to see how this plan will affect the racial conflict which has had so pernicious an influence upon the Empire.

Baron von Aehrenthal, the successor of Count Goluchowski as Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has made his first statement in that capacity. It has produced a good impression on account of its simplicity and directness. There is nothing of special moment in what he said, as no vital change in the relation of Austria-Hungary to its neighbors was indicated.

The relations of Austria with Hungary continue peaceful; no conflict has arisen, although a small cloud appears to be on the horizon. An increase in the number of recruits is thought to be necessary by the Minister for War; but this increase is said by some Hungarians not to be included in the compact

which is at the basis of the present arrangements. The non-Magyar races are making claims for a better representation in Parliament. The way in which these claims are treated will show whether, in the eyes of the Magyars, what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander; whether, that is, they will be as willing to mete out justice to others as they are to demand it for themselves. From the fact that proceedings have been taken against a priest who has criticized the Magyar policy it would appear very doubtful whether this willingness exists.

France.

The space at our disposal renders it impossible to treat in any detail the religious conflict in France, nor is such treatment within the province of a mere chronicler. One or two points may be mentioned. The French Cabinet is not thoroughly at one as to the method to be adopted, whether it is to be savage and brutal, or whether it is to be more gentle. M. Briand, the present minister of Public Worship, is for the more gentle; M. Clemenceau and M. Viviani, the Minister of Hygiene and Social Providence, for the more extreme. Behind them both is M. Combes, who is anxious to supplant them and to push things to the bitterest possible end. The most important question of all is what is the attitude of the French nation? It seems to be indifferent. Whether it is so or not will be seen within a few weeks. The decision rests with it.

The spirit of the more extreme members of the present Cabinet is indicated in the following extract from a speech made by M. Viviani, and that he represented the majoriry of the present representatives of France is shown by the fact that the speech was by their vote placarded throughout the country. "The Third Republic," M. Viviani said, "has summoned round it the children of peasants and artisans, and into their dim minds has instilled by degrees the revolutionary seed of instruction. But that was not enough. All in unison, through our forefathers, our elders, and our own decision, we have associated ourselves with the past in the work of anti-clericalism, in the work of irreligion. We have liberated the human conscience from Faith. When some poor wretch, weary with the weight of his daily labor, kneels to pray, we lift him

up, we say to him that behind its mists there is nothing but chimeras. Together, and with magnificent gesture, we have extinguished in heavens the lights that will never be lit afresh."

When such bombastic impiety is received with applause by the National Assembly what hope is there? If they really represent the people, there is very little. In one thing the Chamber has recognized the truth. Hitherto, on the outer rim of the 20-franc pieces was stamped *Dieu protège la France*. This the Deputies have ordered to be suppressed, thereby recognizing that they cannot claim any longer that protection. As a compensation, perhaps, they have voted themselves an increase of salary. A bill has been introduced for the abolition of capital punishment. The question of Morocco, and the way in which to deal with the anarchy which exists in that country, is the most pressing of all questions, after that of the separation of the Church and State. An agreement has been made with Spain for joint action; but what the character of that action is to be has not yet transpired. The other Powers, including even Germany, seem to acquiesce.

Spain.

On the continent Ministries frequently come and go; but we doubt whether there have ever been so many changes in so short a time as in Spain of late. Within ten days there have been no less than three Cabinets in office successively. Marshal Lopez Dominguez, whose cabinet had proposed the restrictive measures dealing with the religious orders mentioned in our last, found the opposition so strong, even in his own party, the Liberal, that he gave in his resignation at the end of November. The next day another Liberal, Señor Moret, who dissented from the religious proposals of the late ministry, formed a new Cabinet, of which, strange to say, Count Romanones was a member. This indicated that a modified form of the anti-religious measures was to be proceeded with. This did not much matter, for on the Monday following the Friday on which his ministry had been formed, Señor Moret resigned. The king, wishing to give the Liberals still another chance, called upon the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, an old man of eighty-four, to make another attempt, and what is called a concentration Liberal ministry

has been formed, including Count Romanones and the well-known General Weyler. This Cabinet is going to introduce a law regulating the religious orders, but what its character will be is not yet known.

Belgium and the Congo.

The Belgian Parliament has been debating for many days what is to be done with the Congo Free State, whether the will of King Leopold is to be accepted, and on what conditions, or whether Belgium is to annex the Free State? Large numbers of people believe that the natives in the State have been treated with the most inhuman cruelty since the King has been its absolute ruler. This is denied by others. It is a question which we cannot enter into; those who would wish to form a judgment may be referred, in defence of the King, to an article in the *National Review* for November; for a justification of the charges to a book called *Red Rubber*, by Mr. E. D. Morel, and to the work of the Jesuit Father Vermeersch. The debate resulted in the defeat of immediate annexation, and in the acceptance of the terms laid down by the will of King Leopold. This means that the Congo Free State will become a posession of Belgium on condition that a private domain which the King has laid out for himself and his personal heirs, and which is about five times as large as Belgium, shall be left intact after the annexation.

New Books.

CATHOLICS IN SCIENCE. By Dr. Walsh.

No better argument against the often repeated assertion that submission of the human reason to faith is incompatible with science can be offered than the one presented here by Dr. Walsh.* It contains brief biographies of some ecclesiastics who occupy high rank in the history of physical science: Copernicus; Basil Valentine, the founder of modern chemistry; Linacre; Father Kircher, S.J.; Bishop Stenson, father of geology; Abbé Haüy, father of crystallography; and Abbot Mendel, who has distinguished himself in the study of that modern question, heredity. The doctor has enhanced the value of this welcome little book by prefixing a short, forcible answer to the claim that science and religion are in conflict. We are beginning to hear much less of this claim than we did a decade or two ago. Another one that touches Catholics more closely is, however, iterated with all the old vigor. It is that the authority which resides in the ecclesiastical body to prohibit and condemn books and opinions without any application of the Church's infallible *magesterium*, that is, without guaranteeing that the condemned opinions are false, is the obstruction of science, and one of the reasons why Catholics have not maintained their old position in the intellectual world. Dr. Walsh is well qualified to answer this charge; and an answer would be invaluable.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS. By Schuen.

The sermons of this volume,† about sixty in number, are divided into two series—one for young men, the other for young women. They were originally intended for sodalities. But they may very well be addressed to the ordinary general parochial audience. They are written in clear, terse English; plentifully interspersed with appropriate scriptural texts which, while adding dignity and impressiveness to the style, provide abundance of doctrine drawn straight from the fountain head. Almost all on moral

* *Catholic Churchmen in Science.* By James J. Walsh, M.D. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

† *Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women.* By Rev. Joseph Schuen. Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth. New York: Benziger Brothers.

subjects, they treat important topics in a practical fashion suited to the needs of the people.

BRIEFS FOR OUR TIMES. By Sheedy.

The writer in this collection of "Briefs"* sits in the chair of the *conférencier*, rather than in the pulpit; discourses on the evils of the times, public and private; and points out how the remedy for them all lies in the application of Christian principles to individual life. He appeals less to authority than to reason; and relies for his effect less upon denunciation than on the appeal to the results of living according to the lax ethical canons that prevail to-day. His picture of present conditions is dark, perhaps too dark. For, though he sets nothing down that is not true, he might have found some good features in the age to record which have had no recognition from him. Yet this characteristic cannot be put down as a blemish, since the author's purpose is not to draw a picture, but to provide counsel. And a winning counsellor he is. The literary quality of the book is very good indeed; and, while the author does not pretend to original thinking, he has the knack of putting ancient truth in a fresh and pleasing, as well as convincing, manner.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

This collection† makes up a brief but complete exposition of what is understood by the notes of the Church. All of the contributors are well-known writers in England. "The Church in the Parables," is treated by Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B.; "The Visible Unity," by Father Zimmerman, O.D.C.; "The Sanctity of the Church," by Father R. H. Benson; "Catholicity," by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.; "Apostolicity," by Dom John Dunstan Breen, O.S.B.; "The Idea of Infallibility," by the Editor; "Infallibility," by Father P. Finlay, S.J.; the Editor also treats of the exclusiveness of salvation, "Extra Ecclesiam Nulla est Salus," and of "Schism and Ignorance." There is an appendix, by no means the least remarkable feature of the book, on "England and the Holy See in the Middle Ages," by the Reverend Spencer Jones, Rec-

* *Briefs for Our Times.* By Morgan M. Sheedy. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

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tor of Moreton-in-Marsh. Each topic is treated on a fairly comprehensive scale, both with regard to exposition and citation of authorities. Generally speaking, the writers have their eye upon the Anglican position, and emphasize arguments, or facts, that tell against it. Where the standard of excellence, as may be taken for granted from the reputation of the writers, is high, it would be invidious to select any one of the papers for special commendation. Perhaps those on infallibility, the idea of infallibility, and on the exclusiveness of salvation, are the most likely to be of service to American readers. The contribution of the greatest original value is, beyond question, the appendix, in which the writer establishes, mainly by the reproduction of original documents, the proposition: An *Ecclesia Anglicana* not in conscious dependence on the Holy See in spirituals is a phenomenon unknown to history until the reign of Henry VIII. He covers the period between 597, the conversion of England, and 1534, the year of repudiation; and he subdivides it into the eras before and after the Norman Conquest, 1066. The writer draws copiously from a source which has only recently become available, the two volumes published by Dr. Bliss of a series which, when complete, will contain a full calendar of all entries in the Vatican Papal Regesta of the Middle Ages, illustrating the history of Great Britain and Ireland. Special attention is given to the name of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, 1175–1253, for the reason that he has been claimed as a precursor of the Reformation who resisted the claims of the Papacy. His own letters, from the Rolls series, are plentifully quoted, to show that, though the sturdy bishop resented Roman abuses of power from time to time, as the good of religion demanded, he never dreamt of disputing the existence and legality of the power so abused: "What every one in England, man, woman, and child, knew was that the Holy See possessed the right, and what a few clear-headed and resolute thinkers saw was that he sometimes abused it."

Turning to a wider view of issue involved, the Reverend Mr. Jones observes: "The lesson we learn from the life of Grosseteste is what we are coming to recognize as the supreme question of the moment, *viz.*, the distinction between two departments of power, one of which belongs rightly to the Holy See according to the unanimous belief prior to the Reformation,

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the other to the State; and furthermore the distinction that has to be carefully observed at all times in a world like this, *viz.*, the distinction between the legitimate use of power and its abuse." To a full apprehension of the lesson he looks forward for a unification of Christendom, by a general recognition of the primacy of the Holy See, *de jure divino.* "Such, let it be repeated, even once again, is the question all the world over at the present moment; the question of jurisdiction, and more particularly the accurate distinction, within that jurisdiction, between spirituals and temporals. Such is the problem which is being worked out before our eyes in Italy, where it is known as the 'Roman question'; and upon the right solution of this problem depends the settlement of the religious difficulty in England as well as well as in France."

CHRONICLE OF CANONS REGULAR.
By Thomas a Kempis.

In this delightful little work,* which appears for the first time in English, we get an intimate glimpse into the monastic life of the Middle Ages. If there is here in it no immortal figure like Abbot Sampson, the spiritual life flows through it with a swifter, warmer current than exists in the Chronicles of Brakeland. The pious author, to employ in its original vigor a term which too much use has rendered somewhat banal, relates the founding of the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near the little town of Zwolle, an off-shoot of the greater Monastery of Windescheim. It began in poverty, in 1386, and, though it slowly acquired a little competence, it never attained to riches during the years for which à Kempis was its historian. He tells us of the scanty food and raiment of the Brothers, "and of how wonderfully God did provide for them." Elections of priors, deaths, funerals, professions of the brothers, make up almost entirely these "short and simple annals of the poor." Now and again comes an echo of the great world without, as when, for example, we listen in awe to the sad tidings of the death of our "most Reverend Lord Frederick, Bishop of Utrecht." His panegyric is pitched in the superlative key, as is usual in all mediæval chronicles which had their *loci communes* ready for such emergencies, as the modern newspaper, in some

* *The Chronicle of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes.* Written by Thomas à Kempis. Translated by J. P. Arthur. London: Keegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.

districts, keeps on hand a selection of mortuary poetry, from which relatives may choose a verse to append to the death notice: "This is he that was a potentate of renown, a pillar of the priesthood, a guiding star to clerks, a father to the religious, a friend to all devout persons, a defender of the orphan, an avenger on the unjust. This is he that was the glory of rulers, the delight of subjects, that upheld dignity among the aged, and uprightness among the young; he was a pinnacle of learning, the ornament of the wise; he gave weapons to the warriors and a shield to them that strove; he inspired terror in his foes, and courage in his people; he was an ornament to the nobles, and an honor to princes, a glory to the great ones of the land, who could tell his praise in worthy wise, for, in his days, all was well ordered in the land of Utrecht. Prelates were honest, and priests pious in the worship of God; the religious were devout, the virgins were chaste, the people were fervent in their faith, judges were firm, and wealth grew abundantly in the cities." And the litany of the good Lord Frederick's virtues continues for another page. But there is reason to suspect that the chronicler, under guise of praising the dead, is cautiously reading a lesson to the living; for we are told that the times are sadly changed since the bishop's death. The translator has given an archaic flavor to his English which matches the matter and enhances the enjoyment of the reader.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.
By O'Connell.

The theme of this small book* is the need of religious education in the home and in the school. It enforces the value of moral training, both for the individual's and the common weal. Father O'Connell inculcates his maxims by anecdote and parable. He believes too in citations from great authors, chiefly of the past, to give weight to a thought or an advice. The advice and direction given are rather general than detailed; though there are some practical considerations, especially in the concluding chapter, on the profit to be derived from inspiring in pupils a spirit of emulation. We should not, however, advise a teacher to endeavor to enkindle ambition in the breasts of his young people by pointing out how Pius X. "from an humble

* *Christian Education.* By Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. New York: Benziger Brothers.

beginning, has attained the most exalted position possible to man." The Gospel does not dangle the high places in Christ's kingdom as prizes to be sought.

STOIC AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Alston.

The task undertaken by Mr. Alston * is to weigh against one another the last important Stoic, who is not yet aware of the presence of the new religious force, and the "Christian teachers contemporary with and antecedent to him. Christians living in a non-Christian world which, as yet, shows little sign of succumbing to their influence." The task has been accomplished in a thoroughly scientific, judicial, scholarly manner. The author understands the difficulties in the way of one who would make such a comparison, difficulties which have proved too much for many investigators who have been content to stop at the surface, and deduce easy but misleading general conclusions. He is on his guard, when analyzing the writings of the Imperial Stoic, against the mistakes of submitting every phrase, "mechanically, to microscopic scrutiny, while ignoring the elusive personal factor," and of building lofty edifices on slender foundations.

As to his general conclusions it may be said that, while he nowise minimizes the superficial or external parallels that have been made so much of by many writers, between the systems of the Stoic and the Christian, Mr. Alston contends that, below the surface, there is a profound essential differentiation, which is irreducible. The ethical questions concerning which the two doctrines are compared are: Man as a rational and social being; The intellectual virtues; The lower and the higher life of man; Free-will and responsibility; The ultimate aim of virtue; and The relation in Christianity of ethics to religion. The teachers upon whom Mr. Alston draws for the expression of Christian morality are Barnabas, Clement, the Didache, Hermas, Ignatius, Polycarp, Aristides, Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Tatian, and Theophilus of Antioch. Of these men Mr. Alston observes: "Unlike their apostolic predecessors, the writers whom we have grouped in contrast with Marcus Aurelius were not markedly in advance of contemporary thought. But they were in the

* *Stoic and Christian in the Second Century.* A Comparison of the Ethical Teaching of Marcus Aurelius with that of Contemporary and Antecedent Christianity. By Leonard Alston, M A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

main current of advance, and the future was with them as it never was with him. And thus his elevation of thought, though not barren (moral greatness never can be barren), was not fruitful with the fruitfulness of those who labored with a consciousness that they were sharing in a universal movement common to all humanity, and who handed on to their successors the task that they had received from their forerunners, confident that the fruit of their teaching would multiply and increase, not merely thirtyfold, or sixtyfold, or a hundredfold, but beyond all calculation and all enumeration." Though Mr. Alston refuses to see in the Stoic morals of Marcus the equal of the Gospel philosophy of life, he does full justice to the beauty of that lonely and lofty character of whom his age was not worthy. Mr. Alston is to be thanked for a valuable piece of apologetic work. He has furnished, as far as it goes, a striking reply to the pleadings of writers who have unduly exalted the Porch in order to discredit the supernatural claims of Christianity. The book will serve as a set-off to Professor Dill's chapter on Seneca and his contemporaries, in his recent work, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, in which he has obscured the radical differences between Stoic and Christianity "translating the rhetoric of the schools into the rich phrases of the New Testament."

POPULAR THEOLOGY.

A need of the times is a deeper and more intelligent knowledge of Catholic doctrine and teaching on the part of the laity. There is no doubt that Catholic men and women are really interested, as their frequent inquiries for information indicate, in theological topics. Yet they are not readers, as a rule, and few of them would ever think of sitting down to study a learned tome of divinity. Nor is the grown person much attracted by books of catechetical form. A well-written, brief manual, covering compendiously the principal matters of moral and dogmatic theology ought to attract, as it would certainly prove useful to them. Such a work is that of Father Geiermann,* in which almost every point of Catholic belief and practice is explained, accompanied by the proofs, from reason or authority, or both, on which it rests.

* *Manual of Theology for the Laity.* By Fr. Geiermann. New York: Benziger Brothers.

One is tempted, here and there, to judge that too little space is given to some important subject; but only by condensation and brevity could the author have succeeded in covering so much ground within the compass of one small book. After the exposition of each point of teaching the author takes up a number of the usual objections put forward against it, and refutes them. In a good many instances he might have profitably given a little more space to his answers; for some of them are much too peremptory and dogmatic to satisfy any one who is really perplexed by the objection; and it is better not to suggest an objection at all, than to start it and merely scotch it—it ought to be killed outright. For instance, with regard to celibacy of the clergy, the objection is made that married priests could be models for their flocks. The answer (after a quotation of I. Cor. vii. 33) is that a married priest could not sacrifice himself for his flock; especially in time of pestilence, he would first have to take care of his own. To this the counter reply frequently is: Do married doctors shirk their duty in case of contagious or infectious diseases? On some fundamental matters there is an unnecessary extension of affirmations, that would not be made by the best theologians to-day. For example, we are told on the strength of Job xix. 25, that "the Patriarchs believed in the resurrection of the body." Such points will not attract the attention of the average mind among the readers for which the work is intended. But they will be pounced upon by just that class which is most likely seriously to consult it, *viz.*, those who have been inoculated with apprehension, misgiving, or doubt, from contact with non-Catholic thought. It might also be observed that the author could, with advantage, have followed more closely the custom of indicating the doctrines which are of obligatory faith, and, also, have taken advantage of modern Catholic works dealing with the Old Testament. With, however, all the deductions that are to be made for the above reasons, the substantial excellence of the book remains, and we wish it a wide diffusion among our Catholic laity.

A sister of the Society of the Holy Child, who has already given the little ones some attractive pious stories, now offers a little volume* in which, in the form of familiar conversations,

* *Talks with the Little Ones About the Apostles Creed.* By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York: Benziger Brothers.

full of simple illustration, the articles of the creed are explained for children. Teachers of Sunday-Schools and Catechism classes will find help in the Commentary on the Catechism by Fr. Faerber. It covers the catechetical exposition of the Creed, the Sacraments, the Commandments, the precepts of the Church, and prayer. To each answer is added an ample paraphrase and supplementary explanation. There is an introduction consisting of some wise advice and rules for teachers.

HAGIOLOGY.

The admirable life of the Curé of Ars,* written by his nephew, has been translated into English so idiomatic that one would scarcely suspect that the version is not an original. That the life is a number of the "Saints" series sufficiently guarantees that it is written so that the purpose of edification is not taken as a pretext for the writer to emancipate himself from the exigencies of sober history. The character of this saint of our own days is vividly portrayed. A failure, from the intellectual point of view, in the Seminary, too ignorant at the time of his ordination to be permitted to hear confessions, he started, amid an indifferent, if not irreligious, population, on that wonderful career in which he not only turned his own flock and the people of the surrounding districts into fervent Catholics, but his confessional became the object of pilgrimage, and the scene of conversion for guilty, obdurate, and unbelieving souls from all quarters of France. The French clergy to-day are said to be confronted with a people from whom faith is rapidly departing. In the Curé of Ars they have a model and a source of courage and hope. His life is the living expression of the truth that the hand of the Lord is not shortened, and that where guilt abounds grace may superabound.

Opponents of Christianity have said that to put the teaching of its founder into practice would be the destruction of civilization; and that his professed followers simply ignore some of his most characteristic teaching: Christians do not turn the other cheek to the smiter, nor make a present of their cloak to the man who has taken their coat; they are as canny as

* *The Blessed John Vianney, Curé d'Ars, Patron of Parish Priests.* By Joseph Vianney. Translated by C. W. W. New York: Benziger Brothers.

other people in taking thought for the morrow, and exhibit no repugnance to having a secure place whereon to lay their head; even those who profess religious poverty sit down to a better table, wear finer cloth, travel more comfortably than the major part of the nation, and are tolerably assured that they shall never feel the pinch of want during their stay in the land. All this is quite true; but its force is broken by the obvious distinction between the imposition of a precept and the inculcation of an ideal. But, that even the ideal is practicable has been illustrated, now and again, in the history of the Church. The *Poverello* and his companions followed the words of the Master literally before the regular canonical institution of the Franciscan order. So, also, did his imitator in our own times, Benedict Labre, the begger saint, who, after two vain attempts to enter the path of perfection in a great religious order, cast himself into the arms of divine Providence, which led him to the summit of the Holy Mountain, through a life of Christ-like destitution. The short but comprehensive Life* of this servant of God that has just appeared is a plain account of that strange and edifying career, in which God seems to have provided a special lesson for an age whose chief characteristic is said to be a boundless thirst for riches, and whose exigencies impose upon those who work in the vineyard the sad necessity of devoting a great part of their time and energies to making, in the interests of religion, wise provision for the morrow.

The new history of La Vénérable Thérèse de Saint Augustin, otherwise Madame Louise de France, Carmelite nun, and daughter of Louis XV. of France,† has been composed by a writer who had under his eye, besides contemporary narratives, all the official documents that throw light on the subject, that are contained in the French national archives and the Vatican archives. The history is divided into three periods: The abbey of Fontevrault, to which at a very tender age the young princess, with her three younger sisters, was taken, in order to remove them from the atmosphere of the court;

* *St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Votary of Holy Poverty and Pilgrim.* By C. L. White. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Les Saints: Madame Louise de France.* Par Geoffrey de Grandmaison. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

The court of Versailles, to which she returned at the age of thirteen; The religious life. A strangely contrasted procession of people flits across the stage in this narrative—Louis XV., an inveterate profligate, his mistress, de Pompadour, his saintly wife with her worthy daughters, among them the one who was to rise to heights of consummate virtue, court ladies of all kinds, some fit companions for Maria Leczinska, others no better than Pompadour herself, the incredible luxury and frivolity of Versailles, and the rude penitential life of Carmel. It is a cross section of the French life in the highest circle under the *ancien régime*, when good and bad, saint and profligate, mixed without mingling in both Church and State, in a society under which the earthquake and volcano fires were ready to burst forth.

The subject of another memoir,* La Mère de Belloy, was the daughter of a family of the old nobility. Born in 1746, she entered the Visitation monastery in Rouen at an early age, and was elected Superior, first in 1787, again in 1790. Immediately after her second election, in prosecution of the anti-religious campaign of the Revolution, the administrators of the district of Rouen entered the convent, took an inventory of the property, and summoning all the inmates asked each one whether she desired to take advantage of the law which set her at liberty. All refused, only to be subsequently driven from their convent, and, when they attempted to reconstitute their community, to be imprisoned and otherwise punished. The trials of the Mother and her sisters continued during the dangerous years which preceded the restoration of religion by the Concordat of 1801. Before the Mother's death, in 1806, she saw her community reinstated peaceably in their old home. History repeats itself. There are innumerable religious in France to-day who, like Mère de Belloy, have suffered expulsion from their convent, and are prohibited from practising their religious vocation. There is reason to hope that, in God's good time, the parallel will be happily completed when the iniquitous work of the present persecution shall have been undone.

* *Une Page d'Histoire Religieuse.* Pendant la Révolution. Par René de Chaudigny. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

LIFE OF CHRIST. By Le Camus.

The translator of this Christian classic * is to be thanked for having undertaken to make it available for English readers; and congratulated upon the way in which he has carried out his task. Some time ago the average quality of the translations made of religious literature, from French or other foreign languages, was an affront to the readers for whom they were intended, and a crime against the authors who had the misfortune to be condemned to the ordeal. Father Hickey has done justice to the elegance, simplicity, and lucidity which characterizes the original. Mgr. Le Camus, whose recent death removed from the French hierarchy a member conspicuous for learning and piety, saw this work in its sixth edition before he died. Though his primary and essential object is edification, he does not neglect the critical point of view, and, familiar with the scholarly works of the day, he refutes, wherever it is to be done, the attacks of rationalism upon the authenticity of the text or the veracity of the Gospel history. The chief excellence of the book is, if one may use in a good sense a word which has been profaned by ignoble use, its realism. No merely human writer may ever hope to produce a picture of Christ himself that will not be pale and ineffectual compared to the living portrait of the Gospels. But that portrait will be better grasped and understood when its background and framework, the topography, the habits and characteristics of the people, the meaning of ceremonies, customs, observances, etc., the atmosphere which surrounds the New Testament, are set forth with the learning and unction which characterize this study.

THE MADONNA AND THE POETS.

The quality of the excerpts that Father Fitzpatrick has made from various religious writers in the numerous little "Selections" that he has published argued that one who had so sure an instinct for a poetic thought or a musical passage could scarcely be without a spark of the poet's fire himself. In this little sheaf of poems—sonnets, rondeaux, and triolets in honor of the

* *The Life of Christ.* By Mgr. E. Le Camus. Translated by William A. Hickey, Priest of the Diocese of Springfield. Vol. I. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

Blessed Virgin* there is proof demonstrative of the fact. The verses are sweet, simple, and sentimental expressions of the tenderest piety and love for our Blessed Mother.

Some lover of Mary has culled from over a long stretch of our literature an anthology† of the choicest flowers that the poets have offered to her. Many of the verses—and some of the best, though from men whose names have a permanent place in the ranks of our poets—are far from being widely known to-day. Robert Grosseteste (1253); William Forest (1505); Richard Rowlands (1565); Ben Jonson; Sir John Beaumont; George Herbert; Richard Crashaw; Henry Vaughan; represent the inspiration of the Madonna in English life, from the Middle Ages till long after England had ceased to be Catholic. Among the modern contributors are Wordsworth, Newman, Hawker, Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, George Macdonald, Father Tabb, Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, and Rudyard Kipling, whose tribute is a verse taken from the best of his poems, the "Hymn before Action." Like all fine passages Kipling's verse loses immensely by being taken out of its context; yet, even as a detached fragment, it retains its deep pathos:

> "Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
> Remember, reach, and save
> The soul that comes to-morrow
> Before the GOD that gave!
> Since each was born of woman,
> For each at utter need—
> True comrade and true foeman,
> Madonna, intercede!"

The *Pike County Ballads* give as little assurance as do the *Barrack Room Ballads* that their author has any claim to be included among the poets of the Madonna. Yet if the collector had turned to the writings of John Hay he (or she) would have discovered there a piece that well deserves to be included in the present select company. The volume is prettily illustrated with photogravures of famous paintings.

* *Virgo Prædicanda.* Verses in our Lady's Praise. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Madonna of the Poets.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

PHILOSOPHY.

Some time ago, when commenting on the excellence of the Westminster Series of Lectures, THE CATHOLIC WORLD expressed the hope that the zealous editor of that course would undertake the production of some publications in which the important topics of the lectures might be treated with greater amplitude and completeness. We are glad to find that this task has been taken up. A series of volumes upon the groundwork of the Christian religion; God; The Soul; The Christian System; The Person and Resurrection of Christ; Miracles and Spiritualism, has been begun under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Aveling. It is proposed to include also volumes on Evil and Death; Sin and Punishment; The Philosophy of the Papacy; and Conduct. Two volumes have reached us, one entitled *The God of Philosophy*, the other, *The Principles of Christianity*.*

The first volume is a statement of the scholastic proofs of the existence of God. The author, expanding by illustration and comment, the matter of the ordinary text-book, presents the arguments in a form freed, as far as may be, from technical language, and adapted to the minds not possessed of much experience in metaphysical reflection. The classic proofs could not be more lucidly set forth; and they are formulated in their full strength. Regarding the value of the "proofs," the author observes: (a proof) can have no value whatever in forcing conviction. It does not produce certainty. It records it, and the whole psychological process of the demonstrations advanced must be gone through, step by step and personally, before the conclusion can have any real meaning, or evidential value. With this restriction of the arguments adduced, and in view of the nature of "proof" the several demonstrations are urged as "absolutely incontrovertible." This observation raised the expectation that the author, on reaching the proof from motion, would have tackled the objections raised against it to-day—objections strong enough to influence that staunch scholastic, Father Rickaby, to omit it altogether in his recent translation of the *Summa Contra Gentiles*.

A logical objection that demands treatment is neatly put

* *The God of Philosophy*. By the Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. *The Principles of Christianity*. By the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder. London: Sands & Co.

in a recently published French work.* "'Omne quod movetur *ab alio* movetur.' *Ab alio!* Mais, c'est la question! Rien absolument, à priori, n'autorise à préférer *l'ab alio* à *l'a seipso.*" The view of motion, too, on which the argument is based depends on the physics of Aristotle, against which is arrayed the modern physical theory that the apparent repose of a body is but an equilibrium of forces which counterbalance one another, and not mere inertia. Aristotle may be right or wrong; but minds which entertain the opinion supported by modern physics will at once be prejudiced against the entire set of theistic arguments when *they are told that the above proof is absolutely incontrovertible.* A further and more general reflection arises here. It is that if our philosophic apologetics are to make any impression on the non-believing mind—and, presumably, that is their main aim—they must take into account the position on which our adversary stands. He will never be touched by us as long as we take as the basis of our reasoning principles which he denies *in toto.* It is safe to say that the three-fourths of the educated opponents of theism, to-day, take the Kantian view of the value of phenomenal knowledge. A man in that position may study this entire work with an open mind without finding an argument that goes home. Father Sharpe, who treats more briefly as a section of his task, the existence of God, makes two remarks that, when brought together, have a deeper import than he attaches to them. He says, regarding belief in God, that "We do not, indeed, reach any of the practical convictions which play important parts in our lives by means of syllogisms or inductive methods." Again, regarding the nature of free-will, he states that "Freedom lies in the power of the will to compel or abstain from compelling the intellect to give full consideration to the objects before it." Both of these statements we believe to be quite true. And they suggest that when the convinced theist keeps them before him he will control his own immediate and direct estimate of the absolutely demonstrative power of his proofs for theism by observing what is the result that they produce in a mind that does not already hold firmly to theistic belief. To turn from the merits of the dialectic which he expounds to his treatment of it, there is scarcely room for criticism of Dr. Aveling's work. It might, perhaps, be said that he could

* *La Divin Expériences et Hypothèses.* Par Marcel Hébert. Paris: Alcan.

with advantage have enlarged more on the moral argument; and, considering that the question at issue between us and unbelievers to-day is not so much, Is there a God? but, Is there a Personal God? the personality of God might have occupied a more central place in his scheme than he has given to it. And we miss altogether any direct treatment of the question of the divine immanence in the universe.

From the existence of God, Father Sharpe passes successively to the Soul, Religion and Morals, Revelation, Faith, Necessary Inferences, Free-will, Evil, Miracles, and Mysticism. He gives an excellent epitome of approved teaching on all these topics. Regarding miracles he very properly deviates from the stereotyped phraseology which opposes miracles to "laws of nature." Another good point in the method of the author is that, instead of attempting to solve the problem of evil by principles of reason alone, he postpones it till after he has established the fact of revelation. It is as an inference from revealed truth that he puts forward the proposition: The existence of evil in the world is consistent with the existence of a Creator who is himself perfectly good and absolutely omnipotent. Judging from the quality of these initial volumes we may expect that the whole series, when completed, will contain a thorough popular exposition of Catholic philosophy such as has long been desired, and sadly needed in the English tongue.

Another work of which there is a wider need, as has been a hundred times observed by thinkers in every country, is one of greater difficulty and requiring a special genius. It is to do for the present age what St. Thomas did for his—to re-cast the philosophy of Catholicism to suit the needs of the present day, by making a synthesis of its unchanging principles and the verified knowledge which the world has gained in the last three or four centuries; and to meet the errors of the day as they exist in the modern mind. With the enormous growth of knowledge that has taken place in the past two centuries, hardly any single genius, even of the calibre of St. Thomas, could be expected to carry out this work. It must be the work of many minds and many years. Meanwhile, in order to do the best that may be achieved, at present, towards making headway against the enemy, students of philosophy must become familiar with the forms of thought against which they

will be called on to attend. From our ordinary text-books they will obtain but scanty light in this matter. And so they go to attack rationalism and unbelief like a general who knows nothing about the strength or whereabouts of the enemy against whom he moves. A writer* referred to above might be read with advantage for this purpose. He challenges the ground-work of the entire metaphysical argument for the existence of God, and in his attack puts forward reasonings that embody many of the ideas that play so large a part in modern thought —the play of tendency; the subconscious or unconscious in psychology, the relativity of phenomena. And he contends, with a force that calls for serious refutation, that while religion is an ineradicable element in human nature, yet both it and morality are independent of belief in a personal God.

Another thinker, who, writing as he does from Cambridge University,† is an index of the extent to which the tide of unbelief is rising over grounds that not long ago were occupied by Protestant Christianity, represents a mixture of agnosticism and idealism that pervades a great deal of the prevalent philosophical thought which is slowly but steadily flittering down from the higher academic level into the popular mind. A comparison of these two books teaches the lesson that we have a resource of which we do not sufficiently avail ourselves. It is, to pit our opponents against each other sometimes, and, instead of giving all our attention to the construction and support of our own position, to turn, more than we do, to the much easier and sometimes more telling, tactics of destructive criticism of the enemy. While Mr. Hébert maintains that religion is imperishable, and dogma a temporary shift belonging to a period of imperfect development of the religious tendency, Mr. McTaggart tries to prove that there can be no religion without dogma, and that it is impossible for the human mind to reach any dogmatic principle at all. By dogma he understands, not supernaturally revealed truth, but indubitable metaphysical principles.

It seems scarcely possible, unless psychology makes a progress which its most devoted students hardly dare to hope for it, that anything quite new can be said at this stage of the world's his-

*M. Hébert.

† *Some Dogmas of Religion.* By John McTaggart Ellis McTaggart, Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

tory, for or against the enigma of free-will. Many persons affect to consider the problem as settled and one of the dead issues of philosophy. But the unbiassed will agree with Father Rickaby that "though men are slow to see it, and loath to own it—from reminiscences of the *odium theologicum* hanging about the question—free-will still remains the hub of philosophical speculation." To the literature of the undying controversy Father Rickaby contributes a long matured volume abounding with acute criticism and close reasoning.* He takes up the most significant passages of each of the four great English determinists, analyzes their import, and submits them to severe criticism. Sometimes he merely points out the inconsistency between one passage, or its implications, and another. More frequently he disputes the assertion or the reasoning. As he often finds his men traveling over the same ground, one after the other, there is, necessarily, some repetition of ideas and arguments; and, perhaps, there is some prolixity that might have been avoided. The most original feature of Father Rickaby's treatment of the question is his theory on the working of free-will, where he abandons the consecrated method of resolving it into two functions—that of the will and that of the intellect. On the contrary, Father Rickaby, ranging himself in the ranks of contemporary psychologists, poses and discusses the problem in the terms, "I," "volition," "mind," and "motives emerging into consciousness."

The principle that is the guiding star of modern research—nothing can be properly understood except by studying the history of its development—shapes the course of philosophic as much as of theological study. In his recently published work on one idea belonging to Greek philosophy, M. Rivaud gives a good example of the fecundity of that method.†

He takes up the idea of universal change or *becoming* as a principle of the cosmos, vaguely expressed in the earlier myths. Then he pursues it through its more explicit formulation in the Ionic physicists, especially in Heraclitus. Afterwards he follows its more obscure and complicated course and influence

* *Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbs, Locke, Hume, and Mill.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Le Problème du Devenir et la Notion de la Matière.* Dans la Philosophie Grecque depuis les origines jusqu'a Théophaste. Par Albert Rivaud. Parts: Alcan.

through Plato and Aristotle, where it becomes merged in, or rather assumes a new designation as matter. His analysis demonstrates the truth that to understand any phase of philosophic thought we must first investigate the antecedent ideas of which it is the successor if not the descendent. To concentrate attention on the history of one principle or idea is accompanied by one danger against which M. Rivaud has hardly taken sufficient precaution. The method exposes one to make the element taken up the centre around which all the others revolve; so that its relative importance easily becomes exaggerated, Certainly the idea of the unending changefulness of the universe played a great part in Greek philosophy. But it was not the *be all* and the *end all.*

M. Rivaud observes that the "most modern of philosophies, the doctrine of evolution, recalls, in more than one respect, the doctrine of becoming, *dévenir.*" It might be added that the perspective in which he views Greek philosophy, so that every other idea seems to be subordinate to that of *becoming*, has something in common with the standpoint of those moderns who consider that the answer to ultimate questions is contained in the word evolution. This complete work, in which is displayed a profound acquaintance with Greek thought, deserves close study. and one of the rewards which it offers is considerable light on the very difficult question of what was Aristotle's precise conception of matter.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PAX.
By Dom Camm.

In this story * the author presents a picture intended to show the the inner beauty of the religious life, and to encourage those who find themselves drawn towards it, especially in the Benedictine order. A little band of youths, undertaking the long, dangerous journey to the Golden City, select, from a great flotilla, an old-fashioned bark, which flies a great black banner on which is embroidered the word *Pax.* Being one of the Pilot boats of the Great Prince, this ship can carry only true and tried sailors, obedient and ready for all difficulties. The Isles of Plenty and the City of Voluptas are passed in safety; the dangerous rocks, Superbia and Ira, are carefully shunned; the narrow channels by the reefs of Peccata are successfully navigated

* *The Voyage of the Pax.* By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

under the vigilant eye of the wary old captain, venerable of countenance and kind of heart. The valiant company pursue their course across the stormy bay of Tribulatio, and, at length, after happily rounding the dangerous point of Mors, they gladly cast anchor in the quiet waters of the haven, Æternitas. Dom Bede gives a winning view of the Benedictine peace. May this new version of the *Pilgrims' Progress* help to diffuse a knowledge of the grand old institution, and assist an age, which knows little of it, to understand the spirit of the monastic life.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE. By Janssen.

We rejoice to welcome two new volumes, the ninth and tenth, of the English translation of Janssen's *History of the German People.** At this hour of the day there is surely no need to call attention to the monumental importance of this Catholic work; for every one we trust, who reads at all, is now aware that Dr. Janssen has done a service for Catholic scholarship which it would be hardly possible to overestimate. With utmost detail, sometimes, one is inclined to think, with too much detail, he writes for us the Reformation and pre-Reformation history of Germany, with a copiousness of erudition and a Catholicity of feeling which put him at once in a high rank both as historian and apologist. These present volumes are occupied with the forty or fifty years immediately preceding the Thirty Years' War. They furnish us with full information on the progress of Lutheranism and Calvinism in the various German States, and on the countermovement back to Catholicism which restored to the Church some of the provinces which she had previously lost. In connection with this latter point, Dr. Janssen speaks in the highest terms of the services of the Jesuits, particularly of Canisius. That remarkable man was the very soul of Catholic activity in Germany at the time. So learned that the sectarian controversialists feared him, and so holy that they were constrained to admire him, he did more than any other man of that age for the progress of Catholicity.

In the second of these volumes before us there is an ex-

* *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By J. Janssen. Vols. IX. and X. Translated by A. M. Christie. St. Louis: B. Herder.

tended discussion of a matter not often treated in histories of the Reformation, that is a discussion of the literary and polemic warfare carried on between the rival religions incessantly. From Dr. Janssen's account of this side of his subject, we receive new confirmation of how great a factor in the spread of Lutheranism was the printed word. Tracts, songs, hymns, cartoons, every possible vehicle of propaganda of which printers' ink is capable, was used by the German leaders of the revolt, with the result that probably almost every home in Germany had thrust into it some apology or other for the new doctrines. This is a feature which may convey a lesson even to our own age.

A KEY TO PUZZLEDOM. Lovers of the cryptic in all its recognized forms will find the *Key to Puzzledom* * most useful and interesting. The introduction tells of the years and the labors involved in its compilation, and the result justifies its claim to be complete. It contains chapters dealing with every variety of puzzle, from remote antiquity to the present day; it gives the rules for the construction of each kind, especially of the form-puzzle, and is enriched with most abundant examples of all that is best in the varieties of the enigmatic art. Probably the best chapter, and certainly one most attractive to the non-professional, is that devoted to hints on the method of solving puzzles. It incidentally shows the special difficulties that beset the form-builder, and the hours often needed for the simplest element in his construction. Most interesting to the general reader are the chapters on the history, antiquity, and development of puzzles, while all will find many of the verse-puzzles most grateful reading. These often possess a charm quite independent of the puzzles they enshrine. But to the many who have any concern in making or solving puzzles this handbook is all but indispensable.

* *A Key to Puzzledom; or, The Complete Handbook of the Enigmatic Art.* New York: William W. Delaney.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (17 Nov.): The fourth article on the House of Loreto appears in this number. The respective claims of the Palestinian and Italian sanctuaries are considered. Great fluctuation of opinion is shown to have existed in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.——A final word concerning the Acton controversy in *The Tablet*. Father Thurston's reply to Abbot Gasquet that he never intended to describe the late Lord Acton as a heretic, seems to clear up the difficulty, and apparently throws new light on the Father's review published in *The Month*. The review begins with these words: "Whatever may be thought of Lord Acton's orthodoxy or lack of orthodoxy." It is declared there can be no longer any question of Acton's orthodoxy, as the quotation would seem to imply.——The work of our American poet priest, Rev. John B. Tabb, is noticed. His verse combines a new poetry of an exceptionally high order with a graceful simplicity which should win the approval of the general reader, as also the appreciation of the fastidious critic.

(24 Nov.): Mr. Edmund Bishop concludes his exhaustive study of the evidence regarding the Holy House of Loreto. In part he has given a digest of Canon Chevalier's book; but in great measure has pursued his own course of investigation. He decides that the story of the Holy House of Loreto told by Teramanus (1472) and by those who have come after him, judged from a merely historical point of view, is not true; and that, if the authenticity of that House is to be maintained, it must be by reasons drawn from considerations of a superior order, and not from history.——It is hoped by the writer of Literary Notes that zealous defenders of the Faith, in disputed points, will study the correspondence between the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, of New York, and Baron Friedrich von Hügel on "The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch."

(1 Dec.): A curious incident is related by the Roman

correspondent. A member of the community of nuns, "The English Ladies," who have done so much for the preservation of the faith, was stricken with an infectious disease. After several attempts to have her placed in a Catholic institution, it was found necessary to have recourse to a private hospital kept by a German Protestant Sisterhood. This incident happened in the city of Rome.

The Month (Dec.): Narrates, apropos of the recent typhoon which struck Hong Kong, the circumstances that have led up to the disruption of relations between the Hong Kong Observatory, under the directorship of Dr. Doberck, and those under the Jesuits at Manila and Sikawei. Owing to a letter of Dr. Doberck, the United States Secretary of War ordered that henceforth all typhoon warnings sent from Manila to places outside the Archipelago should be suspended. The Hong Kong press has criticized Dr. Doberck's action, and has commented favorably upon the meteorological service of the Jesuits. ——Analyzes the development of St. Ignatius' educational views as seen in the constitutions he wrote.—— Dilates upon the dangers attendant upon the work of the Moral Instruction League, whose object is: "To introduce systematic non-theological moral instruction into all schools, and to make the formation of character the chief aim of school life." From the Catholic educator's standpoint, it is objected against the League that it does not explain the basis of "ought," "duty," and "moral law," which terms for the Catholic point to the existence, sanctity, and authority of God. In its code of duties the League omits our duties to God, which are the most essential. Amongst the examples that the Moral Instruction League proposes to set before the children, that which for Catholic minds is the greatest of all is left unmentioned—the example of Christ. As a solution of the present religious difficulty in education, the Moral Instruction League is deemed the least acceptable to all.——Sets forth, in keeping with M. Paul Allard's principles, the apologetic value of martyrdom. M. Allard's view of the classical argument leaves open the theological questions connected with martyrdom, and

gives to the martyrs a definite office in the supernatural dispensation. M. Allard regards martyrdom not as a miracle but as a testimony. The martyrs are men of faith chosen by God to witness heroically to the fact of the Christian revelation. Their testimony may be said to form a tradition; their witness may be traced from the time of Christ, through the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic ages, through the later persecutions, under the empire of Julian, in the face of Arians and Saracens, down to the French Revolution and our own time.

Études (5 Nov.): The *History of Theology* that is being brought out by Joseph Turmel is subjected to considerable criticism in an article by Paul Bernard. It is asserted that the *History* is very incomplete, both in regard to authorties and to theological events. The chief criticism is that it is founded too exclusively on the theology of Bellarmine.——The work of P. Pourrat on the Sacraments receives favorable notice. This writer's view of the divine institution of the sacraments is that Christ "placed the essential principles," and entrusted to the Holy Spirit the "mission of unveiling all the riches of the sacramental institution at the time when the needs of the Christian society demanded it."

(20 Nov.): Two recent works of Catholic Scriptural scholars are reviewed in this number by A. Condamin. The first is a translation of the book of Enoch into French, made under the direction of Fr. Martin, of the Catholic Institute of Paris. The reviewer gives a summary of the book. The translation is praised as "faithful, exact, and literal." The arrangement of the work is all that the scholar would desire in the matter of references, variant-readings, parallel readings, indices, etc. The second work is Fr. Gigot's *Special Introduction to the Old Testament.* This book our reviewer recommends as a "work clear, methodical, and scientific"; and the author is complimented highly for the scientific attitude he has manifested regarding the knotty questions that have lately arisen to disturb theologians and critics.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov): The Agrarian Question, the most urgent of Russian Social problems, is discussed by Ed-

ouard Blanc.——In the second of a series of articles on "The Religious Life in a Country without a Concordat," M. Savary describes the relation of the Church and State in Mexico.——André Dreux reviews the Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe.——M. Bouchard contributes a scathing criticism of the conduct of M. Clémenceau on his assumption of the office of Prime Minister.

(25 Nov.): Intensely interesting are the statistics published in an article on "Social Suicide." Some startling figures are given; for instance, we learn that from 1881 to 1903 the diminution in the birth-rate in English cities was fifteen per cent, and in country districts eighteen per cent. The figures prove that the decrease is not a phenomenon peculiar to the city, nor can it be attributed to the depopulation of the country districts. Secondly, it is evident that the decline in the number of births is particularly noticeable where there are marked inconveniences for the bearing and rearing of children. In localities where the wealthy reside, the decline is exceptionally marked. Especially gratifying it is to note that Catholic Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom where the birth-rate has not diminished. On the contrary, there is an increase of three per cent from 1881 to 1901. Moreover, in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, where the proportion of Catholics is large, the decline in the birth-rate is not so marked as in other cities.——In the Political Chronicle, M. Boucher tells us that the excitement caused by the declaration of the 5th of November, relative to the application of the Law of Separation, has a most important signification for the world at large. It shows that France, the author claims, was not indifferent to the religious question, and that Catholicism, in the eyes of the government itself, was not a negligible quantity.

La Quinzaine (1 Nov.): The aim of A. de Soleymieux in his concluding article on the Irish land question, is to partly exonerate England from the charges of oppression of Irish peasants. At the present time she is really a benefactor and a protector of Ireland, introducing modern agriculture machinery and employing the latest and

best methods to enrich the soil. If Home Rule should be granted, the Irish would soon recognize that, left to their own resources, the cultivation of their sterile soil would bring them neither happiness nor prosperity.—— In the singularly obscure situation of French Catholics, George Fonsegrive, attempts to give a clear account of the relative strength and influence of the Church and State in France, the claims of the Church for supreme right of authority, and the refusal of the State to admit these claims. The Church seems to be in a rather precarious condition, oppressed on one side with difficulties of the moral order and on the other with material difficulties. Still the public mind is tranquil. The peasants, for the most part, are little disturbed, and religion is practised just as if there were no troubles. But it remains for the clergy to keep them in this state of mind, to show them that they are loyal to the republic. The future of France depends on this.

(16 Nov.): Five unpublished letters of Maine de Biran opens this number.——Louis le Barbier gives reasons why the French should settle permanently in the new Hebrides.——M. Dumont applies himself to analyzing the moral and religious reaction of a priest who has come to realize the problems and the conflicts of the present day.

Revue du Clerge Français (15 Nov.): The translation of Bishop Bonomelli's study on the relations between moral and material progress is continued.——A critical appreciation of the character of the summer vacation courses at Cambridge University (C. Lootin).——M. Eugene Martin continues his sketch of the development of the religious weekly newspapers, or bulletins (semaines religieuses). ——The recent work on the theology of St. Hippolytus, by M. A. d'Alés, a work on the Roman Catechism (G. Bareilles), are reviewed by M. F. Dubois.——While M. Turmel replies lucidly to a correspondent who asks for a precise formulation of the question concerning the authenticity of the Apostles and the Athanasian creeds.

(1 Dec.): M. George Michelelet in an instructive paper which is to be continued, discusses the value of some of

the views expressed by William James in his *Religious Experiences*.——M. E. Vacandard shows that Leo XIII., in his encyclical of September 8, 1885, to the French bishops, repudiated or feigned to ignore the mediæval theory represented by Boniface VIII. regarding the relations of the two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil.——The "Chronique Biblique" of this issue is extensive, embracing about fourteen of the latest books, French and German, and two English—*The Religion of Israel*, Ottley; and *The Genuineness and Authorship of the Pastoral Epistles*, I. D. James.——Among the historical reviews the most noticeable is that of the translation of P. Semeria, by F. Richermoz—"Dogme, hierarchie, et culte dans l'Église Primitive."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT Albany, in the Senate Chamber, the forty-fourth University Convention of the State of New York was held, October 25, 26, 27, 1906, under the direction of the Regents. Two school years have passed since the unification law went into effect, and a frank discussion was invited of the policies and methods adopted for the recognition of the Educational Machinery. Assurance was given in advance that any defects shown by the light of experience would be corrected.

The programme in part was as follows:

Chancellor's Address, by St. Clair McKelway, LL.D.

A National View of Education, by the Hon. Elmer E. Brown, Ph.D., United States Commissioner.

The State and its Colleges, by George E. Merrill, LL.D., President of Colgate University.

Examinations and Academic Funds, by the Hon. Andrew S. Draper, LL.D., New York State Commissioner.

Problems of State Normal School Education, by George E. Hawkins, D.Sc., Principal of Plattsburg Normal School.

Commercial Progress in Secondary Education, by James J. Sheppard, Principal of the New York City High School of Commerce.

The Individual Student in High Schools, by Milton J. Fletcher, Principal of the Jamestown High School, and President of the Academic principals of the State of New York.

Nicholas Murray Butler, LL.D., President of Columbia University, treated the subject of Educational Administration in a broad way, showing how many types of human beings are represented in the eight millions comprising the population of New York State. This composite body politic is organized as a commonwealth, and among other things sets itself the task of educating its children. Three elements are recognized in the educational system as follows:

The first element is the schools, institutions, and undertakings of every form and type which are supported by public tax, and which are immediately controlled by public officials.

The second element is the schools . . . which, while neither supported by public tax nor immediately controlled by public officials, are established and maintained by the State's authority and permission, granted either by specific legislative enactment or in pursuance of general provisions of law. Both these elements of the educational system are public in the full sense of the word. They represent the public judgment, and base their existence directly in public authority exercised through government.

The third element in the educational system . . . includes the schools which are without specific governmental sanction or authority, but which exist because they are not forbidden. They fall within the sphere of

liberty, not within the sphere of government, which two spheres added together make up the entire activity of the State. . . . While the State, through its government, holds itself free to enter upon any part of the Educational field, it puts no obstacle in the way of its citizens doing the same thing, whether as individuals or as groups.

State officials should regard with favor local initiative and control and should not withhold counsel and stimulus by the central educational authority, which is authorized to fix the minimum standard of scholastic excellence. When a locality or a school maintains or surpasses that minimum standard it is wise public policy to give some form of substantial recognition. This principle of payment for examinations in academic studies has enabled the New York Board of State Regents to establish harmonious relations with schools wholly or in part under denominational management. By following an opposite course the so-called French Republic has banished all religious teachers and confiscated their schools.

A very notable event of the recent Convocation at Albany was the large audience which attended the reading of the excellent paper on Co-operative Forces in Education, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, V.G., of New York City, which is to be published in pamphlet form by The Columbus Press by request of many leading promoters of Catholic schools. The argument was directed to show that the element of competition has a value in education as well as in commerce. Individual gifts of time and money have contributed largely to the advancement of science and the practical welfare of the people. These conditioned gifts have led the way of progress in education, as illustrated especially in the Cooper Institute of New York City. A million dollars from Catholics for Parish Schools should evoke the same expression of gratitude that is willingly conceded to the philanthropist who endows any branch of educational work.

* * *

Intelligent Catholics ought to know the Catholic position in all the agitating questions of the day.

It is the duty of parents to permit no books in their house which might have a demoralizing effect on their children.

To be as incensed at a person who recommends a bad book as at one who would mislead you into a mudhole.

To remember that as mud cannot fall on a white gown without leaving a stain, so neither can the mud of bad books fall on the soul without leaving a mark.

American girls of a certain kind should remember that some of the noted French novelists, whose works they so eagerly devour, would no more permit their own daughters to read one of their books than they would allow them to enter a plague hospital.

There is a good deal of a fallacy in the much-quoted saying that "To the pure all things are pure," for practical demonstration has proven that mud is mud, disease is disease, no matter what angelic purity may characterize their victims.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

An Indexed Synopsis of the "Grammar of Assent." By John J. Toohey, S.J. Pp. vi.-220. Price $1.20 net. *History of European Diplomacy.* Vol. II. By David J. Hill. Pp. xxv.-663. Price $5. Postage, 28 cents. *The Master Touch.* By W. Q. With Frontispiece. Pp. 64.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God. By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, Ph.D. Pp. vii.-218. Price $1.50 net. *Poems.* By Coventry Patmore. With an Introduction by Basil Champneys. Pp. xlvii.-439.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

The Illustrious O'Hagan. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Pp. 330. Price $1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

The Care and Feeding of Children. A Catechism for the use of Mothers' and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Pp. 190.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Tolstoi on Shakespeare: A Critical Essay on Shakespeare. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by V. Tchertkoff and V. F. M. Followed by Shakespeare's attitude to the Working Classes. By Ernest Crosby and a letter from Bernard Shaw. Pp. 169. Price 75 cents.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, New York:

James Wilson, Patriot, and the Wilson Doctrine. By Lucien Hugh Alexander. Pamphlet. Pp. 19.

SHAMROCK LITERARY SOCIETY, New York:

Irish Colonists in New York. By Michael J. O'Brien. Pamphlet. Pp. 20.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York:

Great Riches. By Charles W. Eliot. Pp. 38.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

Atonement in Literature and Life. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. P. xi.-250. Price $1.50 net. Postage 13 cents.

B. HERDER. St. Louis, Mo.:

Historical Tribute to St. Thomas' Seminary at Poplar Neck, near Bardstown, Ky. By Rev. William J. Howlett. Pp. 197.

D. A. QUINN, 29 Douglas Avenue, Providence, R. I.:

Stenotype: or, Modernized Syllable Phonography. By Rev. D. A. Quinn. Pamphlet. Pp. 24.

THE ROLLA L. CRAIN COMPANY, Ottawa, Canada:

Archbishop O'Brien: Man and Churchman. Pp. 230.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, Westminster, England:

In the Devil's Alley. By May Quinlan. Pp. x.-262. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

METHUEN & CO., London, England:

The Coming of the Saints. Imaginations and Studies in Early Church History and Tradition. Pp. xvi-326. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:

Examen Critique des Governments Representatifs dans la Societe Moderne. Par Taparelli d'Azeglio, S.J. Traduit de l'Italien. Par le P. Pichot, S.J. Vol. IV. *Exposition de la Morale Catholique.* Vol. IV. La Vertu. Par E. Janvier. Pp. viii.-427.

E. NOURRY, Paris, France:

Convulsions Sociales Catholicisme et Socialisme. Par Pierre Harispe. Pp. 300. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

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IS THE PLANET MARS INHABITED?

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL, of Flagstaff, Arizona, has recently published an important work* embodying the principal results of his own observations, as well as of those of Schiaparelli and others, on our neighbor planet, Mars, which is undoubtedly the most interesting to us of all the planets except our own. Its special interest is due to the fact that it alone reveals to the telescope features which seem to indicate a surface and climate similar to those which we have here. A fair argument may, therefore, be made to show that it is habitable; that is, suitable for the maintenance of life, even in its highest forms. The same may be said, with due moderation, of Mercury and Venus; but on them we see no *positive* indications in this way; it would appear that they are covered with fairly uniform white cloud; what may be under that cloud

**Mars and Its Canals.* By Percival Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

NOTE.—Father Searle is one of the best fitted scientists in the United States to give an authoritative review of Professor Lowell's work on Mars. Father Searle has had a long experience in practical astronomy. In 1858 he was assistant to the famous Dr. Gould at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., where he discovered the asteroid Pandora; in 1866 he was assistant at the Harvard Observatory; later he was appointed the first Director of the Observatory at the Catholic University of America; and in 1900 he accompanied, by invitation, the Smithsonian Total Eclipse Expedition, at Wadesboro, N. C. Father Searle is also a theologian of note. For many years he was a professor of theology in the Paulist Seminary, and he is the writer of two well-known apologetic works, *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, and *How to Become a Catholic*.—EDITOR C. W.

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we cannot tell. As to the moon, its surface is very plainly visible; and it is quite plain from the examination of it that the side which we see is practically a barren desert of rock, though here and there expiring remains of vegetable life may still exist; and there is no reason why conditions on its other side should be in any way different. Jupiter and Saturn seem to be in a chaotic, probably a molten, state; of Uranus and Neptune the same seems probable. The satellites of these four great outer planets may be in a more habitable state, but as to them, as with Mercury and Venus, the matter is purely one of speculation. Life on the sun itself seems quite impossible, on account of its tremendous heat. Mars alone gives *positive* signs of conditions suitable for life like our own.

The important question of course is, whether these signs are sufficient to show more than what appears at once; namely, that this planet *may* be habitable. Are they enough to construct a theory to show just what kind of life probably exists there, and how it is maintained?

Professor Lowell presents such a theory. Before discussing it, it must be said that his views should receive the most respectful attention; for he knows more, by actual observation, on the subject, and has given more attention to it in a painstaking and scientific way, than any one else who has ever had anything to say about the matter. Moreover, his observatory at Flagstaff has an air most favorable to good seeing. And his thesis is that the facts of observation go to show very strongly that Mars is actually inhabited by beings more intelligent and civilized than ourselves. Still, with all respect to him personally, with full recognition of his ability and advantages as an observer, and with due acknowledgment of the plausibility of his theory, we are quite at liberty to examine it, and to inquire if his enthusiasm—so to speak—does not carry him somewhat too far in its support.

Before beginning this examination, let us understand, in the first place, the general conditions of the problem; that is to say, the size of the planet, its distance from the sun, the shape of its orbit, etc.

Mars is the next planet, except perhaps a few of the little asteroids, to ourselves, as we proceed away from the sun. Its mean, or average distance from the sun is about 141 millions of miles, or approximately one and a half times our own. When nearest

to us, it is, on the average, 48 million miles away; but as its orbit is by no means as nearly circular as ours, it sometimes comes as near to the sun as 128 million miles, and is then only about 35 millions of miles from us. Its diameter is a little more than half that of the earth; about 4,200 miles.

Now, the first general conclusion from these figures would be unfavorable to its habitability. In the first place, it is plain that the radiant heat it receives from the sun, being as the inverse square of its distance, can be only about four-ninths, or a little less than half of that which we receive. Secondly, it is also manifest, since its least distance from the sun is about five-sixths of its greatest distance, that the heat it receives from the sun at its greatest distance is to that which it receives at the least distance in the proportion of twenty-five to thirty-six; or only a little more than two-thirds. Thirdly, since the size of the planet is less than that of our own, it is probable that it has advanced farther in the process of cooling; so that there probably is less heat to be obtained from the planet itself at its surface.

To these considerations we must add that observations show pretty clearly that the atmosphere of Mars is much thinner than our own. To protect it against the temperature, seemingly on the average so low, and furthermore subject to such extremes, it has, as it were, only a sheet instead of the Earth's double blanket; for the function of an atmosphere on a planet, in the matter of heat, is very much like that of covering on a bed. It would certainly seem, then, that Mars, for a human being, would be a most uncomfortable residence. If we did not absolutely freeze to death at once, we should all catch horrible colds, and probably die of pneumonia in very short order.

Still, we must not be too sure of any conclusions like these, based on purely theoretical grounds. Our own climatic conditions are quite a mystery; we do not know just how it is that we maintain here a temperature of more than five hundred degrees Fahrenheit above the absolute cold of space. If the temperature of other planets could be calculated from this basis, and as simply proportional to the radiant heat received from the sun, that of Mars would be only four-ninths of five hundred degrees above the absolute zero (460° Fahrenheit below our so-called zero); that is, a thermometer on Mars would

stand at about 240 below zero on the average. But we may very easily be mistaken in such calculations, even when taking into account all the factors of which we are aware. "It is better," as a wise humorist tells us, "not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." It is better not to depend entirely on reasoning, however logical it may seem, but simply to look and see, that is, if there is anything to be seen.

Now there is something to be seen on Mars, which bears very directly on this question of temperature. We see, even with quite inferior telescopes, and in very ordinary conditions for seeing, two white spots, or caps as it were, covering the poles of Mars. We know well where these poles are, for the markings on the planet determine very accurately its rotation and the position of the axis round which it turns. And these poles are very similarly situated to our own, as to the orbit of the planet round the sun. The axis of Mars makes an angle of almost exactly twenty-four degrees with the perpendicular to the plane of the orbit; that of the Earth makes one of about twenty-three and a half degrees. We may also remark here that Mars turns on its axis in about the same time that the Earth does; that is, in only about forty minutes more.

These polar caps, then, so much like our own, would naturally seem to consist of ice and snow, like that covering our own polar regions. Even if this be the case, however, it does not prove, simply in itself, that Mars has a temperature about the same as that of the Earth; for ice and snow may be as cold as you please. But if the caps are ice and snow, and Mars much colder than the Earth, it would seem that there should be ice and snow over the whole planet.

Moreover, each of these caps are seen to shrink, just as is the case here, when the pole which it covers is turned toward the sun, and to increase when it is turned away. Our own north polar cap in winter is quite extensive, coming down fairly well to latitude 50°; in summer, of course, it shrinks very considerably.

It would seem quite probable, then, since the behavior of the polar caps of Mars is so like that of our own, that they really are composed of ice and snow, as ours are.

Other theories, however, have been proposed. It is possible, for instance, that these caps may be composed of frozen carbonic acid. This theory would accord better with our natural

conclusions as to the temperature of the planet, as above stated. But quite a strong objection may be made to it in the fact that frozen carbonic acid passes at once into the gaseous state, without going through an intermediate liquid one. In the melting of the polar caps of Mars, however, a blue band is seen bordering them, indicating water, or, at any rate, the substance of the cap, whatever it may be, in a liquid state.

This fact of observation may be accepted very readily, even were it simply on the authority of Professor Lowell; but it does not seem absolutely necessary to agree with him in the conclusion which he draws in the following words:

"This badge of blue ribbon about the melting cap, therefore, conclusively shows that carbonic acid is not what we see, and leaves us with the only alternative that we know of—water."

This conclusion will seem, we think, to an impartial reader as not being quite conclusive. It is not quite clear what Professor Lowell means by "the only alternative we know of"; for, of course, other gases might be thought of (or known of), such as oxygen or air itself, and other permanent liquids, such as alcohol or carbon disulphide. Though these particular ones might be thought improbable, our experience of the behavior of various chemical substances under an extremely low temperature affecting all the surroundings is not sufficient to warrant us in summarily rejecting the possibility of some such substance, perhaps unfamiliar to us, being what we see on Mars; especially as the theoretical probability is that some extremely low temperature does prevail there, as is pretty certain to be the case on the moon.

However, we may, for the sake of argument (as the saying is), beg the question with Professor Lowell, and assume that the polar caps on Mars are ice and snow, and make with this assumption the one necessarily following from it, that the Martian temperature is not very much lower than our own; though how it can be so remains a mystery.

Starting, then, with this assumption (for, after all, it is nothing more), let us examine the conclusions that Professor Lowell draws from it by the help of other observations.

These other observations are those which have been made on the celebrated canals, so-called. To give an idea of them, we must begin a little farther back.

The earlier observations of Mars, made with lower magnifying powers, and under less favorable atmospheric circumstances than those of the last thirty years, gave the impression that the surface of the planet differed from our own in being mostly composed of land; or at any rate in not having a great continuous ocean like our own, occupying much the greater part of it. On Mars it was rather the land which seemed continuous, and the ocean dispersed in it, with straits connecting its various portions, very much as our own great lakes are united with each other. Of course it was merely an assumption that what was seen was land and water; all that was really seen was a difference of color; the lighter parts were supposed to be land; the darker, water. Still, it did seem to be common sense to make the distinction in this way, just as it also seemed so to call the polar caps ice and snow.

This very natural theory or assumption was, however, destined to meet a rude shock. It was found, in the first place, that the areas supposed to be continuous land were traversed by dark lines, somewhat like rivers, but differing from rivers in not beginning on the land itself, but going clear across from ocean to ocean. They were naturally called "canals" by their discoverer, Schiaparelli; at least, the name "canali" was so understood in English-speaking countries, and perhaps elsewhere; but he did not for a moment mean to pronounce them artificial, as our word "canal" would imply. "Channels" would be the more correct rendering of the term. So far, however, the land and water theory was still unaffected. But, as observations were continued, the startling discovery was made that these lines not only crossed what was called land, but also were to be found on the supposed oceans as well; and, moreover that these lines were connected with those observed on the bright or "land" parts of the planet.

It is quite evident that this discovery entirely demolished the whole land and water theory, as above stated. Permanent lines on a liquid are quite out of the question, especially when they are continuations of others observable on the solid adjacent to it. It became clear, therefore, that the supposed seas of Mars must share the fate of those formerly supposed to exist on the moon, and called "Oceanus Procellarum, Mare Imbrium," etc., now known to be merely plains.

In the case of the moon, it is quite evident that no water

whatever is now to be found on its surface. But it is also practically certain that it must at some previous time have had some, as it was, without much doubt, part of the same mass as the earth itself. What has become of the water is not so certain; but it would seem that it has either disappeared in the cracks or rifts formed in the cooling of our satellite, which is, on account of its smaller size, much more advanced than that of the earth, or that it has been absorbed by the rocks themselves.

The same disappearance of the water on the earth itself is, in all probability, gradually going on. Geology shows that in early ages the land covered much less of its surface than at present, and that its area has, on the whole, in spite of local losses, been continuously increasing. The conclusion seems inevitable, therefore, both by theory and observation, that what has been completed on the moon, and is in progress on the earth, is also far advanced, at any rate, on Mars. And the reason why it should be farther advanced there than here, but probably not so far there as on the moon, seems plainly to be that Mars is smaller than the earth, but larger than the moon.

Now let us examine more closely this system of lines or "canals," noticeable under favorable conditions on Mars. They cover, as it would seem, the whole surface of the planet not permanently occupied by the white polar caps. They cross each other in an intricate network. Moreover, at many of the points of their crossing are found dark spots, of greater diameter than the canals themselves. As to the width of the canals themselves, Professor Lowell estimates it to be from 2 or 3 miles for the smaller ones, up to 15 or 20 for the larger. The spots are sometimes as much as a hundred miles across, or nearly that. The smaller ones he estimates as from 15 to 20, or about the same as the larger canals.

Now, with all desire to do justice to Professor Lowell, we must remark, to avoid misunderstanding, that such dimensions as these, even under the favorable atmospheric circumstances existing at Flagstaff, are not quantities susceptible of accurate measurement. Mars, at its nearest point to us, subtends an angle of only about 25 seconds of arc; and an object three miles in diameter at its centre, having only one-fourteen-hundredth of the diameter of the planet itself, measures only about a sixtieth part of a second. With a magnifying power of a thousand diameters—and we doubt if Professor Lowell really

can profitably employ much more than this—this becomes about sixteen seconds, but this is a very difficult angle to see clearly with the naked eye. Professor Lowell assures us that he and his assistants have been able to see against the sky a wire of about one-fourteenth of an inch in diameter, at a distance of 1,800 feet. This would subtend only about seven-tenths of a second; but to see such an object, in such circumstances, is quite different from seeing the same angular magnitude with the disturbances of the air magnified a thousand times. With these magnified disturbances, the most that could be usually said would be that the thing was seen; but just how wide it was could not be confidently stated. It might be only three miles in real diameter, or it might be ten. We cannot, therefore—and the Professor himself does not—put very great trust in these figures. We may say that no canal is, *certainly*, even as narrow as three miles.

Another feature of the "canals," about which much has been said, is their duplication. This means that in many cases, instead of a single canal, we see two parallel ones, quite close together, and keeping apparently at the same distance from each other through their whole length.

This phenomenon was first noticed in 1879. For a long time it was doubted whether it really had an objective character; that is, whether there were really two canals, or whether the apparent duplication was merely optical. It is well known that the eye, even of a very good observer, sometimes sees double, without any possibility of alcoholic influence; and, strange to say, this is more likely to occur with one accustomed to telescopic or microscopic work than with one unfamiliar with them. There are also purely optical causes, independent of the eye, which may produce this effect. But it seems to be absolutely certain, for various reasons, which we need not explain at length (which would be necessary to make them understood), that the duplication in the case of the canals is a real fact, not an illusion. One reason, really sufficient in itself, may be given; namely, that it is only on some of the canals (about one-eighth of the whole number) that it is observed at all. If it were an optical illusion, it would, of course, be as liable to be seen on one as on another.

Even for those on which it is noticed, it is not always visible. This would certainly seem to indicate a real physical change

in the one which is sometimes visible, sometimes invisible; for the mere falling of light at a different angle would seem likely to affect one of them as much as the other.

It has been noticed that when a double canal runs into a spot, it seems to be symmetrically placed with regard to that spot; that is, that the centre of the spot is half-way between the two lines.

It would be quite impossible, in a magazine article, to give an adequate idea of Professor Lowell's observations or of his reasonings on the subject of these canals, single or double. It must suffice to say that he concludes, and has fairly good reason for concluding, that these canals are really what their name would indicate; that is, channels in the surface of the planet which serve to convey the water coming from the melting of the polar caps, down to the equatorial regions, or even beyond them; for they run well up to the polar caps, and seem to be connected with them. And also, that their visibility depends, not so much on the actual amount of water in them, as on the amount of vegetation which that water has had time, by its irrigating power, to produce.

So far his conclusions seem to be reasonable enough. Of course he does not pretend to have absolutely demonstrated even as much as this; but still he has a good argument; one cannot call it a mere speculation.

But now we come to the question put in the title of this article, which is really the only one in which people generally are interested concerning this neighbor planet of ours. We do not care very much for a proof, however clear, that Mars has ice, snow, water, or vegetation; or even the lower orders of animal life to make use of these. What we want to know is, whether there are intelligent beings like ourselves there, who are controlling, and using to the best advantage, these things which we see, as we would try to control and use them if we were there. We want to know whether on the basis of the facts of observation, which Professor Lowell presents, and to which we have tried to do justice, as far as possible in our limits, his theory stated in the outset of these pages can be considered as well established.

We have already said that the indications are that Mars is well advanced on the road which the earth itself has entered, and which probably begins for any planet as soon as its sur-

face consists of land and water; namely, of a gradual enlargement of the land parts and a gradual disappearance of the water. It would seem that there must be a time in the history of a planet at which the distribution of land and water presents the best conditions for life. The earth may not yet have reached that most favorable distribution; it would seem that we could well get along with much less ocean than we have. However this may be, there can be little doubt that Mars has passed it.

Together with this condition for life, there would seem to be another to be considered; namely, the proper density and amount of atmosphere. As the water diminishes, it may, perhaps, be assumed that the air does also; though there is no necessary connection, so far as we can prove, between the two; and, of course, it cannot be shown that the conditions of water and air must have their greatest perfection at the same time. Still, it may well be maintained that the earth has not attained yet to its best atmospheric conditions. Even as we are at present, the diminished density of the air at moderate elevations (say about 5,000 feet) is not uncomfortable to most of us, even constituted as we are; and, no doubt, the human race could, by a process of corporal evolution, become accustomed to much less air than we seem to need now; and perhaps we might be all the better for it.

This planet may then be still on the line of improvement; but Mars hardly can be. It seems quite clear that it is on the down-hill path. The moon is dead; Mars is dying.

Now, of course, there is no real necessity that the growth in physical perfection, which we have assumed for planets in general, and which may hold even for the stars (or suns) themselves, should bring with it a development of the higher forms of animal life. Still such a theory is plausible enough; let us then assume its truth, to give that of Professor Lowell every chance.

According to it, then, we shall have, when the physical perfection of a planet is well advanced on the downward path, a struggle for life in conditions continually more and more adverse, to which it will finally he impossible for the highly developed and intelligent beings produced in more favorable times to become thoroughly accustomed. At the same time, by means of the very intelligence and civilization which they have

attained, they will be able to surmount, to a great extent, the unfavorable conditions; to make better and better use all the time of the less and less that nature is furnishing them, and be fairly comfortable, or perhaps even luxurious in their lives, under conditions which, if suddenly introduced, would have been fatal to their ancestors.

The idea, then, is this. Though it certainly seems that we could not live on Mars in its present state, and even if there were inhabitants there, say a million years ago, when the planet was in its prime, that they could not live there now, it does not follow that its present inhabitants, by ingenious inventions and adaptations made in long ages of progress, would find it impossible to live there, and maintain a high degree of civilization.

So far, however, it is all theory. We have to ask, now, if there are positive indications to show that such is the actual case? Are there any visible signs of such inventions and adaptations?

Professor Lowell—and many may be disposed to agree with him—regards the canal and spot system as such a sign. Let us see just how.

He regards them as such a sign, because it seems to him that they must be artificial, not natural. And why does it seem to him that they are so?

Mainly, it would appear, because they are so straight. It is not at all strange that there should be cracks on the surface of a dying planet, produced by natural causes. There are plenty of them on the moon, and we might expect them *à priori*. It is true that such cracks probably would not be so straight; but neither would artificial works be likely to be straight, unless the soil (or rock) in which they were cut was very level and homogeneous. We used to make our turnpike roads straight, right over the tops of hills and the bottoms of valleys; but, even for a road, it was found more convenient to go round a hill than over the top of it. And when there is question of a railroad or a canal, in which high grades are inconvenient, it is evidently much better to follow a more or less winding course, rather than to have recourse to deep cuts, tunnels, bridges, or locks. If a level course could be found across the Isthmus of Panama, would not we follow it, instead of making a deep cut? Or would we not follow a winding

course, leading through soft earth, if the straight one led through rock?

If, then, the canals of Mars are artificial, they would only have been cut straight because the surface of the planet is very level and homogeneous. But if that is the case, the natural cracks would also probably be fairly straight too. So the argument from straightness does not seem so very conclusive.

Another argument presented by the Professor for the artificial character of the canals of Mars is their extreme tenuity, or narrowness. Now, as we have seen, it cannot be confidently stated that they are even as narrow as three miles; which certainly is not very narrow for a canal, according to our ideas. Of course it is not necessary that the canal itself should be as wide as this; what we see may be the strip of vegetation naturally bordering it. This is undoubtedly Professor Lowell's idea, though he does not insist much on it. But if this is the true view of the case, what do we know about the width of the canal itself? Can we be sure that it is so very narrow?

The dual (or double) character of some of the canals, mentioned above, is also alleged as an evidence of artificiality. There may be no reason that can be urged why a natural crack should be double; but can any special reason be given why an artificial one should be, unless, indeed, its components are rival lines, run by different companies? But Professor Lowell would not relish this idea; for, to account for the canals running all over the planet, he concludes that the people there must have combined into one great nation or community, somewhat on the Bellamy plan. And in such a case, rival lines would seem to be improbable.

The relation of the canals to the spots is another argument adduced for their artificial character. These spots are considered by the Professor as oases, in the general desert surface, of the planet, where the population has gathered, and built canals enough to suit its needs. Plausible enough; but if natural cracks met, would there not be likely to be something similar, or at any rate increased vegetation, if the canals contained water?

But the strangest argument of all is one that he adduces toward the end, seemingly thinking it quite irresistible. He says of the water supposed to be in the canals, that "no

natural force propels it, and the inference is forthright and inevitable that it is artificially helped to its end."

Now, in the first place, this is a calm assumption that the surface of Mars is absolutely level. For not much fall is required to move water in a river bed. The source of the Mississippi is only about 1,500 feet above its mouth. Does Professor Lowell claim that such a deviation from level could be detected on Mars; a deviation not suddenly occurring, but gradual, as in a river's bed?

Secondly, even if the surface of the planet and the beds of its canals were absolutely level, water would run along them, if coming from melting snow at one end, till the canal was full and its water surface at a level, from end to end. That seems to be plain enough.

Thirdly, supposing it to be full and at a level, no artificial power that we can conceive of could force the water in it to move, except by pumping some of it out at some particular place. But of course Professor Lowell does not claim that the water is seen to be moving, except when the canal is not full from end to end; and when it is not full, in this way, no artificial power is needed; so the theory of pumping, or any other to produce the same effect, is quite superfluous.

The strongest argument that the canal system is of artificial construction seems to be the convergence of the canals toward the poles; which Professor Lowell vouches for, and which might hardly seem probable naturally. But this argument, even supported by all the others, does not appear strong enough to make more than a mild probability for the planet being inhabited.

For the melting polar caps themselves would, in the course of ages, probably be strong enough to cut canals for themselves, if there was any inequality in the texture of the surface rock or soil. From such a cutting all the observed phenomena would be likely to occur; that is, the running of the water down the canals, the vegetation produced, and even the oases themselves.

With all respect, then, to Professor Lowell, and with all trust in the accuracy of his observations, they seem explicable enough without any idea of Mars being inhabited. It seems pretty clear that he has let his imagination run away with

him; that the possible survival of a highly intelligent race of beings on a dying planet, which would for some time be a certainty, if there had ever been such a race there, has been too much to let him remain quite unbiased. It seems to be a case where the wish has been father to the thought.

We have, perhaps, unduly prolonged this discussion; but we wish to say, in conclusion, that if any one thinks or hopes, by such theories as this of Professor Lowell, to make a difficulty for religion, he is much mistaken. There is no evidence to show that the Professor has such a thought or hope; but there is no doubt that many do. It is well, therefore, to understand that there is really nothing subversive to religion in the idea of the inhabitation of Mars or any other planet by intelligent beings. Intelligent beings may well exist without their having any share in the immortality for good or evil promised to us, or in any supernatural gifts whatever. As far as Redemption is concerned, the angels themselves have no share in that; Christ's Blood was not shed for them. Let there be inhabitants in Mars, or elsewhere; it does not touch on Christianity at all.

The question is purely one of natural science; let us, then, treat it as such, and not jump to a conclusion as yet unwarranted by facts.

REINFORCEMENT OF THE BOND OF FAITH.—II.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH. D.

IN a preceding article attention was directed to the natural social processes by which loyalty to a social group is reinforced, with direct application to the Church as a social group. The discussion did not bear, nor does it now bear, on the supernatural in faith. What was kept in mind is, in a way, like the thought back of the Federation of Catholic Societies whose object is declared to be "the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and the Catholic societies of the United States; the fostering and protecting of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of the conditions of our social life; the dissemination of the truth and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and of the circulation of the Catholic press." Or again, the thought finds illustration in a press notice concerning the recent formation of a lay Catholic Federation in the city of Cleveland: "By the protection of Catholic interests and the promotion of Catholic ideals—in Christianizing education, in safeguarding marriage, in combating Socialism, in condemning public corruption, in fighting immorality and indecency in the newspapers, theatres, bill boards, etc.—it is thought that the federation can be an immense benefit to the community as well as to Catholics themselves." It is further stated that the Catholic element of the city "has not been made as impressive as it might be in civic life, and has not exerted an influence proportionate to its power on the educational ideals and social standards of the community." This is an admission that believing in God and receiving the sacraments do not exhaust the claims of faith on the Catholic body at large.

I.

What is a Catholic? The answer which one makes to this question reveals one's philosophy or standards, and explains one's methods. For the Church, that is Churchmen, will aim to

produce a type of Catholicity which they take to be true, and they will judge of their success or failure, and be joyful or sorrowful, in proportion as they succeed or fail in producing Catholics as of the type defined. If clergy make one definition of a Catholic and aim to produce it, and laity make another definition and confine their spiritual ambitions to it, conflict will surely arise. If we thus have a conflict of standards within the Church, there can be no doubt that spiritual disaster will follow. Both clergy and laity might drift toward two divergent standards, quite unconsciously, until these became settled forces in our religious life and neutralized either the wisdom of the former or the good will of the latter.

If clergy place before the people a standard of life; that is, a series of demands concerning worship, prayer, sacraments, docility, money contributions, which the laity hold either impossible, or impracticable, or unnecessary, a recoil is inevitable, and the laity will tend to establish a standard of its own, which will seem to make religion possible, practicable, helpful. Unless the clergy place some standard before the people, they fail of their duty; if the standard be too exacting, they err in judgment and pay severely for the mistake; if it be not exacting enough, they mislead the people, and surrender where God's interests and those of souls are imperiled.

Though a sociological study of these standards in American Catholic life would be of greatest value, only hypothetical standards are now suggested in order to set the question clearly.

Should a Catholic "think with the Church," "sentire cum ecclesia"? Should the Catholic teacher guide the Catholic taught, in all matters in which the former finds it expedient to take an attitude? Should the layman have no view, tone, emphasis, policy, or standard except those held by prelate, approved theologian, or priest on all questions, declared by these authorities in the Church to be properly under their jurisdiction? If "thinking with the Church" means anything, it must mean something like this. If being a Catholic involves this, we should judge the results of our work by finding how many of that type we are producing in American life. If this be the proper standard, how do the laity regard it? impossible, or impracticable, or extreme; or do they welcome it, love it, seek to realize it?

If, on the other hand, we are content when we find Catholics regularly at Mass, occasionally at the Sacraments, we are apt to be too joyful over statistics, without looking into hearts and souls to see how far our teaching and ministrations are strengthening the spirit of Christ in lives. And if we hold no more exacting standard than that, there is danger that we misunderstand the real deeper soul of religion. One hears, at times, boast of the growth of the Church, because of the incredible generosity of Catholics in building schools, churches, institutions. They have done wonderful things. But we have resorted to fairs and suppers, to publication of names and amounts given, to tiresome repeated appeals, in order to accumulate money that ought to come from the deepest impulse of God's love and the purest motive of a believing heart. And priests and bishops, whose labors and thoughts should have been entirely among souls and spiritual things, have had to become collectors and builders and financiers.

Or again, we might withhold the name Catholic from those whose conduct failed to reveal the presence of the spirit of God, and thus make the moral standard supreme in our judgment of ourselves and in our appeals to those who believe in the Church. We might test the tree by its fruits—only too often an embarrassing method.

Whatever standard we take to measure one's Catholicity, it should be wisely chosen, bravely held to, nobly defended. In any case, our typical Catholic should be a formed man; the finished product of our wisdom, energy, and zeal, in whom religion is internal, personal, transforming; in whom knowledge, sympathy, judgment, are sanctified. All Catholic government, policy, administration, and principle should be related to the process which thus makes men Christlike, bringing to them redemption, peace, and power. If we would know our success, then, we should look to mean natures sweetened; to proud, selfish hearts toned down to the governed strength of Christian meekness; to victims of threatening passion who find power to resist and reward for resistance in the soothing action of the sacraments and prayer; to sinners won to penance and spiritual insight sustained in them. We should look to youth preserved in innocence, temptations foreseen, and souls weathered to them before the storms come; to cruel men made

tender, fickle men made firm, resentment and revenge changed by miracle of grace into the spirit of service. Christ's religion is internal, personal, transforming, as well as an organized system. If it be accepted bravely, it must show in life; if it do not show in life, it is not accepted bravely. The failure of many Christians to show forth in living the spirit of Christ, seems to be the main justification of the painfully severe words which are so often hurled at them. Thus, for instance, Ruskin: "To confess Christ, is first to behave righteously, truthfully, continently; and then to separate ourselves from those who are, manifestly or by profession, rogues, liars, . . . Which is terribly difficult to do, and which the Christian Church has, at present, entirely ceased to attempt doing." With all the exaggeration of fact and inference which these words contain, the impression which prompted them should make us thoughtful.

The Church in her effort to build the Christian character employs many agents and deals with many. She must rely on education; yet who can discover the ratio between loyalty and instruction? A Catholic is not necessarily more devout toward the Blessed Virgin after a week's study of her providential *rôle* than he was before. A narrow escape from death may make one's religion more vital than a course in college. Much serving of Mass may lead one boy to the priesthood; another may later in life desert his Church. An irreverent, self-opinionated man will scarcely become a Catholic, for reverence and subjection are essentially Catholic traits; a Catholic with that sort of disposition never really understands his Church.

The disposition of the individual; the types of disposition that an age is producing; the social atmosphere in which the Catholic must live and work; are vital in the process of building up the ideal Catholic. Now, if the laity at large drift into an ideal of Catholic life, which contains five parts of temperament, social ideal, and atmosphere, with but one part of faith, the Church will find her conquest seriously threatened. She must know well the time, its spirit, typical dispositions, and so set her standards, equip her children, that personal faith may be reinforced by many social bonds and the interests of Christ may be secured. God's grace is supreme in spiritual life. Prayer is vital. But beyond them, social reinforcement is necessary and remains necessary.

II.

A man's morals depend as much on his definitions as on his principles. Though the latter be strongly held and loyally followed as principles, they lack definition. Reason grasps the principle, but sympathy, interest, prejudice make the definition. Undoubtedly all men have principles; there is honor even among thieves. All men have definitions, for the pickpocket discriminates among his victims. A man is a thief, not because he has no principle of honesty, but because of his definition of what is and what is not stealing; of what should be or should not be property right. A Jew, an Indian, a Catholic, and a Methodist may engage in business, say that of grocer. Each believes in the principle of fair dealing, but they may differ in definitions of fairness. The Jew may, by his definition, confine his fair dealing to his own people; the Indian may think it wrong to try to cheat any one who is more shrewd than he; the other two may believe that fairness is secured if one do not resort to any tricks other than those in the trade; hence, they are, in their own judgment, not unfair if they lie in advertising; if they sell inferior goods as of higher quality at high prices. These men all have a principle of fairness, but they disagree in their definitions of what is and is not fair. It is by his definitions of honor, chastity, loyalty, charity in act, that a man is known.

Now the Catholic, who is to show forth the spiritual power of his faith, and the beauty of life to which it leads him, should have, clearly in conviction, not only the principles of conduct, but, as well, the definitions which reveal the exalted spiritual character that the spirit of God forms in man. If his faith, however, shape only his principles, while his disposition, social environment, interests, are allowed to shape his definitions, then he has a "social rather than a personal sense of right and wrong"; his morals become those of his environment and not those of his faith.

On principle, a Catholic believes in the sacredness of human life; by definition, he may not feel that if he rents an unsanitary home to an ignorant family; or if he employs children at a tender age in his factory at too exacting labor; or if he wears or sells sweatshop goods; or if he expose his workmen to great risk of life, because precautions would be

expensive; he violates the sacredness of human life. On principle, a Catholic of wealth may hold that wealth is a trust, but his definition of trusteeship may be such as to shut his heart to every impulse to brotherly service in life. On principle, a Catholic may believe in justice, but he may, by definition, see no injustice in stockwatering, in 40 per cent dividends, in monopoly prices.

Here is one of the great difficulties which confront the Church in her work of constructing Catholic life. She has so little effective jurisdiction over a man's definitions. When she cannot, or prefers not to, attempt to make definitions, social environment, self-interest, current social valuations will do so to the moral and spiritual detriment of society, of Church, of individual. Of what avail is the elaborate and detailed education of Catholic conscience; of what marked spiritual power are the sacraments; of what superiority over other forms of Christian belief can the Church in modest security boast, if the Catholic do not rise towering over his fellows, by the nobler definitions of human duty, the finer recognition of human rights, the more Christlike understanding of human relations, shown forth in his definitions of what is right and wrong, noble and ignoble in life? If our definitions are no nobler, no higher, no more restrained in self-interest, and broad in the interests of others, than those of any other believer, there is failure somewhere, it would seem, in the process of our Catholic formation. "Only be clear," says Ruskin, "about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try."

If the Church, in its formal teaching, hesitates to go so far into technical fields in making definitions, it is well. In moral theology, while principles are clearly laid down, definitions are so framed as to permit only such things to be called sins as are undeniably so; hence in it we are told rather what we should not do than what we ought to do. A large, strong, sympathetic public opinion among Catholics might aid immensely in protecting our definitions against ourselves and an irreligious social atmosphere. Herein faith might find reinforcement of the very highest order. Were the group consciousness of Catholics awakened; were the natural processes of growth to work unhindered, we might hope that an atmosphere would result in which faith thrives and noble views of life obtain.

It is depressing that to-day thousands of Christians say that a Christian cannot succeed in business; that practices are of daily resort which are inevitable and yet violate the Christian idea of loyalty, truthfulness, and justice.

The Christian, more specifically, the Catholic, then, is exposed on the side of his definitions. He requires protection, that they be true to his standards, equal to every demand of faith, and worthy of the Master whom he professes to serve in single-hearted loyalty. Even men of good motives and honest interior lives may deceive themselves. They may be conscious that they are loyal to their principles; that they never, in any way, resort to methods which they define as against their principles. Yet the sadness of it all is that their treason to nobler things holds back the world, and occasions much defeat of justice and arrest of moral and spiritual progress. It was the strength of Puritanism, though also its weakness eventually, that it furnished definitions with its principles. While it held sway, its sway was undisputed.

A sturdy Catholic sense, to be produced largely by natural social processes, then, might offer protection to the individual in a way to extend the spirit of God throughout his life and into his definitions, so that his conduct and standards be those of a true believer in Christ, and not those of an irreligious social environment.

III.

The sense of the layman's responsibility to his faith might be aroused, and the process of educating the young might be made more fruitful, if the laity were taught effectively that they must share in the work of forming the young. We have drifted into the impression that schooling is education; that priests and teaching communities should take over entirely the work of education. The laity have given up detailed interest in nearly everything connected with schooling except commencements. We build our schools, equip them, arrange the courses of study, prepare our teachers, and rarely compel the laity to give us the benefit of their advice or judgment in any way. Not only do we monopolize the cares and responsibilities of education this way, but we are also compelled very often to accept hesitating service, grudgingly given, by laity in Sunday-School. Our best educated laymen, men of power, insight, men

of weight, find it no honor to come and aid the religious teachers in Sunday-School. Their hearts are not with us. Then many parents, whose children are in Catholic day schools, leave to the teachers all formation, so that the home fails to appear as an intelligently directed part of the child's whole education. The home is a school, and parents are God's first-chosen teachers. They should not throw their blessed privilege away. Yet they do so. The boarding school is another institution by means of which parents escape their own responsibility. Socially, a boarding school has advantages: morally and intellectually it has highest value, yet, when it enables parents to throw responsibility on the shoulders of religious teachers, it raises some problems while settling others.

The Catholic laity should understand and assume its responsibility. Every care should be exercised to show that proper training of children is a fundamental Christian duty, and that only home in conjunction with school, parent in understanding with teacher, can promise results. Vigorous co-operation in Sunday-School work is no more unworthy of men and women to-day than was Christ's interest in children. How far and in what way the homes must co-operate with the schools; how far religious teachers might call in laymen and women of experience and power, into the schoolroom, to impart to the pupils lessons in the wisdom of life as they have learned it; how far such co-operation by the laity would stimulate Catholics themselves to nobler life and surer loyalty; how far both our teachers and the laity would profit by this meeting in a common love of God and his work, are all questions of detail which need not now be entered upon. If our greatest universities do not hesitate to call in business men to address students, sometimes in none too polished language, but always with greatest profit, why should we, also, not do it systematically? If every man who has met temptation and conquered it, or met defeat and risen from it, has some sure insight into life's wisdom, might we not in some way utilize such for our young and old alike? May we not thus ally the laity with the religious to the profit of all? It is worthy of attention that a very influential non-Catholic magazine recently stated that there is nothing for Protestants to fear in a Catholic system of education which is entirely in the hands of religious teachers.

The religious teacher, priest or sister, is shielded from much

of the storm and stress of life. Living in an atmosphere of serenity, surrounded by everything which makes the supernatural real and religion vital, they live in a consciousness of spiritual security which the busy and wearied and struggling laity scarcely understand. A priest will hear, only too often, that he does not know the world or he would not demand so much in his preaching. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that we sometimes lack the keen, practical eye which the knowing layman looks for as an accompaniment of wisdom. May not the clearer grasp on principles, and the wider vision of spiritual truth which the religious teacher has, be united in some way with the practised judgment, keen observations, shrewd understanding of the laity, to mutual advantage, and to the profit of our whole process of Christian life?

There is a technique in virtue. We allow a child years to study and practice music or painting before expecting results. We never give a lecture on music or painting, or a series of lectures, and then directly ask a hearer to play or paint. But we lecture on truthfulness in theory, and at once ask children to be truthful, although the technique of truthtelling is most difficult. Bravery, tact, judgment, self-control, charity, self-defence, fear, are more or less involved. Might not the business man, who has learned how to be honest in business, who had met and conquered the difficulties, speak with great authority to our pupils, and make it easier for them to fight their battles? It would seem that a way is to be found by which we might compel the laity to meet fully their duties in forming the young, and then invite them to give us the fullest share in their wisdom of life to aid us in educational work. This ought to strengthen the bond of confidence and the sense of co-operation between religious and laity, stimulate to great consecration, and thus reinforce the bond of faith by which we are one in hope, in interest, in aim. If one would learn, let one try to teach. If a priest desire to teach a layman the doctrine of the Incarnation, he can do no better than ask the latter to prepare to instruct a class in it. Nor is the suggestion ridiculous. Ruskin tells us that when he wanted to learn something, he wrote a book about it. Those who are familiar with the work of the Knights of Columbus know thoroughly well, by ample illustration, that something may be expected from lay co-operation. The founder of that organization studied his

spiritual geology with profit, for he tapped a well of lay enthusiam which flooded the Catholic life of the country and made lay apostles spring up by thousands. They taught and argued and studied and worked with sacerdotal zeal in the interests of faith and Church, and no man who did it failed to be a better man for the doing. He received strength in giving it.

Possibly we have done an unkind favor to the laity in not having all along insisted that they have some responsibility beyond their own sanctification; in having failed to take advantage of their good will and wisdom and knowledge in the general work of education. Much of this co-operation might be in the home; much in the Sunday-School; some, no doubt, in the schoolroom to the profit of children, of laity, of teacher.

It is not to be forgotten that our schools are possible only by sacrifice; that, for the religious teacher, the work is one of consecration; that there is not in the Christian world a nobler monument of zeal and sacrifice than our school system. Though our Catholic laymen and women cannot find a normal career in Catholic educational work, still much might be done to reinforce their faith, and the joy of it, by securing such co-operation as might be possible.

IV.

The temperaments or dispositions which an age produces, and the social atmosphere in which they live, are apt to be important obstacles to the Church's work in individual lives. It is suggested that the Church may be aided effectively if the logic of social growth be realized among the faithful; that is, that the natural processes, if unhindered, strengthen the Church; if neglected, her work is made trebly difficult. If the Catholic lives conscious of his millions of fellow-believers, public opinion within the group strengthens his loyalty and holds his conduct or definitions true to Catholic spirit; if the laity be made fully responsible for its natural share in education, and its good will, wisdom, and insight be, in some way, taken advantage of in our schools, great strengthening of sympathy for true Catholic ideals may be expected. From these two results, it would seem that protection might be afforded against a peculiar danger of these days, from which, no doubt, the Church suffers: the fail-

ure of the average mind to grasp intellectually the essentials of the Catholic system.

Instruction in one's religion is of great value. While so many factors enter into the composition of one's actual daily attitude to one's faith, it is difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the value of instruction as one of them. Knowledge has its tragedies as well as its triumphs. To Kipling is ascribed the saying "To know everything is to commit everything." And the poet has told us that a little learning is dangerous. "Knowledge puffeth up." We have seen learned men leave the Church and ignorant men remain true and pray for their return. History of our prisons tells of the failure of knowledge to save from moral shipwreck. In the face of the facts of life, which would lead one to discrimination in speaking of the value of instruction, we are comforted by the deliberate vast attempt of modern society to educate everybody, and to lead every one to think that no avenue of human greatness is shut to him.

At any rate, every one reads, talks, questions, argues, now-a-days, and some few think in addition. Newspapers, encyclopedic in range of contents, represent the universal point of view, magazines and books, in a veritable flood, pour over the earth, and inundate nearly every home. Knowledge is not measured to men, it is thrown in heaps; and in picking what one wishes, one is compelled to absorb much that one does not desire, or would be better without. The age is one of much pride of intellect without strength of mind, of self-assertion, of universal doubt, of challenge of every fundamental truth. One may hear the mechanic at his work talk free-love philosophy, and pass judgment on the character and doctrine of Christ; or the silly fop, giving his "views" in philosophy; or one may meet the careful, serious man, whose placidity of life is disturbed by doubt cast on principles which he loved without understanding, and felt without knowing how to defend or explain them. One need not deny all that universal education has accomplished, nor need one fail to see all that it has not accomplished. It has produced the middle class mind in millions and the high grade mind in thousands. It has given more destructive than constructive power, and democracy has drawn down on many minds political responsibilities to which they are unequal.

Our Catholic lives in this modern time of universal debate,

discussion, speech, and speculation; a time, as one recent writer says, "with second-hand knowledge, second-hand positions, second-hand enthusiasms, and first-hand intellectual pride without an intellect to put it in." Learned Catholics are not affected in the nature of the case, for they are above the confusion, noise, and worry of this condition; the unlettered are scarcely affected, because they are sheltered; but the middle class or average mind has difficulties.

The essentials of the Catholic system are, at least as regards this type of mind, more easily doubted than proved, and more readily believed than defended. Consequently, an average unbeliever has a less difficult case than an average believer. The Catholic who completes only the grammar grades, or even the high school, or who may have done a college or convent course moderately well, has had advantages; has had opportunity to understand his faith. But it is intricate, saturated with philosophy, and beyond him. How are we to give this average mind a grasp on Catholic truth which is really greater than its capacity? An average unbeliever can throw doubt, scorn, objections against an average Catholic, that the latter may not meet any too readily. It requires in the unbeliever only boldness and chatty self-confidence to ridicule the idea of miracles, the freedom of the will, the existence of God; but it requires much philosophy and discrimination in the believer to defend these and hold his faith true, on an intelligent basis. It is more easy to threaten to submit a consecrated host to chemical analysis to test the Real Presence, as is sometimes scornfully threatened by scoffers, than it is to prove the possibility and the fact by proper theological methods.

Not only does the average mind find it difficult, in the concrete circumstances of life, to grasp the Catholic system surely, but it too often lacks the discrimination which is so necessary. Ability to distinguish defined doctrine from theological opinion, discrimination between discipline and divine law, accurate understanding of the Catholic opinion, are necessary if one's faith is to be reasonable. The atheist, the socialist, the anarchist, the controversial agnostic are all, or are apt to be, skilled scoffers, effective doubters, against whom the Catholic of like endowment and culture is not by any means certain of victory. Now in an age which pretends to measure everything by intellect, when reason is supreme and doubt the fashion, when every-

thing fundamental is questioned, if the Catholic depend on instruction for defence, and his power is limited to what he knows, the result may not be any too flattering. The average Catholic relies on his Church; he has certain great impressions concerning its historical continuity and he feels pride in its venerable character; he has greatest confidence in Christ, the sacraments, the priesthood, and in the Holy See; he has a healthy dislike of Luther and Henry VIII.; and a feeling that if he die in the state of grace his salvation is secured. But none of these impressions will serve to explain or defend doctrines.

Newman's words, concerning the laity, quoted recently in THE CATHOLIC WORLD (December, 1906, p. 345), may be repeated with profit: "What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of *bringing (out)* what they are, what their religion is. . . . I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it and also know enough of history to defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity. . . . In all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicism." This ideal is as noble as it is difficult, but its realization will be hastened if we can but make faith a vital social interest to believers.

It would seem that we might look to the development of a sturdy Catholic sense of solidarity to protect believers in this age of doubt. Consciousness of fellowship with all good, noble, believing souls, with the saints; identity of interest in all that touches faith and Church, massing of the Catholic laity in Catholic interests, the development of a trusted leadership, independent of the clergy though in co-operation, and all such natural phases of social group development, are of highest value in reinforcing faith. If we allow faith to be individual and personal only, we shall inevitably weaken it. If we impress on believers, however, the consciousness of a noble fellowship in faith; if every natural, social instinct be allied with the spiritual forces; if we care for the "gradual building upon brain and imagination and fancy of the whole view of life and of the spiritual kingdom of the Church"; then, if not all, at least much will go well.

Does this belittle the average Catholic mind or exaggerate

the typical dangers of our time, or miss the *rôle* of the supernatural? It would seem not. What is true of the organized Church, is, in proportion, true of the organized State. The strength of the American State is not so much in intelligent understanding of its actual principles, as in the fact that our material interests are well served by it; in the feeling that we have the best government in the world, and in the personal experience of men as sharers in government. The foreigner, coming to us, is required to read the Constitution, while our Supreme Court has difficulty in interpreting it. The average of American citizenship is scarcely high enough to give us perfect government. Our success has been in spite of our ignorance or education and lack of response to democratic responsibility, not because of our wisdom. The natural social forces of cohesion give us stability where education might fail to do so.

One of the main hopes of Socialism rests right here. The awakened mind of the average American, who is the owner of property, is devoted to our institutions; the awakened mind of one who has no property is sought out by the socialist propaganda, and the partial education met is employed to enable the American citizen to understand that our institutions have failed, and that only Socialism can redeem us. Supposed whole truths are more easily accepted than partial real truths. It requires effort to discriminate. Mentally it is easier to believe that Socialism is true than that it is a danger. And the average mind, with an average education, is in a condition receptive to just such teaching. Just as the average mind is apt to be taken by socialistic teaching, it is apt to be impressed by socialistic criticism of conservatism. True enough, the stupid selfishness of property and the dogmatic intolerance of those in power do their share in developing Socialism; but that again is because the average American is educated sufficiently to feel some rights, but not well enough educated to understand the laws of social growth and the nature of institutions. The relation of the Catholic to his system of thought, to current doubt, and to self-interest, is fairly enough like that of the citizen to his institutions to furnish an instructive comparison.

V.

A ruling idea in our schools is, not that instruction is sufficient, but that atmosphere is important. We feel that secular instruction, given in surroundings that are congenial to the spirit of faith, given in a way that associates representatives of religion with young minds, and familiarizes these with the symbols of religion, promises best results. And such is the case if the school is rightly reinforced. Does the Catholic school, that is the spirit in it and the teacher, get hold of the inner life of the child? Or does the child receive the impression that there is some sort of antagonism between him and the school; that the type of religion taught, and standards imposed during school life, are for school life only, and are to be abandoned when school is done with? If the school ideal, spirit, and practice are continuous with what the child sees at home, hears praised in the world, and intends to hold after leaving school, much more is to be expected than if the school stands totally apart, not in and of normal life. The wisdom of one Catholic college president is apparent who asked advice from some dozens of representative Catholic laymen concerning the religious practices that might with profit be imposed on college students.

The problem on the whole is one of atmospheres. The home is powerful if children are in and of its atmosphere; the school, the Church, the State likewise, are powerful if we are in and of their atmosphere. The day was when social groups had their atmospheres, but barriers are down now; the social atmosphere is universalized, and, unfortunately, its elements are not celestial. Ruskin says of the home: "This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace, the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in."

This is true of the school. If it have not its atmosphere and if its pupils share not in it and carry it with them, the school may be a symbol of defeated hope rather than of exalted

achievement. And if Catholic homes have no Catholic atmosphere, and if Catholic society have no Catholic atmosphere, and Catholic conduct reveal not the Catholic atmosphere, what shall the Catholic school accomplish? If Catholic children are formed by a worldly atmosphere, and held in it, what shall a school accomplish against it? If Catholic home and Catholic association and Catholic life offer no reinforcement to the school, how will faith thrive and distinct standards of virtue be set up and followed? As an agent in the process of Catholic life, the school is splendid; as a substitute for the Catholic home and Catholic association and life, it is a forlorn hope. A very effective preacher was once heard to remark that when he faced his congregation to preach, he felt that something veiled their minds from him; that, though of good will and present in body, they brought with them into the Church an atmosphere from the world, worldly, which hindered their hearts from sympathy and their minds from understanding the spiritual message which he brought. Might it not be worth while for us all to study the problem from this standpoint to determine whether or not it is possible to create a Catholic atmosphere which will be the main factor in our life? Burne Jones once said: "I walk about in London, but all the while I live in Italy." May not too many walk about in the Church and live, all the while, in the world?

This is no plea for narrowness or bigotry or un-American aspirations; it is no plea for converting factory into church, or home into the abode of religious devotees. It means merely that Catholic life has a right to the natural reinforcements which social processes, working unhindered, bring to the strength of any group. It means that the Catholic living in a congenial atmosphere, may be a nobler character, and therefore a better citizen, business man, and neighbor; that he may be a better Christian, and, therefore, live closer to God; that the Church may flourish, increase in power, and contribute its distinctive type of virtue to our national life. It is pleasanter to hope that Catholics may live and Catholicity flourish in a genial atmosphere, than to fear that the Kingdom of God is, like the North Pole, inaccessible except to the brave and hardy and powerful few who can overcome every obstacle in their determined zeal to reach it.

(THE END.)

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

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CHAPTER IV.

A TOLSTOI DEBATE.

ON a lovely autumn evening, later on in the year when the little incidents narrated in the previous chapters had occurred, Owen McAuliffe sat at the door of his little cottage in Lisheen. He was bent forward, his hands clasped between his knees, denoting the usual meditative attitude of his class. He was not an old man; but his face was furrowed deeply with care, the corners of his mouth drooped downwards, and there was a network of wrinkles in his neck. His hands were coarse and callous from constant work; and the strong nails on his fingers were hard as iron, and much of an iron hue. He was thinking; and thinking, like every other poor Irish farmer, of his hard lot. Toil and trouble—toil during laboring hours, and trouble in the hours of relaxation—this is their lot in life. A great sycamore tree in front of the house was turning yellow under the autumnal frosts; and across the level landscape that stretched to the horizon, the whole scene was dappled red and russett and saffron, in hedgerow, plantation, and wood. But he had no eyes for such things. His thoughts were turned inward, searching for a solution of the problems of life. The urgent and immediate problem was, first, to meet the demand for the March rent that had just come in; and second, how to procure labor to turn up the fields for the spring sowing. Out of a family of eight children, two alone, a boy and a girl, remained for his old age. The rest had gone to America, like the majority of their fellow-countrymen. Some apparently had done well and kept up a correspondence with the old home for a time, then dropped it. Some had never written

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after the landing-letter. What had become of them no one knew. The two remaining children, infected with the common madness, that would exchange for the prospect of gold all the sweetness and beauty of life for all its foulness and sordidness, were straining against the bonds of affection that held them captives at home, and pining for the fatal liberty that would plunge them into the vortex of American life. Some tillage had to be done, because the price of cattle had gone down, and there had been some severe losses during the year. And there was only this boy, Pierce, or Pierry, as he was called. Not a laborer was to be had for love or money. The price of labor had gone up so high, that only the strong farmers were able to keep and support one.

Owen McAuliffe sat a long time in meditation, turning over the eternal problem in his mind. He was aroused by the voice of his wife:

"Let ye cum in to the supper. The praties will be could!"

The invitation was addressed to her husband, sitting pensively in the porch, and to her son, who, after having seen everything in barn, dairy, and outhouse snug for the night, was looking with longing eyes towards where the sun, in a splendid drapery of clouds, was sinking slowly into the west.

The two men went in with that heavy and weary step that betokens not so much the leaden foot as the burdened mind, and sat down on the humble sugan chairs around the kitchen table that was drawn close under the solitary and narrow window. There was no table cloth, but a pile of smoking potatoes, bursting their jackets, garnished the table; and there were two wooden porringers of milk, each with a perpendicular handle, that needed some experience to use it. The mother and her daughter, a bright country lass of eighteen or twenty years, stood apart, and watched or tended the men. They had had tea an hour before; they left the more substantial things for the laborers.

The meal proceeded in silence, the two men peeling the potatoes with their rough nails, and swallowing each with mouthfuls of sweet milk. The mother was bending over the hearth-fire, and Debbie was dragging backward and forward huge kettles or saucepans, when the older man said:

"How much have we in the house, Maurya, to meet the agint?"

"Betwane seven and eight pounds, didn't I tell ye?" said the mother.

"He won't take it," said the old man. "He'll pitch it back, as he did afore."

"Thin, I'd pitch *him* to the divil," said Pierry in a passionate way. "Bejabs, it is a quare thing intirely: we starving on praties and milk, and him dragging the life-blood from us!"

"You shouldn't fault the praties an' milk," said his father. "God give them; and we would be badly off without 'em."

"I'm not faulting them," said Pierry. "But it is the divil's own quare thing that we should be workin' for the likes of that fellow, when there's a free land and plenty to eat and dhrink acrass the wather."

"You're tarkin' of that too much," said the mother, interfering. "Many a good man, and good woman, too, was reared on praties an' milk. An' as for America, there's good an' bad news, I suppose. At laste, I wish 'twas sunk in the say, before I ever hard of it."

"There's no use in cadraulin' about that subjec'," said Owen McAuliffe, rising from the table, and taking out his pipe to redden it, "America or no America, how am I to meet the agint on Friday, I wants to know?"

"Take in the seven pounds," said Pierry, not much mollified by his mother's remarks, "ax him for a reduction, or time; an' if he refuses, put it in your pocket, an' come home!"

"And thin, the attorney's letter an' the writ in three days, an' all the expinse besides," said his father.

"Let 'em do their best," said his son. "Dhrive the cattle up to the hills, anny of the naybors will give them grass; and let the bailiffs come here for a warrum welkum!"

"Don't mind that foolish boy," said the mother. "Thry ould Dinis McCarthy agin. He'll gwine to the bank and rise it wid you."

"I don't like bein' behoulden to Dinis agin," answered her husband. "He made mountains about it the last time."

There was a long pause of silence. The old man smoked calmly, sitting on a rough slate bench near the hearth; the mother sat looking pensively at the fire; Pierry looked through the narrow window in a sullen, angry manner. Debbie was clearing away the supper refuse from the table. When she

had finished, she came over and stood looking down at her father and mother. Then she said quietly:

"I think Pierry is right, mother. There's nayther sinse nor raison in our stopping here, toiling from morning to night, making money for the landlord, when there's a free counthry only five days' journey across the wather. Let us sell out, in God's Name! Lizzie is dying to have us all in Boston, where nayther you nor father need ever wet yere hands agin; but have carpets ondher yere feet, an' the besht of atin' an' dhrinkin'. Come, let us go, in God's Name."

She spoke earnestly, almost passionately. It was her thought, sleeping and waking.

There was another deep pause of silence. The poor old mother was silently weeping. It was not the first or second time this proposal, which was heartbreaking to her, had been made by her children. She knew that nothing could exorcise the dread discontent of home-life, the dread enchantment of America. And this was her own home. Here she was born (for Owen McAuliffe had merely come in with a couple of hundred pounds from the County Limerick); here she was brought up; here she learned her prayers and first lessons; here she said good-bye to her dead parents; here, on this kitchen floor, she had danced the night of her marriage; and here were her eight children born and brought up with her more than usual solicitude. She knew every rafter in the blackened roof, every stone in the fireplace, every bush on the hedges, every tree around her fields. Every winter had brought its songs and stories for sixty years around that hearth. Every summer the golden fields and the cross-road dances. True, her life had been a life of sorrow and hardship; but these very things consecrated the place still more. Every soul loves the place of its crucifixion; and her humble Calvary was knit into her life, like a living thing. And to think of leaving all that, and going away into a strange, mysterious country, a peopled desert, where for every one that crossed its desolation and emerged successful, a hundred had gone down and were lost! Oh, no; the thought was too dreadful; and it broke out in the eloquence of her silent tears.

Owen McAuliffe bore the ordeal for a time. Then, rising up, he simply pointed with his pipe at the weeping woman, and said:

"There!"

He walked out slowly into the field beyond the yard.

Debbie, ashamed of her mistake, which, however, she had often made before, came over to her brother. They were a splendid picture, but gloom and sorrow were over them that evening. After a pause, Debbie said in a soft undertone:

"You'll be turnin' the high field to-morra?"

"I suppose so," he replied. "'Tis the divil's own job for wan man; and father can't do much now!"

"Who knows?" said Debbie, trying to give him a courage she did not feel herself. "God may sind some wan this way!"

"Yes"; he said bitterly. "Some wan who'll ate us out of house and home, and want more wages than the rint."

It was too true. She desisted.

That same evening, at a certain aristocratic club in Danson Street, Dublin, five or six gentlemen were in the smoking-room, discussing the papers and the world-news. They had met after luncheon for business; and the nature of the business might be guessed from a sheaf of telegrams that had been sent at five o'clock over the country and to the great landlord clubs and centres in the cities. The telegrams were brief:

No purchase. No abatement. Bide time.

Six words, which in a month's time carried desolation into many a Munster and Connemara cabin.

This decision, however, was not arrived at without a fierce and angry debate; and it was by no means unanimous. One or two members of the landlord class had vehemently opposed it, partly on grounds of prudence, partly for humanitarian motives. But Maxwell had spoken with unusual heat, and very much to the surprise of his hearers, against any movement that might tend to accentuate the angry feelings of the people, and their antagonism to the landlord class. The debate was brought into the smoking-room, and was continued thus:

"I can't see, Maxwell, for the life of me, what you are up to," said a great burly specimen of his class, cleanshaven, despotic, swinging his arms everywhere, as if he were always using the whip. "Or where the devil you picked up these new-fangled notions. We are losing everything we have, bit by bit, and will soon be reduced to the rank of paupers—"

"Better be paupers yourselves, than keep others paupers,"

interjected Maxwell. "The whole of this unhappy country is pauperized and beggared by what you are pleased to call the right of property. In God's Name, try and recognize the fact that your countrymen have bodies and souls like yourselves, and have a right to live as well as you!"

"But, look here, this is all d——d socialism and communism. You want to upset everything. Can't you leave things as they are, and do as your forefathers before you?"

"Most certainly not," said Maxwell. "My forefathers, as you call them, inherited evil traditions, and, by Heaven, 'tis time to break them. All over the world the people are rising up and crying aloud; and I tell you, you must listen to them, or suffer for it."

"Pshaw!" cried another landlord. "They have tried everything they could here, even murder, and they have failed. One year of resolute government, and there was peace forever."

"You have ill-measured the people's power," said Maxwell. "They have learned it in France; they have been taught it in Hungary and Austria; slowly they are fathoming its depths and strength in Russia. Take care, you may have to learn it here also, and the lesson will be a bitter one."

"They have done their best, d—— them," said the first speaker, "to crush and pauperize us; and now they're going. In a few years, we'll have decent English and Scotchmen on our lands—"

"And will they pay your rents?" asked Maxwell.

There was no answer.

Outram, who had come home to enjoy his property in Ireland, and who had not the benefit of experience to subdue his contempt for another subject race, had been silent during the discussion. There was a distinct coolness between himself and Maxwell; and he did not trust his temper to speak, although he raged at the ideas Maxwell was propounding. At last, as the dinner hour approached, he said with almost imperceptible sarcasm:

"Mr. Maxwell has the advantage in debate over you, gentlemen. He is a reading man."

"Reading? What has reading to do with the matter?" said one of the former speakers. "This is a question of common sense and self-preservation!"

"Yes"; said Outram, with some malice, "but if you read

of noblemen in other countries giving up everything, and going down amongst the common people and living their lives, you are naturally disposed to do the same yourself."

"Going down amongst the people and leading their lives?" echoed the other. "What infernal lunatic has done that?"

"Ask Maxwell," said Outram. "I know but little about him!"

Maxwell bit his lip and said nothing. There was a silence for a few minutes. Then Outram continued:

"It is quite true that some, even Tolstoi's own intimates—you have heard of Tolstoi, of course?"

"Tolstoi! Tolstoi! Never. Who is he and what is he?"

"Well, as Maxwell who knows him best won't speak, I suppose I must, especially as Tolstoi has come to Ireland. He is a Russian Count who thinks he is sent as a savior to his people. He sympathizes with the people and wants to lift them; and in order to do so he has gone among the *moudjiks*, that's what they call the Russian peasant, tried to live their lives, etc., etc."

He paused; but Maxwell would not be drawn.

"'Tis true," Outram continued, "that he has given up all his estates—to his wife; that he has renounced his income—that is, all of it that he doesn't possess; that he is a beggar—but lives, in a certain degree of luxury, in his wife's house in Yasnaia Soliana; that he has left house and lands and family—except in so far as he clings to them; and that he is a kind of malodorous fakir, such as I have often seen in his leprous rags on the Hooghly, except that his wife puts a *satchet* of petal-dust under his linen in the drawer; and that under the peasant's *pelisse* is fine linen, lavendered and voluptuous with *Eau de Chypré* and Parma Violets."

Maxwell had now turned round with blazing eyes.

"That is the usual class calumny," he cried. "We heard the same here of O'Connell, of Parnell, and the rest."

"I am quoting the words of his brother-in-law, Bers," said Outram coolly. "And all experience proves them. When you hear of all this self-renunciation and sanctity, you may be sure the hair-shirt is not worn next the skin. I, even I, should not object to take the *rôle* of prophet and reformer on Tolstoi's terms."

"You're talking rot, both of you," said an elderly man. "Any man who would preach, much more practise, such doc-

trines, would be promptly placed in a lunatic asylum by his friends."

"Not by any means," said Outram, with cutting sarcasm. "There are young men in Ireland to-day who are prepared for sacrifice. I heard of one the other day, who took up a dying woman from the streets, carried her to his house, and when she was refused admission into a public hospital, nursed her at his home till she died; and who paid forty pounds a year out of a salary of sixty to send his future wife abroad to Davos Platz, till she had been cured of consumption, and then married her. And there are some of ourselves who would not hesitate a moment to go down to Kerry and dig potatoes with—"

"There! There! You're always sarcastic, Outram. You know too much of coolies and the like—"

"I assure you," said Outram, "I was never more serious in my life. The new wine has been poured into new bottles. I know men who would not shrink from the hardships of the Irish peasant's life, if they only could supply a motive for going down amongst them, such as to study their condition, to elevate them, to lift them up to a higher standard. At least," he said, as if correcting himself, "I have heard those opinions expressed. I have not seen them put in practice as yet."

"Nor are you likely, by Jove," said the other. "What? An Irish gentleman giving up house and comforts to go down amongst the farmers? Ha! ha! Well, that is a good one!"

"You consider it quite incredible?" asked Maxwell, standing up and planting his feet on the mat before the fire.

"Quite! We've all heard of the nobleman that went around the country playing a barrel-organ for a wager. It was mad enough; but it was a freak, and the fellow, I believe, did it. But to go down to a thatched cabin, under smoky rafters, to wear frieze and hobnailed boots, to live on potatoes and buttermilk—"

"Why, I heard you say an hour ago," interrupted Maxwell, "that the farmers were better off than ourselves—that they lived better, that their wives and daughters dressed better than ours, that they had pianos and pictures, etc. If that be so, where is the great sacrifice in going amongst them and enjoying all this luxury?"

Outram laughed loud at this discomfiture, but immediately said:

"Look here, Maxwell! These fellows are giaours—infidels! Why not take up a bet like the gentleman organ-grinder? It will be hard on you, I know; but then you are full of this magnificent idea. Come! I'll wager what you please that you won't go down to Cork or Kerry and live as a peasant or laborer for twelve months, or for six, or for three!"

The gentlemen crowded around the fireplace.

"I should need a higher motive than a wretched money bet to do such a thing," said Maxwell. "I should hope that the little force, or energy, or life, whatever you call it, that the Lord has given me, might be well spent during my short sojourn here; and that there is something somewhat nobler than fox-hunting, claret-drinking, and evicting. I say that the man who will lift up his countrymen from the condition of serfdom, to which centuries of oppression and foul wrong have reduced them, would be more of a nobleman than if he had fifty crests and coats-of-arms; and if I thought I dared, or could do it, I would step down at once from the classes and join my lot with the people."

"Then, why not do so?" said Outram, watching him keenly.

"Why not?" echoed Maxwell, studying the pattern on the hearth-rug. "Why not?"

"What d——d rot!" cried a magistrate. "By Heavens, Maxwell, if you thought of such a thing, I'd commit you to Dundrum at once."

"You don't know the stuff of which Maxwell is made!" said Outram, twirling his opal ring around his finger.

The gesture caught Maxwell's eye.

"Look, Outram," he said. "Here's a bargain, not a bet. Give me that ring for twelve months; and for twelve months I shall go as a farm laborer into Cork or Kerry."

Outram hesitated. The other gentlemen laughed, and began to chaff him.

"A fair offer, by Jove."

"Come, Outram, are the tables turned against you?"

"'Twill be the talk of every club in Dublin to-morrow, Outram. You might as well relinquish the bauble."

Outram went over to the window, and gently disengaged the ring from his finger. He returned holding it aloft.

"You're afraid, I see, Maxwell," he said. "You don't trust

the noblest peasantry in the world. You need a talisman, and you are right. Here it is! The joke is too good a one to be lost. Gentlemen, I call you as witnesses that Maxwell has engaged to go for twelve months as a farm laborer into Cork or Kerry. We'll make no conditions. We can trust his honor. If he comes back alive, he can take his revenge by writing a book."

Maxwell twisted the ring slowly on to the third finger of his right hand and then left the room.

"How do you know he'll keep his engagement?" asked one of the gentlemen of Outram. "He can evade it in a hundred ways!"

"'Tis all right," said Outram. "I know what is in his mind. He has been poisoned by reading all kinds of rubbish from Carlyle, Spencer, and the rest. There are a good many of his class in Oxford and London—Christian Socialists they call themselves; and Maxwell has an ambition to introduce something of the rot here. He'll be pretty tired of it in twelve months; and there won't be a more 'felonious landlord' in the club then."

"I heard he was engaged to Major Willoughby's daughter," said the other. "What will the lady think of this?"

"I am of opinion that Maxwell's vagaries have ceased to trouble Miss Willoughby," said Outram.

And so, indeed, it was.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HAND.

No sooner had Bob Maxwell taken the plunge than he began to realize the consequences. The ideas that had been slowly germinating in his mind for years had suddenly blossomed into a flower of fancy that might be poisonous, and a fruit that would certainly be very bitter. He began to think, as he sat by his solitary fireplace, that he had made a mistake. Why should he separate himself from his class? Who called him to be a martyr for principle? Why should he alone select the heroic, which, dreadful thought! would, or might, end in the ridiculous? The age was not heroic. The age was self-centred, self-seeking, self-satisfied. Men did not understand these things now-a-days. All had come down to a com-

mon level of meanness, duplicity, cunning, cruelty. No man dreamed of self-sacrifice, or the immolation of great possibilities and great hopes on the altar of Duty. The Greek spirit had vanished; the Christian spirit had followed. He alone would attempt the impossible; and come back, dubbed a Quixote, a fool, a dreamer, a failure, for the rest of his life.

And then? Maxwell was not oblivious of the hardships of the task he had assumed. He knew well what it was to sleep on coarse beds, to eat poor food, to work hard, to be exposed to the weather, and, above all, to be compelled to associate with people who had not an idea beyond their wants, their struggles, and their trials. "Not sordid lives, but squalid lives are theirs," he thought, "and how can I participate therein?"

"And then? There's no drawing back, once the step is taken. I must pursue it to the end. And this means ostracism from my own class, suspicion from those with whom I am going to associate, union with rabid politicians, prosecutions probably, and imprisonment. Yes; the prospect is not brilliant. I am coveting a martyrdom; and I mistake much the temper of that wasping, stinging, aggressive thing, called man, if he does not make me suffer."

Maxwell stood up and walked along the carpet that edged his library. This meditation had unnerved him. He felt himself shivering on the bank. He needed a tonic; and, instead of the sideboard, he sought his books. They were not far to seek; nor had he to look long, until words spoke to him, like tongues of Pentecost—great, true, flaming words, bidding him obey the God within him, and not the cackling idols of the market-place; and sternly ordering him onward on the path of Duty, no matter how tempests howled and winds raved, and pitfalls yawned, and the loud laughter of fools and knaves echoed from club and drawing-room, from newspaper or letter, from friends and foes across his way.

But failure? What matter? Everything is failure. All that the world holds of its best is writ large in failure. It is not a question of success, or non-success. It is a question of Duty—to go forward and see the end!

"Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among 'The Band'—to wit,

The Knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?"

Every word of sage or poet, philosopher and economist in this age of greed and selfishness pointed in but one direction. It clenched the doubts of Maxwell.

Some few weeks later, a weary, drooped, travel-stained figure came slowly up the boreen that led to Owen McAuliffe's house at Lisheen. It was an autumn afternoon; and every one about the place was in the fields, picking the potatoes and flinging them into large pits for safety against the November rains. The old woman, the vanithee, was alone in the kitchen, preparing the evening meal. A brood of chickens, clacking noisily after the maternal hen, were busy picking up from the earthen floor scraps of potatoes and grains of Indian meal. A huge collie lay coiled asleep under the kitchen table. At the noise of a strange footstep, he roused himself lazily, then suddenly assumed the defence of the place, and barked furiously at the intruder. The latter, unheeding, came slowly and painfully across the straw-covered yard, and entered the house.

A professional beggar would have said, in the country fashion: "God save you!"

And would have been answered: "God save you kindly!"

But this poor fellow sank wearily into a chair, and bowed his head between his knees. The dog ceased barking; and the old woman, coming over, said kindly:

"You're tired, me poor bhoy!"

"Tired and sick and hungry," said the man, in an English accent. "'Tis a weary load I have taken up!"

"Well, thin," said the old woman, "you must rest here, me poor bhoy; and sure 'tis no great job to hunt away the hunger and the thirst."

Saying this, she cut a huge slice of a griddle cake, and brought it over with a porringer of milk to the wayfarer. He ate and drank eagerly, almost ravenously. It revived him, and he said in a brighter way:

"That's the only food I have had for twenty-four hours."

"Well, thin," said the old woman, "the people must be gettin' hard-hearted intirely, whin they refused a bite or sup to a dacent-looking bhoy like you."

"It wasn't their fault," said the man. "It was my own. I asked for work, work; and when that could not be had, I was ashamed to ask for bread."

"Faith, thin, you must be new to the road," said the vanithee. "Because 'tisn't much shame the travelers have now-a-days!"

"I never was from home before," said the man, "and I am not accustomed to hardship. If I had known all—but there's no use in complaining! But the burden I took up was too much for my strength!"

The instinctive delicacy of the Irish mind forbade her questioning him further. She went about her household work, from time to time casting a curious glance at the visitor. He sat in the low sugan chair, and stared out through the open door in a kind of reverie, which was only broken when the two men and Debbie, well tired and dirty after the day's rough work, came in. They merely glanced at the stranger, as they put aside their tools; but the old man said in the usual way:

"God save you!"

Maxwell, for it was he, did not know what to reply, but stood up as if to go.

"Ye needn't be in such a hurry," said the old woman. "You had a long day's tramp, an' you want a night's rest. Stay where you are for to-night; an' you'll be betther able for the road to-morrow."

Maxwell seemed to hesitate, as the men said nothing, but sat down silently to the evening meal.

"Come over, and give us a hand here," said Owen McAuliffe, pointing to the huge pile of smoking potatoes. "Maybe you could lend us a hand elsewhere to-morrow."

"Your good wife has already given me food," said Maxwell; "if you could let me have work, I would take it as a favor."

"Well, we'll thry," said Owen. "But I'm thinking that your white hand is more used to the pen than the plough."

"A hand that's willing to work can do work if it only gets fair play," answered Maxwell.

"Well said, me bhoy," replied the old man. "Well, as you won't ate, pull over the chair to the fire, and have your smoke."

Maxwell began to roll a cigarette mechanically, as he drew up

the straw chair near the open hearth, and sat looking in a dazed way at the red ashes and charred timber that smoldered there. He was too tired and too dispirited to feel any interest in the place or people. He knew that it was a farmer's house of the poorer class, such as he had seen, day by day, during the last few weeks; and the surroundings and details were not inviting. It was poverty, great poverty, accentuated by constant dread of the greater trial, that it was quite within the bounds of possibility they should lose even that.

He listened as in a dream to the slow munching of potatoes and the swilling of new milk that were going on quite close to him. He had not even curiosity enough left to watch the young daughter of the house as she busied herself on dish and platter, setting this to rights, and placing that in its place on the dresser, and tidying up, in a deft, silent manner, the table and the utensils that were soiled after the men's supper.

It was only when Owen McAuliffe came over to the hearthside, and sat on the flagged seat near the hob, and drew out his black pipe and began to smoke, that Maxwell woke up, and began to realize his position.

"You're out of a job?" said the old man after a time.

"Yes," answered Maxwell. "I've tramped half the country; but met the same answer everywhere!"

"And what would that be now?" said Owen.

"Well, they wanted hands badly; but I wouldn't do. I didn't look equal to hard work, and they had nothing light to give me."

"They needn't be so pertickler," said Owen. "The deuce a much work they'll get out of any laborer now-a-days. Whin I wos a bhoy, we thought nothin' of takin' out the cart in the morning fasting, and thraveling six or seven miles to the mountain bog, and fillin' our load of turf, and comin' back agin before we sot down to brekfus. Manny and manny a time I thramped thirteen and fourteen miles before breakin' me fast. But you won't get youngsters to do that now-a-days!"

"I suppose they have not the strength or endurance!" said Maxwell.

"Thrue for you, they haven't," said the old man. "But," he continued, as the idea of driving a bargain came into his mind, "I suppose now, as you are so delicate and genteel-like, you wouldn't be expectin' high wages?"

"I expect no wages," said Maxwell bluntly. "I have as much clothes in this valise," he pointed to a portmanteau, once very handsome, but now much the worse for wear, "as I want for twelve months, and I have no need of anything but the food and shelter every son of Adam requires."

"Well, thin," said the old man, "I won't take you at your word, for that would be dhrivin' a hard bargin, and takin' a mane advantage of you. But if you like to stay here and look about you, you can be of some little use to us maybe, an' sure, if you never did nothin', we won't begrudge you the bite and the sup."

"I'm extremely obliged to you," said Maxwell, rising up. "It's the first word of welcome I have had since I set—since I began looking for work; and you won't find me ungrateful. But I'm dead tired; and if you could show me where I might rest the night, to-morrow we could talk things over."

Here arose a little trouble, however; a trouble which had already suggested itself to the women, who had been engaged in an anxious debate over it. There were but two beds in the only room that served as parlor and bedroom—one of these was occupied by Debbie, the other by her parents. Pierce invariably slept in the settle bed in the kitchen. Where should they put the stranger? The servant boy, when they had such, invariably slept in the loft, or in one of the outhouses; and they would have promptly relegated the newcomer to either place; but they felt, by that secret but infallible instinct that characterizes women, that this was no ordinary tramp. There was a something about him that told them how much he differed from average wayfarers. They could not dream that he was a gentleman. That was too much beyond the reach of imagination; but they concluded he was some one who had got a "let-down" in the world, and needed additional consideration.

After a good deal of debating, they decided that Pierce should sleep in the loft; and that the stranger should have the settle bed in the kitchen. The settle was a long box with a lid and two arm-rests at the extremities. It was used during the day as a seat, which might accommodate four or five persons. At night the front was let down from hinges; the lid raised, and, lo! it was a comfortable bed.

So Maxwell found it, when the family, having said the Rosary, and remained for some time afterwards in silent prayer,

retired for the night, and left him alone. He sat for a few moments meditatively on the edge of the improvised bed, watching the smoldering embers on the hearth, and thinking, thinking into what a sea of trouble he had plunged himself. Then he rolled over into the blankets, and was buried at once in a deep sleep.

He woke refreshed next morning, when he heard Pierce's step on the ladder, rose rapidly, made his ablutions in a primitive manner outside the door from a tin basin; and, drinking in deep draughts of the morning air, he set out with the young man to commence the day's work.

It was the same as yesterday's. Pierce opened with his strong arm and foot the drills of potatoes, and Maxwell gathered them up in creels, and tossed them into the great pits that yawned to receive them. It was not hard work, but the constant stooping over the potatoes made his back ache. He was not sorry when old Owen McAuliffe came out, and after watching the work for some time in silence and praising the potatoes for their size and dryness, bade the two young men come in to breakfast.

This consisted of tea and home-made bread and butter. The keen morning air and the exercise had sharpened Maxwell's appetite, and he was astonished at the manner in which he stowed away junk after junk of heavy, but wholesome, bread, that a month ago would have given him dyspepsia for weeks. Then, without any delay, they went back to work again; Debbie and the old man accompanying them.

Maxwell, although ashamed to idle even one moment in the company of such industrious workers, had time to look around him. He found that this farm lay on the edge of a low spur of a mountain, that stretched back black and gloomy in the gray October light. Evidently, the larger portion of the land had been reclaimed from bog and heather at the cost of infinite labor; and it was quite clear it would revert to the same condition again, if the redeeming hand of man were once lifted from it. Here and there, tufts of furze had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the reclaimers, and the soil was peaty—not the deep, rich brown mould of more prosperous farms. Far around, a great plain, dotted thickly with farmers' homesteads, each in its little clump of trees, stretched to where on the horizon faintly-outlined mountains bounded the view. And

far to the right there shone or bickered or slept the broad expanses of the sea. The district was clearly congested; and the vast majority of farms were of about the same extent and the same character as that in which Maxwell now worked. The landscape was not inviting; but he saw, with a faint thrill of pleasure, that behind him was the black, unsurveyed mountain with all its ravines and recesses, such as those where he had often encamped above the Lakes. Here, at least, he thought, I can beat a retreat sometimes; and, alone, think over the problem I have set myself to solve.

He worked on steadily till dinner time at noon, when they were called in by Mrs. McAuliffe. He was tired, and his limbs ached from the continuous stooping; but he had a vigorous appetite. There was an immense pile of potatoes on the table before him and three porringers of milk. He saw the two men make the Sign of the Cross over the food; and then set to work with their nails to peel the potatoes. He attempted the same; but the hot potatoes burned his tender fingers, and his taste somehow revolted from the operation. Debbie saw his embarrassment, and quickly placed a black-handled knife on the table before him. But he managed to make a splendid meal. He could never have believed that potatoes and milk could be so appetizing.

They went straight from dinner to work. But Maxwell's back ached so badly that he said:

"Look here, men. I'm not shirking work; but, you know, I am not used to it; and my back is almost broken. I'll beg off for an hour or two."

"Av coorse, av coorse," said the old man. "Sthroll up the fields and take a look at the heifers. You've done enough for to-day."

The kindness touched Maxwell deeply. He passed out of the potato field, and was instantly treading under foot the purple blossoms of the heather he loved so well. The whole mountain was covered with it, except in a few patches here and there, where lean cattle were feeding. He went up and up, until he almost reached the chine of the hill. He then sat down on a deep purple bed of fragrant heather, smoked leisurely, and leisurely looked out over the country, and leisurely considered how far further he could carry out the unweaving of the great problem he had so rashly undertaken to solve.

Meanwhile the good folks amongst whom he was now thrown were busy conjecturing the history, position, and future of their strange visitor. All kinds of clever speculations ran in their heads to account for such a singular apparition among them. But the final conclusion at which the men arrived was, that Maxwell was a deserter from the army and on the run. This view Debbie strenuously contradicted. Her woman's wit saw farther than masculine reasoning. She knew that there was something about Maxwell that was quite irreconcilable with the idea that he was, or had been, a common soldier; and she was strengthened in her conviction by watching and noticing his linen, which was of an altogether superior kind. But what he was, how his fates had led him hither, she could not conjecture. He was a mystery; and it increased tenfold the interest that surrounded him. Then once the idea struck her that he was a criminal on the run from justice, who was diving into all kinds of holes and corners to escape the Argus eyes of the law. It lessened her interest in him, although she tried to banish the thought and invest him with the dignity of a gentleman in disguise.

CHAPTER VI.

"IN THE SWEAT OF THY BROW."

The next few days were days of monotonous labor for Maxwell. To rise at six, be at work at half-past six, to breakfast at eight o'clock, dine at twelve, and sup at seven, filling in the intervals with steady, unremitting toil, this was each day's programme. To lessen, or rather to vary his employment, he was asked to take a spade and dig the lumpers out of the drills. He tried, but found this as hard work as picking them up and filling the creels. And, unfortunately, he sliced with the sharp edge of the spade so many potatoes that the old man said:

"This isn't the time for *skeolans*,* me boy. You'll be a great hand intirely when we're settin' the praties in the spring."

At last he was allowed free play to do what he liked about the farm. It was quite clear he was not equal to much hard work; and as there was no stipulation about wages, and he seemed willing to be useful, he was invited to do as he pleased.

* Potatoes sliced in quarters or halves for seed.

"'Tis wondherful," said the old man, "how handy thim sojers are. They're thrained to everythin' a'most."

"You'll find he's no sojer," said Debbie, almost sulkily.

"Wisha, what else could he be?" said her father. "Shure, he won't tell his name even; and he wanted to know how far away were the police!"

"Well, 'tis no business of ours, I suppose," said Debbie, "but he's no desarter, whatever else he is."

"You'll see how handy he is about horses," replied her father, clinging to his idea. "I saw him watchin' the chestnut yesterday; and, faix, he seemed to know the pints of a horse as well as Sims of Thralee."

"Well, he's quite and asy-spoken enough," said Pierry. "An' for a bhoy who made no bargain about wages, he seems anxious enough for the work."

On the whole, these were favorable opinions enough about our young nonconformist, who had essayed a trying task, and was sinking beneath the burden, when a sudden inspiration loomed up on his imagination from some far, invisible depths, and turned his cloud of despair into a pillar glowing with the fire and light of hope and great promise.

It was on a Sunday morning a week or two after his introduction to this humble family, when he lay on a bed of grass and heather up there on the breast of the black mountain of Croughna-Cree. The family had gone to Mass three miles away; and although it was the custom for one to remain at home to guard the house and premises, they committed the care of the place, with singular confidence, to Maxwell. Pierry had volunteered to stay at home. He was the doubting Thomas. He thought it singularly improvident to leave the whole place in the hands of a perfect stranger, and one with the possibly evil record of a deserter from the army. Debbie had again insisted that Maxwell was nothing of the kind; and, as it was broadly hinted that Pierry's devotion was so tenuous that he only sought an excuse for remaining away from Mass, his pride was stung, and he cried:

"Very well! But the throuble be on yereselves and not on me!"

And so Maxwell, who, it was charitably surmised, "had no religion," was allowed to assume control of Lisheen for two or three hours on that Sunday.

"You needn't stick yourself in the kitchen," said the old man, going out. "Take the kay in your pocket, and lave Snap loose; and you can go up and see after the heifers, and keep thim blagard crows away from the drills."

So Maxwell went up into the mountains, like any prophet of the Lord, to think earnestly, and listen, if so it might be, to any voices from within or without, that would speak to him, and point out the way in which he should walk. For he felt, in spite of deep heart-sinkings and doubts, that he had assumed a certain noble and spiritual calling, far, far removed from the petrified uniformity of an existence which his class traditions and teachings would have marked out for him, but which he now regarded with a certain loathing that became almost physical in its intensity. For he began to reflect, there in the autumnal afternoon, on the fearful waste of time and life that would have been his inevitable lot had he remained amongst his class, and followed its traditions. "Parasites," he thought, "fattening on the vitals of a race that could not shake them aside, drawing a life-sustenance and a pleasure-sustenance from starving wretches, who had to labor night and day to ward off starvation! Drones in a busy bee-hive, eating a honey that they did not make, and drinking a nectar they did not distil! Plutocrats, not aristocrats—they would shame the name—for who are the best, but they who, consecrated to great work, draw out the slender threads and filaments of life, and weave them into noble textures and tapestries for their race?"

And then his thoughts turned suddenly downwards to these toiling and laboring serfs, and he thought how noble, amidst their perpetual poverty, were their laborious and austere lives. Even from a purely physical standpoint, he felt ashamed of himself. He had been an athlete in Trinity, winning prizes at the College sports, until the doctors had warned him aside; and see how swiftly he collapsed when a little daily toil was placed on his shoulders. And these peasants! How easily, how smoothly, how deftly, they plied hand and nerve and sinew and muscle from dawn to dark, never tired, never fatigued, their whole physical system moving rhythmically at the divine call of labor. He had noticed how firm were their muscles, how broad their wrists, and how the muscles and tendons seemed to strain with the strength of whipcord when unusual pressure was placed on them. And how beautifully clean they were! Not a single

scab or speck on their spotless skins. Not a trace of dust or dandruff in their hair. Their hands were hardened and enamelled by toil, their bodies were washed in sweat; but they were kept sweet and wholesome and fragrant by that daily ablution, by the free play of the pure mountain air, and the immaculate sanctity of their lives. Compared with many whom he had known, that peasant boy was "Hyperion to a Satyr"; and compared even with Queen Mab, that mountain girl was an Amazon of health and generous vitality. "Blessed is work!" thought Maxwell. "Blessed is the sentence: 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labor all the days of thy life!'"

But—and then his heart sank within him—what chance had he to compete with these athletes of Nature, and take up duties now, to which he should have been indurated from childhood? How can the poodle run with the greyhound; or the sloth wrestle with the lion? Nay; it was madness! He should have kept to his own class, lived as they did, and died as they did! No, no; that will never do. He cannot admit the ignoble thought. He has set out on a mission, and he must accomplish it. But how? His cardinal principle was to get a fulcrum within the lives of these peasants, wherewith to raise them, and place them on some higher plane. But, supposing they were already on a plane higher than his own, and in the physical department they certainly were, what then? He dared not touch the spiritual; and what remained? The answer was, the social and intellectual life of the people, the sweetness and the light, that would help them to bear with greater equanimity the inequalities of life, and the hardships incident to their condition. But how? This seems an impossibility. He has undertaken a Herculean task, without the strength of Hercules. And he shall be defeated. And then, he must go back to his own tribe to be for evermore a butt and a jest for his Quixotism. See Tolstoi, his patron saint, is laughed at, his motives misinterpreted, his self-denial contradicted, his theories ridiculed. He will go down to posterity as a madman, a voluptuary masquerading under the guise of a martyr, a teacher of principles he dared not practise—an idealist, carrying his sparks of inspiration into a powder-magazine, a fool to be hoisted with his own petard! And thou, thou, here in this Irish *Nebelwelt*, thou shalt be the prophet and pioneer? No; only the *Erzträumer*—the Arch-Dreamer! Then the flash of illumination came.

"At least I have sacrificed myself for an idea. If I cannot be the salt of savor to others, at least I myself shall not rot."

He went down from the mountain. The family had come back, all but Debbie, who had lingered behind talking with the neighbors. The old woman was bending over the huge pot, that hung from the black iron framework above the hearth. She was stirring up a great savory mess of pork and cabbage, whilst in another pot the potatoes were simmering. The men, father and son, were conversing in the yard. The young man, slightly rebellious against circumstances, was making angry comments on the sermon. Two others, neighbors, were listening.

"I can't stand this," said Pierry. "'Tis all patience! patience! and thrust in God. Betther for us thrust in our own right arrums. 'The blackest hour is before the dawn!' Thin, the dawn must be near, because the hour is black enough now!' Why don't the prieshts lade us? Why don't they tell us: Rise up like min, and don't lie undher like whipped puppies—?"

"Because they see farther than you," said his father. "They have the ejucation that you haven't; and they have the Sperrit of God guidin' them."

"Bejobs, thin," said Pierry, "I wish to God they'd see as far as to-morrow; and tell us what we are to do, whin these —bailiffs are upon us."

"Lave to-morrow look out for itself," said the old man. "God will be there to-morrow as well as to-day."

"A piece of lead, an' a grain of powdher—" said Pierry, but his father whispered: "Whist!" as Maxwell came into the yard.

The latter noticed the sudden silence, but said nothing. The three young men slunk silently away. The old man said:

"Nothin' unusual turned up, I suppose?"

"Nothing," said Maxwell, who was somewhat disturbed by the apparent suspicion with which he was regarded.

"You said your own prayers in your own way, I suppose?" said the old man.

"I thought a good deal," said Maxwell. "Sometimes, thinking is praying."

"Thrue for you," said the old man. "Just as I suppose working is praying, as the priesht sometimes tell us!"

"And your priest is right," said Maxwell earnestly. "The

old monks have left the motto, *Laborare est orare*, to labor is to pray!"

They sat down to the Sunday dinner. Pierry's absence was not noticed. On Sundays young men went away from home very often to a hurling match, or a dance, and took potluck with the neighbors. The meal proceeded in silence; the old man was sunk in his own reflections, Maxwell was disturbed. Clearly, from what he had heard when he came into the yard, he was amongst these people, but not of them. They were evidently in trouble, and they could not confide in him. He had no right to complain, of course, but if this barrier of distrust was not broken down, his mission would remain unfulfilled. And yet he was in a new country; and a single false step would, he knew, be fatal. It was a sudden problem, and Maxwell had experience enough to know that he must not be precipitate. And yet the question would force itself upon him; should he await the development of events, or anticipate them by inquiries? Prudence pointed to the first course. But, as he silently ate his dinner, he reflected: These people took me in, a stranger, broke bread with me, made no hard stipulation with me; a great cloud is looming over them, and I—

He pushed aside the plate and porringer, and said, with a steady gaze at the old man:

"You're in trouble, I understand!"

The old man started a little, laid down his knife and fork, and said hesitatingly:

"A little. Sure, we're always in throuble, welcome be the will of God."

The mother, sitting by the hearth, coughed slightly. Debbie looked anxious.

"I have no right," said Maxwell, "to intrude upon your secrets; but if I can help you in any way, you may command me!"

"We're much obliged to you," said Owen McAuliffe. "But sure, we've no right to put our throubles upon sthrange shoulders—"

"I might be able to see farther than you," said Maxwell, who was now very anxious to help these poor people. "I've seen a bit of the world, and had some experience of trouble myself."

"Well, thin, you're young to have throuble," said the old

man. "But sure there can be no harrum in telling you what all the parish knows. We owe a year's rent, an' haven't the manes to pay it. The agent has took out a decree aginst us; and we don't know the minute the bailiffs will be upon us and seize all we have."

"That's hard lines," said Maxwell sympathetically. "But what do you propose to do?"

"There's the throuble," said the old man anxiously. "Pierry and the bhoys wants to meet the balliffs. wanst and forever and have it out wid them—"

"You mean to resist?" asked Maxwell anxiously.

"Yes; to fight it out wid them; and let the case go before the counthry."

"That means bloodshed and imprisonment," said Maxwell.

"Yes; and thin—av coorse, Pierry won't shtay in the counthry. He'll go to America, whin he comes out of gaol!"

This looked bad. It meant heavy trial on this poor family, and the final disruption of their home. Maxwell leaned his head on his hand, and began to think. After some time, he asked anxiously:

"Is there no alternative? I mean, can nothing else be done?"

"Nothing," said the old man, "except to clear the farm."

"You mean to remove the cattle and everything else that might be saleable?"

"Yes; that's just it. And that's what we want, as it is the aisiest way out of the throuble."

"But then they'll evict you," said Maxwell.

"No"; said the old man. "Because, if they did, they'd lose everythin' as well as we ourselves."

"And why not clear the farm then, as you say? It will stop bloodshed, and avert serious trouble from your home."

"Thrue for you, but Pierry and the bhoys won't have it. They want to have it out wanst and forever."

Here was a difficulty that put Maxwell at his wits' ends to solve. Ruin was before this poor family—absolute, irretrievable ruin. He felt deeply for them. The great problem of the land was presented to his eyes naked to be solved. And he saw that his own little programme would come to a summary end with the ruin of this little household. He could not commence to work out the problem elsewhere again.

After a long pause he said:

"By the way, how much is due? What will satisfy the agent?"

"We owe him twelve pounds," said the old man. "I carried in seven pounds to Thralee to him. 'Twas all I could gather. I axed him lave us alone till we sould the hay and the handful of oats. He thrun the seven notes in me face, and the nixt day I had an attorney's letter, with costs. I wouldn't mind," he continued, "but we lost a couple of calves in the spring; and a young colt, which we expected would make the rint for us."

"Look here," said Maxwell with sudden determination, "we must prevent violence at any cost. Where is Pierry?"

"Gone down to the dance, or perhaps to the forge to gather the bhoys for the morning," replied the old man.

"Then you and I will clear the farm," said Maxwell.

"Begobs, you're a man," said the old man enthusiastically, and the mother said: "God bless you!" and Debbie said nothing, but looked as if a great load were lifted off her mind.

"But—" said the old man, lingering.

"What?" said Maxwell.

"This is a Sunday," was the reply, "and maybe you wouldn't like workin' on a Sunday?"

"No matter," said Maxwell. "If we are breaking one law, we might as well break another, though it will be easier to get pardon from above."

"An' sure 'tis a good work, an' it may prevint murder," said the old man.

"Come!" said Maxwell. "There's no time to lose. Pierry will be back before dark; and we must have finished before he returns. What shall I take, and where shall I go?"

"The aisiest job for you," said Owen McAuliffe, "would be to drive the two heifers up the mountains into the glin where Mike Ahern's cattle are. They are as like as two pins; and nobody but Mike himself will know them asunder."

"And you can trust him?" said Maxwell.

"Oyeh, thrust Mike Ahern? As my own brother," replied the old man.

And Maxwell set out to break the Sabbath, and the law of the land at the same time.

CHAPTER VII.

IMMEMOR SUI.

"If any one had told me a few weeks ago," thought Bob Maxwell, as he trudged up the hill toward the field where the heifers were feeding, "that I, Robert Maxwell, Esq., gentleman and landlord, would be engaged this Sunday afternoon in violating British law, and upsetting British order, by frustrating the execution of her Majesty's writ, I should have deemed him a madman. In the eyes of the law, I am about to do a most unjustifiable thing; in the light of conscience, a deed that is praiseworthy. Which is right? Or are both? Is the law justice, or shall justice be the law?"

But the die was cast. He drove the heifers out of the little valley where they were feeding, out through the broken fence, and on to the highroad, that led up to the mountain. He had only a rough furze root in his hand, and he shouted Ho! Ho! Yeho! Yeho! as he had heard the boys shouting from time to time. There was a distance of about three miles up along the mountain road to the glen where Mike Ahern's cottage nestled; and, as the night sank early, Maxwell was anxious to push along rapidly, and get home before nightfall. He had accomplished the greater part of his journey, and was whistling softly to himself, when suddenly two men stepped out upon the road from behind a clump of furze, and peremptorily challenged him. They were rough, strong men, and clad in a manner that showed Maxwell at once that they did not belong to the farmer or laboring class. One of them struck the heifers lightly with a switch, and the animals swerved back into the ditch, as the fellow said:

"Hello! young man, where are you taking these heifers?"

Maxwell's temper had instantly risen; and he said angrily:

"That's my business. Who are you that attempt to stop me on the Queen's highway?"

Something in his air of determination and his peculiar accent struck the man, for he said:

"We are here in the name of the law. Whose cattle are these; and where are you taking them?"

"The cattle are mine so long as they are in my possession," said Maxwell. "Where I am taking them is my own affair. Allow me to pass, please, or take the consequences of an illegal seizure and arrest."

This unexpected style of address caused the men to fall back and consult together. Maxwell took advantage of the indecision; and striking the animals to get them out of the dyke, he shouted again Ho! Ho! Yeho! and proceeded on his way all the more expeditiously, because he guessed at once they were either the bailiffs, who were expected next morning, or spies sent to report whether the cattle had been removed. As there was no police escort, he rightly conjectured that they did not mean business that evening. In an hour he had reached the crest of the hills, and was looking down into the glen, where, scattered here and there across the darkening fields, Mike Ahern's cattle were feeding. He drove his own heifers up to the door of the cabin, and announced his mission.

"*Bannacht lath!*" said Mike Ahern, coming out from the dark, smoky recesses of the cabin. "So you dodged the bailiffs, gossoon. Come in! Come in! 'Twas as good as a play!"

"What? What do you mean?" said Maxwell, puzzled. "Surely, none of you were there?"

"Oh! begobs, we wor," was the reply, "and ready to lind a helpin' hand if you wanted it. But, begor, you didn't. They thought 'twas the Lord Lieutenant himself that wos shpakin' to them. Won't they be mad with thimsel's tomorrow morning. But come in, come in, an' take sumthin' agin the road."

Bob Maxwell declined the whisky that was offered him, but asked for milk, which was freely given. He drank standing, but this was considered incompatible with hospitality, so he had to sit down, and accept the delighted admiration of the family, and the many neighbors who had been hovering around the place all the evening in expectation of a scene with the bailiffs.

Mike Ahern, who prided himself on being a skilful diplomatist, and who was universally reputed as a very "knowledgeable man," did not allude further to the evening's escapade; but fell back, like a wise man, on generalities.

"Well, now," said he, as Maxwell sat contentedly with the porringer in his hand, "an' how do ye like the counthry?"

"Very well," said Maxwell cheerfully. "I like the country and I like the people."

"Wisha, 'tis a poor counthry," said Mike Ahern tentatively.

"Poverty and riches are only two forms of necessity," said Maxwell.

Mike Ahern looked puzzled and scratched his head; but he murmured:

"That's thrue for you, begor!"

"I mean," said Maxwell mercifully, "that the poor man wants a little; the rich man a good deal; and, you know, the more you want the poorer you are! Therefore, a rich man is only another name for a poor man."

This was a logical thesis that puzzled his audience considerably. But he was in excellent humor, as any man should be who is surrounded by an admiring crowd, so he condescended to explain.

"What would you call a rich man, now?" he asked, addressing Mike Ahern.

"A rich man?" said Mike alarmed. "Begobs, that depinds!"

"So it does," replied Maxwell. "But I suppose you'd call a man rich that would have, say, a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Mike Ahern. "Faix, an' I would, or half, or quarter, or a tinth of it. Tare an' 'ouns, man, a—hundred—thousand—pounds!"

"Well, I call him 'poor,'" said Maxwell calmly. "Because there never yet was a man that had a hundred thousand pounds that did not want a hundred thousand more. And a man that wants a hundred thousand pounds is a poor man, isn't he?"

"Faith, I suppose he is!" said Mike Ahern dubiously.

"But to come down lower," said Bob Maxwell, entering into the fun of the thing. "Would you call yourself a poor man?"

"Begor, whatever I call meself, or any wan else, I am poor enough, God knows!"

"And yet," said Maxwell, "if you had a hundred pounds in the bank at Tralee, you'd be poorer still."

"Would I, though?" said Mike Ahern, with a wink around the circle. "That's the divil's own quare thing entirely. Thry me with it, and you'll see."

"Well," said Maxwell. "Here is how the matter stands. How do you sleep now?"

"Divil a betther," said Mike Ahern. "From the minute I puts me head on the pillow a cannon ball wouldn't wake me!"

"And how is the appetite?" said Maxwell.

"Divil a betther," said Mike Ahern. "Ax herself or Austie there, an' they'll tell you."

"Oh, begor, that's thrue, whatever," said Mrs. Ahern. "There are times when he'd ate the paving stones."

"Very good," said Maxwell. "Now, if you had a hundred pounds in the bank, you'd never sleep or eat again; and you might as well have as much tissue paper as bank notes, for all the good they'd do you!"

"Yerra, stop your codraulin'," said Mike Ahern. "Why shouldn't I shleep and ate, wid me rint safe and sound in the bank?"

"Because you'd be thinking every minute of the night and day that the bank would break and ruin you; or that the manager would run away with your little deposit; or that a thief would break in and rob you. Then the missus would want a new gown and Austie a new hat; and the neighbors would want to borrow a little from you to ease your burden; and you'd never have a moment's rest, night or day, until you became a poor man, that is, a rich man again, that is, until you had little and wanted nothing."

There was a titter amongst the boys at Mike's expense; so he turned the conversation.

"Well, I suppose you had not much to spare in the army, whatever," he said. "Poor sojers can't spare much on a shilling a day!"

Maxwell was thunderstruck. The sudden revelation disconcerted him considerably. Here, then, was the estimate formed of him by these people—a discharged soldier, or worse. He looked frightened, but the old man seeing it, came to his relief.

"Wisha, you needn't be put about, me poor bhoy, by what I said. Your secret is as safe with us as wid yerself. If the peelers are waitin' to hear from us, they'll wait a long time."

Maxwell was too puzzled to say anything. Mike Ahern came to his relief again.

"I suppose now whin you go into battle you're afraid-like —I mane most min are afraid?"

"Yes"; said Maxwell, slowly regaining speech. He raised his eyes and looked around and saw something that made him quite determined to humor the fancy as long as he could. It was nothing more than a few rough boards leaning on a nail against the wall, and containing a few tattered books. In the dim light he made out the one word, "Shakespeare," and his heart leaped with joy. For, amidst all the causes of depression that assailed him in his new life, the worst was the lack of all intellectual exercise or pleasure. Reading had been the mainstay of his life in city and camp. It had become a neces-

sity of existence. And much as he felt the loneliness and the poverty and the dismal surroundings of his new life, he thought he could bear up against the terrible depression, if only he could fly sometimes from the torture of his own thoughts and go out into those delightful realms of fancy created by the masters of poetry and fiction for the benefit of the race. A hundred times he was tempted to ask Pierry to beg a loan of a few books from the priest—the only one within miles who would be likely to possess any. But he shrank in shyness from making such a request, and had his soul starved in consequence. Now, unexpectedly, he had lighted on a treasure, and his eyes shone with delight, like those of a thrice-disappointed miner who has just seen beneath the dull brown earth the gleam of hidden gold.

"Yes"; he replied to Mike Ahern's question, "that's true. No man, no matter how brave, hears the bullets whistle round him for the first time without fear and shrinking. Then the temper rises when one begins to think that over there are fellows who want to murder him. And then he becomes mad, mad, and he wants to kill, kill, everybody and everything."

The young men understood him well. They were of the fighting race—the knights of the spade and sword.

"Men are strange beings," continued Maxwell, soliloquizing. "Just as you have often seen a horse, especially at night, start at shadows and tremble all over and shake and become white with sweat, where the rider sees nothing; and then at another time, without any apparent cause, will take the bit between his teeth and pull to the devil, so it is with men. We are always starting at shadows, and then driving mad to ruin and destruction."

"What you say about the horses is thrue, whatever," said one of the young men. "I see you wor a dragoon, or else you could never have known them so well. But min don't start and sweat at shaddas!"

"Don't they?" said Maxwell, turning around, and facing his interlocutor, who sat back amidst a group upon the settle. "I bet you a pipe of tobacco, that I'll make you shiver and tremble, like a girl, before ten minutes."

"Begobs, thin, you couldn't," said the young fellow, completely misunderstanding Maxwell, and standing up to divest himself of his coat for a fight, "nor a betther man den you. Come on, you d——d desarter, an' lemme see you do it!"

The others tried to pull the fellow back into the seat, and to calm him, but it was no easy task.

"No, no; I wo' not be quiet," he said, struggling against them, "didn't the fellow say he'd make me thrimble before him. D—— him, I often bate a betther man than him. Let him come on now, or come out into the haggart, where the wimmin won't be frickened! No, no; I won't sit down, till I have it out wid him."

Maxwell himself was amazed, and even frightened. He had excellent nerves, but they began to sink under the new and utterly strange circumstances in which he found himself.

"You misunderstand me, my dear fellow," he said, rising up. "I didn't mean that. Put on your coat."

"Oh, you didn't mane that, you didn't," sneered the other. "Of course you didn't, not you. Well, would you be plazed to tell the company what you did mane, whin you said you could best me?"

"I never said I could best you," said Maxwell meekly. "What I meant was to show you how easily we are influenced, so that I can make any of you laugh or cry, get frightened or angry, in a few minutes, and merely by word of mouth. Which will you have first," he continued, with a gaiety he did not feel, "the laugh or the fright?"

"Begor," said Mike Ahern, "like the man that was invited to taste the tay or the whishkey, and thought he'd take the whishkey whilst they wor makin' the tay, we'll have the fright over first, that we may get our night's rest afther."

"He may go on, but he's not goin' to fricken me," said the young man who thought he was challenged.

"Then, hand me down that book," said Maxwell, pointing to the blackened and tattered Shakespeare.

But here commenced another painful scene. For just as Mike Ahern was stretching his hand towards the book, his wife, a middle-aged, sorrow-stricken woman, began to rock herself to and fro, on the sugan chair where she was sitting, and to moan out, as she clasped and reclasped her hands before her:

"Oh, vo! vo! oh! mavrone! mavrone! to think of you, tonight, me darlin' bhoy, away from me, your mother, an' I here alone, alone! Oh, don't tetch 'em! don't tetch 'em, me poor bhoy's books, that he loved in his heart of hearts! Oh, lave 'em alone! lave 'em alone! Didn't I promise him that no hand

but his should tetch 'em till he come back, me fair-haired bhoy—?"

It was the old, old story in Ireland. The darling son, the flower of the flock, the sunny, bright-haired boy, who had no taste for sports or fun, but only for the books and his prayers; set apart for Levitical purposes, the one overwhelming ambition of the Irish mother; sent to college, out of the scrapings and economies of the humble household; coming back on his holidays, the light of his mother's eyes; then, suddenly disappearing, as if swallowed up in a mighty storm of anguish; and leaving behind him a terrible memory of shattered hopes, disappointed ambitions, and the stern judgment of silence on the hearth he had desecrated, except for those eternal echoes of maternal love, that no ban or judgment, public or private, could ever stifle or extinguish. It was no alleviation of her misery to learn that her boy, deeming himself unsuited to the ecclesiastical state, had gone to New York, and was now a successful journalist on one of the leading papers; that he had a salary of ten pounds a week, and was reputed a man who might rise to the highest departments in his profession. She would rather see him a young curate in the remotest chapel on the Kerry mountains, or down where the Atlantic surges beat against the beehive cells of ancient monks and hermits—anywhere, anywhere, provided she could see him in the priest's vestments at the altar of God.

"Wisha, shure, he can't do any harrum," said Mike Ahern to the wife, who still continued rocking herself to and fro on the chair, and clasping and unclasping her hands, and moaning. "Sure, he's not going to run away wid 'em. Here, boy, take the book, an' see what you can make of it."

But Maxwell's nerves were now too shaken; and he excused himself. A strange fear had come down upon his soul. The weird place, hidden away in mountain solitudes, the high winds that forever moaned and wailed about the valleys, the darkness of the cabin, lighted only by the turf and wood fire, which cast vast, uncanny shadows on the walls and up against the blackened thatch and the rafters that were ebonized by years of smoke, the wild faces all around, reddened by the fire whilst all else was blind and black in the shadow; the anger of the young man, who, without the slightest provocation, wanted to pick a quarrel; the secrecy with which, as they had

confessed, they had watched him coming up the mountain side; and lastly, the sudden emotion of the gray-haired woman by the fire—all combined to remind Maxwell that he was in strange and perhaps perilous circumstances of life; and brought to his memory one parting word of Outram's: "You are afraid, Maxwell. You don't trust the noblest peasantry in the world. You need a talisman!"

He tried to shake it off, but in vain. Then he thought he had been led into a horrid trap by the very family with which he had been living in such amity during the last few weeks. Perhaps, after all, the old suspicion was right; and that he had betrayed himself into surroundings of extreme peril. All that he had ever heard of the bloodthirstiness of the peasantry, of their hatred of landlords, of their disregard for human life, came back to him; and one only thought took possession of him—how to get away from such uncanny people, and get back to civilization once more.

He took the ring that Outram had given him from his pocket, and put it quietly on his little finger. In the dark atmosphere it began to smoke and emit flames. He put his hand over his head, and stroked down his hair, so that all might see the talisman. They were very soon as frightened as himself, and Mike Ahern, thrusting the "Shakespeare" into his hands, said tremulously:

"Here, sure, if that's what you want, 'tis aisily settled. But I'm thinkin' we'll put off the fright and the laugh to some other time."

Maxwell took the book; but with great courtesy he stooped over and held it out towards the poor mother:

"I'll bring it back to you safe as I got it," he said. "Only let me have it for a few days."

The terrible ring flamed under her eyes; and she turned away.

"Oh, take it! take it! in the Name of God," she said, "and go away. I knew the divil had somethin' to say to you, whin I saw you comin' into the house."

Maxwell accepted the compliment, and with an affected gaiety, he said: "Good-night, lads!" and went down along the mountain road to his home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FALACY OF UNDENOMINATIONALISM.

BY M. D: PETRE.

"Je ne décide point entre Genève et Rome,
De quelque nom divin que leur parti les nomme
J'ai vu des deux côtés la fourbe et la fureur."

THESE words come from the mouth of one who stands aside from every denomination, and looks on at their strife and differences from what he regards as a higher standpoint. They express the calm of indifference, the impartiality of one who has no side.

There is something imposing in this cool, passionless attitude, something so much nobler and higher in appearance than that of the struggling multitude beneath, that the world often over-estimates the greatness of such men, and mistakes an indifference, which is purely negative, for an all-embracing charity and devotion to truth, which are qualities most strong and positive.

It is undoubtedly more dignified to stand aside from a row; and so odious have the terms "denomination" and "sect" become, that there are many to whom the disputes between them will appear nothing greater nor more important than any ordinary quarrel. This is so much the case that even members of one church or the other will often, like Voltaire, assume the part of disinterested spectators, and treat with philosophic coldness the very points on which the teaching of their church differs from that of others. And, what is still more remarkable, whereas formerly the great churches, at least, repudiated the terms *sect* or *denomination*, as applied to themselves, even they are now at times less shy of the appellation. It is not surprising that the Church of England should, as has been pointed out lately in the *Hibbert Journal*, sometimes condescend in the matter, when we find even some Catholics ready to adopt the custom; to acknowledge their Church as one of several, and not as *the one*.

To many it will seem that this attitude of indifference, this

almost deprecating temper of mind in regard to even the most essential claims of their own Church, is, in religious people, a characteristic wholly satisfactory, a proof of advance in the love of truth and in the spirit of universal charity. And this view will naturally be strengthened by the fact that its most energetic opponents are often not distinguished by either of these characteristics. As contrasted with the bitterness of sects, such unsectarianism cannot but appear noble and disinterested.

Now we are all agreed that truth and charity are above everything else; if, therefore, this undenominational attitude be really the product of these two great virtues, there would seem to be nothing more to be said. But, then, ought we not to go a little further still, and renounce, even in name, differences which we are no longer prepared to support in reality? If we are not ready to go as far as this, is it not because we do, in our hearts, ascribe greater importance to these differences than, in theory, we admit, so that there may, after all, be a certain inconsistency in our conduct, which can perhaps be justified, but which certainly needs to be explained?

Is there not, in fact, often something deceptive in this temper of mind? something akin to the delusiveness of that would-be asceticism, which glorifies coldness and self-concentration of temperament by the name of detachment? We cannot renounce what we do not possess; we cannot be disinterested except in the matter of real interests; we cannot be tolerant except we have convictions; we cannot be detached except we have attachments. The love of truth does not exclude warmth and feeling, and the whole question in regard to such an undenominational temper as we have described is, whether it is the result of *indifference* or of *comprehension;* whether it is inspired by real devotion to the truths which it will, nevertheless, not inculcate by coercive methods; or whether it is simply the result of total scepticism, or even ignorance, in regard to the truths or opinions under discussion.

Now there are truths which are not capable of exciting any passion, but these are not religious truths, any more than they are political truths. Any truth which has a direct bearing on life, which is not purely scientific or logical, which is a practical and human, as opposed to a purely speculative, truth, must enlist the heart and the feelings as well as the mind. In re-

ligious beliefs and dogmas, if we are concerned with anything at all we are concerned with truths of vital, and not merely intellectual, import. It is open to us to say that the subject is not worthy of discussion, but it is not open to us to say that such truths can be mere colorless objects of knowledge, without appreciable consequences or results.

"I hate," says Goethe, "that which merely instructs me and does not thereby increase and intensify my activity." With this quotation Nietzsche opens his fine treatise on the advantages and disadvantages of history, in the course of which he has some words on the relations of truth and justice which are singularly appropriate to our topic.

Justice, he tells us, is not a cold and bloodless virtue, but is living and sensitive. The just man loves truth, indeed, but not merely the truth of "cold, ineffective knowledge," but also that truth which is the "source of order and chastisement"; he devotes his life to the pursuit of truth, but not like those, her so-called servants, who "have neither the will nor the strength to judge," and who desire only that barren and lifeless truth "from which nothing proceeds."

"There are many neutral truths," he says, "there are problems which we can solve without self-conquest, and still more, without self-sacrifice. In such indifferent and inoffensive matters a man may rightly become a mere spirit of pure knowledge. And yet even should there be, in exceptional times, whole bands of such learned inquirers, rather minds than men, such times are, nevertheless, lacking in strong, robust justice, which is the noblest element of truth. . . . For only the strong can *judge*, it is for the weak to *tolerate*." *

So that, to draw our own conclusion, the mere passionless love of theoretical knowledge has nothing to do with the nobler quality of justice; the former is concerned with that side of truth which has no direct bearing on life, the latter regards our attitude towards those truths which are a part of our existence. When our very welfare and happiness depend on the truth being this or being that, then he who can judge, regardless of personal advantage, who can proclaim the truth, and proclaim it with all its consequences, who can place falsehood on the left as he places truth on the right, is greater than he who is merely true with the truth of detachment and indiffer-

* *Vom Nutzen und Nachtheil der Historie.*

ence, for his is a human and positive, a suffering and a conquering, truth.

Those who could never rise to the sublime heights of such a justice as Nietzsche describes, may still be capable of exercising the milder and easier virtue of tolerance. For this latter we must simply be devoid of passion; for the former, passion must be ever there, warming and strengthening the sense of truth, but ever subordinate thereto. Justice is truth triumphant, with its foot upon passion, which is:

> "Kept quiet, like the snake 'neath Michael's foot
> Who stands calm just because he feels it writhe."

We want to avoid anything that savors of partisanship, but we may pay too high a price for this negative virtue, and there are men who will be something if they are partisans, but who will be nothing at all if they are merely detached and indifferent. Unless our tolerance be the result of a larger life, of a fuller comprehension, it will denote rather the absence of a certain defect than the possession of special force or virtue. When we hear the members of any great Church almost make it a boast that they never work for her interests, and that their end is ever and wholly undenominational, we would withhold our admiration until we understand exactly in what sense their words are to be understood. If their meaning is that they are above the narrowness of mere controversy, that their charity will stretch to every form of human misery, that difference of conviction will not close their hearrs to any who may need their help, that their own faith will never make them crush the beliefs of others, that their apprehension of truth is too spiritual to allow them to regard any presentation of it as final, then, however extended their tolerance may be, it is not inconsistent with the most real love for what they regard as vital truth. But if, on the contrary, their meaning be that they are indulgent because they are not intense, that their beliefs are not sufficiently real and living for them to have even a wish to share them with others, then surely their magnanimity is rather a negative than a positive virtue, and there is no great manifestation of charity in being silent about truths of which they are only half certain.

After all, is it possible to care deeply for anything our-

selves, and not have the faintest wish to share it with others? Why should we even nominally adhere to doctrines for which we never want to gain a single disciple?

Nor is this spirit of cold, philosophic detachment to be justified as being the only guarantee against a spirit of coercion and tyranny. There is a surer safeguard of liberty in the principle of autonomy, which is a principle actually essential to the development of that higher form of justice which Nietzsche describes. In proportion to the energy of our own personal efforts after truth will be our readiness to recognize the rights of each mind within its own domain. Believing in the necessity of certain truths to our own life, truths which we have won and which we maintain in the sweat of the brow, we shall certainly not want to force them on others in a way in which we ourselves could never have accepted them, in a way which would pervert the very nature of the truths themselves. However little, then, we may claim to be unsectarian in the sense of being detached from any form of religious conviction, and mere passionless observers of a war in which we have no part, we can still be so in the nobler sense of a sympathy with every lawful liberty, and with religious liberty above all.

This fallacious form of unsectarianism is part of the more prevailing error according to which any subject or interest may be widened by addition without expansion. Expansion implies an inner principle of growth; addition consists in merely external accretions. We are not more large-minded in our religion because we have many other interests besides, unless those interests become a living part of our religion. To say, as some do, that, though we believe in the soul, we will only work for the body, does not make our spiritual philosophy, our doctrine of the soul itself, any broader or more comprehensive. Our large-mindedness in any subject must be proved by our treatment of that same subject, and not by a simple avoidance of it, however generous such an avoidance may appear.

We often come across the workings of the same fallacy in the field of Christian philanthropy; here, too, breadth is often thought to consist in a variety of foreign accretions, and not in the actual expansiveness of the religious work in question. We remember, for example, a visit to a so-called men's "Catholic Club" in one of the poorer quarters of a great city. There were billiard tables, card tables, a gymnastic apparatus, and a

refreshment bar. We observed that the presence of the clergy who accompanied us elicited no more marks of attention than our own. There were no outward signs of religion, Catholic or other; and we found, on indirect inquiry, that a considerable portion of the members were not practising Catholics at all. We could not resist a certain sense of wonder as to why it was called a *Catholic* club and what was the particular object of its existence. That there might be some very good motive we would not deny; but that motive was, at any rate, not very obvious; and to the ordinary observer, it was hard to see why it should be a more Catholic act to play billiards with a nominal, or even a practising, Catholic, than with a Protestant or an atheist; why beer and tobacco, or even tea and coffee, were more beneficial to the soul when imbibed under a roof for which the Catholic clergy paid rates and taxes than in any other establishment; and what the statistics of the "Catholic Club" had to do with the statistics of the Catholic Church which adjoined it.

We shall be answered that such a club is run on "large-minded" principles, that the members are not to be tormented with piety, and that the clergy desire to be regarded as cheerful companions in the pursuits of this world, and not as aggressive reminders of our duty to the next. Not finding it easy to play openly their part of spiritual guides and monitors, they will be at least, as an anonymous critic has said, "good fellows, who can kick a football with the best, and not bother men about their immortal souls."

But once more we return to our former point, and ask in what subject or interest this, our large-mindedness, is exercised. In such a club as we have described, if religion enter at all it is as an accessory, and not as a qualifying factor of the whole. Religion cannot here be said to characterize the amusements, nor do the amusements qualify the religion. We are not more liberal and sympathetic in faith and doctrine because we freely encourage games and gymnastics; nor are we wider and more spiritual in our attitude as to devotions because we simply omit them from our programme. To be, in the true sense, large-minded in religion is to be sympathetic and understanding in our treatment of doubts and difficulties; to be, within the limits of faith, spiritual in our apprehension of dogma; to be receptive of any knowledge that can amplify our religious conceptions;

to be generous to honest opposition, pitiful towards the ignorant, and tender to those who sin, whether by transgression or denial. No one can be truly liberal in religion who is not actually religious; and a Catholic club is not liberal, from a religious point of view, because it is full of everything save Catholic interests, any more than there is religious freedom in the life of a man who never turns his attention to the subject. Political freedom is freedom in one's life as a citizen; religious freedom is freedom in one's life as a Christian; a gypsy is not a free citizen, since he is not a citizen at all; a merely nominal Catholic is not a liberal one, since he has no religious life in which to exercise the freedom of which he boasts. An extension in the application of the name is not an expansion of the spirit.

We find therefore, at last, in this as in most things, that the cheap article is not the real article at all; that to be liberal, in religion, as in anything else, we must enlarge our borders, and not merely let our walls and gates decay. To be indifferent is not the same thing as to be tolerant, and if indifference does not hinder the advance of truth, neither will it forward it. To love one friend greatly does not render the heart incapable of loving the rest of mankind; to believe one truth earnestly does not close the mind to others. The true principle of liberality is rather connected with the habit of unification than with that of indifference; in proportion, that is to say, as a nature is one, will its various interests mutually expand one another and contribute to the enlarging of the whole. Only a living religion is capable of true freedom; a religion that is seated in the centre of the soul and qualifies every other activity thereof. To be undenominational and tolerant is nothing; but to be denominational in the best sense, and likewise tolerant, is much. Just in so far as our religion is a part of our very nature we could never wish to impose it upon others by intellectual or moral, any more than by physical, coercion. But this reverence for spiritual liberty is nothing akin to religious indifference; it is, on the contrary, an essential element of our very devotion to truth.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

BY WILLIAM C. ROBINSON, LL.D.,
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THERE has been much discussion of late in regard to the method which the Catholic missionary should employ in his work among non-Catholics in this country. There are those who maintain that his attitude should be that of the teacher; that he should devote his energies to explaining the principles and practices of the Catholic Church, and proving in a friendly manner the validity of her claims. Others, on the contrary, affirm that the correct method is to dispute with non-Catholics, attack their positions, and, by proving their doctrines to be false, strive in this way to bring them to a knowledge and acceptance of our own. In short, the problem is: whether or not religious controversy is suited to our age and country.

In order to expose this problem fairly, it is proper to begin with the definition of the term. Controversy in general is a dispute between two persons, one of whom asserts and propounds a proposition contrary to that of the other; and religious controversy is such a dispute in regard to doctrines of religion. Is there any need in America for this latter kind of controversy? To discuss this question from the view-point of one who for many years has watched the result of each of the two methods, is the object of this paper.

At the beginning of the last century, the population of the United States might fairly be divided into Catholics on the one side, and Protestants holding positive dogmatic creeds on the other. The beliefs held by Protestants were mainly reproductions of the early creeds of the Protestant Reformation, and many of their peculiar articles were in direct contrariety to the dogmas of the Catholic Church; so that, in presenting Catholic truth, it was necessary to demolish the antagonistic structure as well as to demonstrate the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Thus it behooved the champions of the ancient Church to attack and expose the errors of the Reformed faith represented, as it was, by Calvinists like the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and, to a certain extent, by Baptists, Episco-

palians, and Methodists, who differed from the Calvinists mainly on the doctrines of predestination and free-will. Hence this period of our history was necessarily a time of true controversy, as the writings of the American Catholic and Protestant champions will show. Conditions at the present time are entirely different. With the rise of Unitarianism, the introduction of agnostic ideas, and a change in the character of the population, the influence of Protestant dogmatic standards has largely disappeared, even where the standards themselves have not been openly abandoned.

These conditions can hardly be called favorable for religious controversy. Two are necessary for a disputation. You cannot argue alone. If you attack the formulas that were held fifty years ago, by the different Protestant sects in this country, your auditors are likely to agree with you at once; if you set out to prove the falsity of the doctrines that faith alone is necessary for salvation, that immersion is the only valid form of baptism, or that the Scriptures should always be interpreted literally, most of those whom you address will no longer care to listen, for you will be discussing positions that they have long since practically abandoned. The same is true for the doctrines of total depravity, of predestination, and of nearly all the other peculiar tenets that were held by the Protestant Reformers. It is true that now and then a minister can be found who wishes to defend the old creed; but he is usually one who is out of touch not only with the spirit of the age, but also with the sentiment in his own congregation. His followers are few; he does not represent the typical non-Catholic. The large inter-denominational unions, such as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor Societies, together with the scholars of biblical criticism, have so thoroughly accomplished the work of destruction, that there are, at the present time, practically no anti-Catholic creeds left for the controversialist to oppose.

Moreover, an analysis of the characteristic state of mind among American non-Catholics will reveal the fact that the proper work for the controversialist has been so completely done that the Catholic preacher or writer of the present, by very force of existing conditions, even though he might wish otherwise, is forbidden from participating, to any appreciable extent, in the practice of religious controversy. And it will show also that, if he is to make converts of his non-Catholic brethren, he

must go before them with a plain, practical demonstration of the Catholic religion, presenting it in as kindly a spirit, and with as copious arguments and explanations, as he would use were he teaching the Faith to the receptive minds of children.

The typical non-Catholic is an earnest character, he is concerned about the problems of the soul. Though perhaps not an active church-member, he is often religiously devout, and would willingly accept the obligations of church membership were it clear to him that the Church had a right to impose them. Proud of the part that his Protestant ancestors played in the cause of liberty, he loves the Protestant traditions of personal initiative and individual responsibility. He is in sympathy with whatever is being done by religious societies toward social reform; and is interested, more or less deeply in proportion as he understands them, in the great movements that are making for the betterment of the human race. He glories in his liberal views and boasts that he makes no distinction between Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. On one subject alone he is uncompromising: he is extremely jealous of ecclesiastical interference in political and moral matters. Anxious for the maintenance of all American institutions, he is especially concerned for the preservation of our system of public schools. As for a systematic religious creed, he professes none; he would be willing, however, to subscribe to whatever is common to all Christians; such as a belief in God, in Christ as a great teacher and leader, and in a future life, with its rewards and punishments.

With a man in this state of mind, is there any chance for controversy? You cannot attack his creed, for he holds to none. And if you begin by defending the principles of your own, your efforts are lost upon him, for he has, at best, but a mistaken notion of what those principles are. What he needs is exposition; and exposition in a kindly, sympathetic spirit. To be intelligible to a man, you must speak to him in language that he knows. And so, with this typical non-Catholic, you must begin with some general religious or philosophical principle that he accepts, which usually is, at least, that God exists, and thence go with him step by step, to the fact of revelation, the divinity of Christ, the establishment of the teaching Church, and so on, till you have explained all the doctrines of the Catholic Faith. Show him that the Catholic Church has the answer to the problems of his soul; that it will satisfy his as-

pirations; that, rejecting the doctrine of total depravity, it knows the true relation of grace to nature; and that it alone can teach him how one can be made to rest upon and supplement and perfect the other. Show him that it is the one authorized interpreter of Scripture; that it alone among all its rivals was founded by the divine Master, and commissioned to carry on his work. Present the Catholic religion to the non-Catholic American in this manner, appealing as well to his heart as to his reason, and you may lead him to accept and profess the Faith. This is not the method of the controversialist, but, with minds such as those possessed by the non-Catholic Americans to-day, it is the method that succeeds. It is the same method that St. Paul used when addressing the cultured Athenians. He did not dispute with any of them concerning their different gods, but he told them of that unknown God to whom they had already erected an altar.

The conclusion that religious controversy has no interest to the non-Catholic American is confirmed by the fact that it is only with difficulty that you can induce him to read any of our controversial works: such, for example, as those of Archbishops Hughes or Purcell, or of Bishop England. These books he will tell you, may be excellent in themselves, but they are concerned with issues that are dead; they treat questions that have no vital interest for him. Whereas, on the other hand, the expository works of Cardinal Gibbons, of Father Hecker, and of men who are now actually engaged in mission labors, are read not only willingly, but eagerly.

The objection is urged that, in some sections of the country, the prejudice against Catholics is so persistent that it can be overcome only by the cogent arguments of a strong, uncompromising champion. It is true that in some portions of the country there still exists an anti-Catholic sentiment; but can it be overcome by argument? There have lately been brought to my attention two cases—one in the North, the other in the South—where preachers expected to conquer prejudices by courses of controversial sermons. The result in each case was that, after the first or second lecture, the non-Catholic portion of the audience abandoned the course with an increased bitterness toward the Church. Actual contact usually teaches Catholics that they can best overcome prejudice, not by taking part in controversy, but rather by lending a hearty support to movements for social betterment, for the relief of the poor, for tem-

perance, and for civic honesty. The power of such efforts is well illustrated by a recent incident in the State of New Hampshire.

New Hampshire, as is well known, has clung most tenaciously to anti-Catholic prejudices. Not so long ago, a Catholic priest was regarded there as an enemy to the country. He was recognized as a citizen, it is true, but one who did not deserve the privileges of citizenship. In one of the towns of that State the pastor of a Catholic Church recently took the trouble to carry on a vigorous campaign against the liquor business, with the result that he nearly eliminated it. A few weeks later a meeting of Protestant ministers of the vicinity was assembled there; most of the local sects were represented. There were present Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and many others. Speeches were made at the meeting, praising the work of the Catholic priest and resolutions were unanimously adopted extending a vote of thanks to Father —— for his valuable service to the community. This is one of many incidents that might be cited, illustrating the most effective means of removing prejudice.

Indeed, it is a fact that the man who manifests prejudice against the Church has, oftentimes, no objection to its doctrines, for he is ignorant of what they are. His prejudice arises from social and political causes. He looks upon Catholics merely as members of a gigantic ecclesiastical organization; an organization that shields corruption in politics; that is striving to control our government, to smother out American institutions, and, especially, to deprive the people of the advantages of the public schools. Prove to him, and this can be done principally by example, that Catholics condemn every form of political corruption; that they are unselfish in their devotion to American institutions; that they are not opposed to the public schools, and have no desire to deprive the country of the advantages they offer. Show him that the Catholic Church, by instructing and protecting the poor, by promoting the cause of temperance, by standing for a quiet, reverent Sunday, by preserving the home against the evil of divorce, is using its mighty influence toward the upbuilding and strengthening of the noblest type of American manhood. When this is done, his prejudices will disappear. He will then be prepared to listen to the representative of a Church that promises to preserve for him, and interpret aright, the sacred Scriptures, and give to his soul,

too long distressed by guesses and doubts, a positive religious authority.

But again, it is objected, if the preacher devote his attention merely to the exposition of Catholic doctrine, non-Catholics will not take the trouble to hear him. This statement is amply refuted, both by the crowds that we see actually filling the halls and churches at these "non-Catholic missions," and by the testimony of men who have had several years of experience in this method of mission work. One priest, who is devoting his whole time to such missions in the South, writes: "They (Southern non-Catholics) look at both sides of the question before they make up their minds. Wherever a mission is held, one can be sure of having before him an audience that is ready, eager, and anxious to listen to what he has to say. To advance our faith among them, they must be taught, and taught plainly and with sincerity. Combine with this the apostolate of the press, and that of prayer for their conversion, and God will certainly do the rest."

Although the typical non-Catholic, having for himself at best but a meagre and indefinite creed, cannot often be induced to take a part in religious controversy; he would, however, if provoked to it by Catholics, willingly contribute to another kind of controversy, not religious but social. The Catholics might attack the methods and practices of the different denominations in their social work, and thus incite these denominations, in turn, to attack the members of the Catholic Church. Would such a course of action accomplish good for religion? In cases where men have been so unwise as to try it, it has resulted not only in driving souls who were looking for the truth away from an investigation of the Catholic claims, but also in bringing upon the local church an era of persecution. If this mode of treating with non-Catholics were to become general, there is reason to think that it would produce in this country a condition of religious affairs compared to which France to-day is quite peaceful.

The testimony of psychology and experience is that controversy of any kind produces an atmosphere unfavorable for conversion. The first requisite for conversion is a willingness to know the truth; the mind must not be clouded by passion. If the prospective convert is annoyed or angered by the missionary, his conversion is well-nigh impossible. So generally accepted is the belief that a man cannot be convinced against his will, that it has long since become proverbial. The expe-

rience of the most successful missionaries among non-Catholics seems to be in accord with this belief. One priest who has spent ten years in the work, writes as follows: "The experience of these years has demonstrated that the policy of eliminating all controversy from the subject-matter of these missions is the wisest one. The missionaries who have steadily refused to allow themselves to be allured into rancorous religious discussions, and who have confined themselves solely to the exposition of Catholic truth, are the only ones who have met with any measure of success. The motto of this movement is: 'We come not to conquer, but to win.'" Another prominent missionary writes: "Ignore the very existence of Protestantism. As the walls of Jericho fell at Israel's trumpet, so shall error fall at the announcement of truth. Avoid the very word 'Protestant'; use rather the term 'non-Catholic friends.' Thus we shall ingratiate ourselves into the hearts of those people. They have in their hearts a great love for truth, and they want to hear it. There must be no denunciation, but a plain, strong presentation of truth." And from my own experience, I think I can safely add that, after fifty years of active labor in the midst of political and religious discussion, I have never known a single person to be converted by controversy.

In conclusion I would say I have no desire to deny that, in exposing and refuting the errors of a dogmatic heresy, religious controversy has a legitimate use. My object is rather to emphasize the belief that conditions making controversy advisable or useful no longer prevail in the United States. The successful convert makers are using the method of exposition; and by this method, according to a priest who has taken the trouble to gather statistics, within the past year they have brought into the Church twenty-five thousand converts. It seems clear that the missionary to non-Catholics in this country who hopes for success, must employ this same method—the method that St. Paul used with the Athenians, St. Patrick with the Celts, St. Francis de Sales with the inhabitants of the Chablais. He must present himself before the American people—not as a champion, an accomplished debater, prepared to attack and argue; but he must go rather as the Master went into his mission field, with a heart of unbounded sympathy and patience, and in frank, candid words explain the truth to earnest, inquiring souls.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GUM.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

IT was December in the Southern land, and the sun blazed down from the high heaven as if he would smite every living thing. The wide covered-in veranda palpitated with suppressed heat. The long blinds flapped lazily in the blinding sunshine, and every now and again the fierce wind darted in, quick and angry, like a snake's fang. The French windows stood open. Long cane chairs were strewn about. New novels and magazines lay unheeded on the floor. A persistent buz–z indicated mosquitoes, while a suddenly agitated fly warned off an encroaching blow-fly. In the study a book fell on its back —some one was asleep. Outside on the terrace the close cropped grass smelt hot and dry. The pansies bent their slender necks and bowed their faces to earth, and the great yellow roses that clustered in gorgeous masses pressed their pale cheeks against the green leaves, as if they too were weary. From an adjoining bed came the languorous scent of the Daphne flower, and floating in through the open window of the drawing-room the opening bars of a new waltz. . . . A pause followed. Too hot! The player gave up the attempt.

For three days the wind had blown from the North; for three days a dust-storm had raged—and still the sky was cruelly blue; that hard, stony blue, which gives no hope of rain.

So the afternoon wore on, until the shadows stretched out long arms across the tennis court, when visitors appeared clad in muslins or flannels, according to their sex. Then, rackets in hand, we relinquished the long chairs and made our way to the court. One end of the lawn was bounded by the fernery, where the giant ferns grew. At the other end stood the ball-room, whose roof still throbbed though the sun was now aslant. Beside the lawn a big gum tree raised its head, its leaves hanging down.

It was just a week before Christmas. Therefore it was high time to seek the hills; high time to exchange the glaring

pavements for the wooded mountain tracks; and, instead of enduring the intermittent dust-storms, to take shelter among the deep fern gullies, where, on the hottest days, the little creek swirled through the tangled underwood and the tree ferns clasped hands overhead; while flying about from tree to tree were silent birds of brightest hue. For the Australian bird is dumb.

But now for our journey to the hills. We were a large party and, owing to the personal idiosyncrasies of our retainers, our annual pilgrimage was not devoid of humor. First there was Cahill, the Irish cabman who drove us to the railway station. By nature a Fenian and by grace a Catholic, he somehow considered himself entitled to our consideration. And when a succession of carriage accidents had destroyed our family nerve —impelling the conviction that the preservation of life was dependent upon a cable-tram or a broken-kneed horse—it was then that Cahill and his steed came into their own. Certainly the contour of Cahill's horse was sufficiently reassuring. Indeed, after a thoughtful study of this equine enormity, one was left in considerable doubt as to its species. But, by giving it the benefit of the doubt, one was inclined to regard it in the past tense—as an archaic fossil dug out of some antediluvian bed.

"Will your horse stand?" was my mother's inevitable query before she stepped into any conveyance.

To which Cahill on one occasion replied enthusiastically: "Shure, ma'am, 'tis what he likes best—divil blame him."

And, in truth, it was only after alternate blarney and coercion that the old horse was finally dislodged from his original position. He had a pair of bent knees; besides which he had fallen into the elderly habit of dosing off to sleep at intervals—swaying gently on his old bent legs. In a strong wind it seemed impossible that he could escape being blown down. But, by a special dispensation, he invariably used to awaken just in the nick of time.

However, if his legs were nothing to boast of, he had a fine headpiece. By this I would not have it thought that he was good to look at, for, as I have already intimated, he was plain to ugliness. No; what I mean is that his intellectual faculties were of an uncommon order. He had a peculiarly sound grasp of things—particularly political things. As for the

Irish Question, he knew its every detail. Mention the Land League or The White Boys—immediately the old horse would switch his tail with spirit, while he glanced round warily for eavesdroppers. Indeed there seemed to be a subtle bond between horse and driver, and together they placed themselves at our service.

Thus year in, year out, wet or fine, they took us to church and back, Cahill talking politics all the way. Once embarked on the wrongs of Ireland, our collective lives were always in danger of extinction, as was shown by the ziz-zag pattern of our wheels along the four miles of dusty road.

"Cahill! will you look where you're going?"

The protest would be jerked out in an agony of fear from within.

"Arrah, ma'am!" he'd reply, "an' 'tis the ould horse as knows his way to God's Mass. An' if he didn't, thin, bad luck to him for an Orangeman."

With that, partly from established custom, partly from association of ideas, a resounding whack on the brown flank would conclusively prove its orthodoxy.

"Yis, ma'am; an' as I was just afther sayin' about Parnell—"

Then the glass window of the wagonette would be hastily closed, while we grazed past an aggressive lamp-post.

But if there was one thing stronger than Cahill's devotion to Ireland, it was his loyalty and devotion to us. In the whole of the Island-Continent, we were accorded the first place. It was a theory which had its drawbacks. Sometimes it might be an official levée which my father had to attend at Government House and a long row of carriages lined the busy thoroughfare. Cahill would drive up late and expect, as by right, to head the procession. As a net result, a cordon of police immediately barred the way. Then our retainer would rise from the box-seat to utter a warning cry:

"An' wud ye be stoppin' his Honor?" Whereupon he would take a fresh grip of the reins, to the end that he and the old horse would cut their way through, *instanter*.

Of course he could not have done it without co-operation. But driver and horse were both "agen the government!" Therefore, at sight of a police uniform, the equine fossil used to become abnormally agitated, and, gathering himself up on his

haunches, he only waited for his master's party-cry: "Room there fur his Honor!" to vault over the serried ranks of his enemies.

It was, therefore, with a sense of proprietorship that Cahill drove up to the door that hot summer morning on which we were to make our way to the hills. A blinding dust-storm blew in eddying circles as we set out—we children, the servants, and the luggage. Besides the luggage, we were taking several dogs, all of which followed in our wake with loud yelps of joy.

All things considered, I did not wonder that we should have been sent on in advance. I only wonder we went. But the morning contingent possessed no self-respect.

The party was in charge of the old Irish nurse, and she had been an institution in the family long before I was born. So we arrived at the terminus where the old nurse bought the tickets. And since no Australian servant will travel second-class, a first-class carriage was engaged for the entire party.

While waiting to get into the train, I was struck by the increasing bustle and excitement. Something unusual seemed to be afoot. Suddenly I became dimly aware that we were the cause of it, as guards and porters sprang into view, each trundling trolleys and hand-carts, all heaped up with our personal luggage. I looked at the pile deprecatingly, but there was no denying our possessions. There they were, scattered in heaps over the platform—covered trunks, tin cases, hat boxes, packing cases, a piano, a pony carriage, a big target, bundles of bows and arrows, gun cases, deck chairs, tennis rackets, and rolled up nets. Besides these things, there were various household accessories—patent crumb brooms, a spring mattress, a standard lamp. And, as if all this were not enough, there stood the cook, like a sentinel on guard, bearing in her hand her favorite frying pan. For, as she remarked with fine scorn: "Them mountains was the heathen place for cooking."

Meanwhile, the parlor maid took up a forlorn attitude by the carriage door, remarking listlessly to a fellow-servant that "what we were going to do in the country, she didn't know." Her apathy was explained later, when she married our town butcher. But in the interim, the mountains and the butcher lay apart by fifty miles. However, the old nurse paid no heed to her plaints. Indeed her mind appeared to be engrossed by

something nearer, as she scanned the platform with anxious eyes.

"What is it, Ellen?" asked the attendant Cahill.

"Ah, Johnnie," was the troubled reply, "an' will ye just be seein' if the fowls is safe."

"Shure an' I will, Ellen," said Cahill, and away he strode.

But small need was there to go far, for at that moment a heated porter appeared round the corner, wheeling two crates, inside of which were vast numbers of fowls, their heads and tails protruding in angry protest against this inordinate craze for going out of town.

But if the fowls objected, so did we. That they accompanied us to the hills, was none of our doings. It was Ellen's affair. She refused to leave town without them, so, of course, they had to come.

For Ellen could be autocratic; and, in matters such as this, she could always rely on Cahill's moral support. Between them they now arranged the details of transport by which it was decided that the hat boxes and the dogs should travel in our carriage.

For myself, I was glad to take my seat in the train, if only to repudiate the poultry. Then, having seen us all comfortably installed, Cahill shut the door; and after a respectful scrutiny of my small sisters and myself—when he thanked the Almighty that we were the finest young ladies that ever stepped—he touched his hat and withdrew.

He had gone barely two minutes before a vigilant guard put in his head at the window.

"Wheer's yer dorg tickets, mum?" he asked with suspicion.

"Now, did any one iver hear the like of such impidence?" Here Ellen appealed to children and servants collectively.

"Yer can't carry no dorg without a dorg ticket, an' thet's reg'lations," said the man firmly.

"Shure, and what would I be doin' wid a dog," said Ellen, "an' me goin' to the mountains?"

For a moment the man wavered.

"Well," he faltered, "all I know is as I see'd some dorgs come with yer."

"Yis"; responded Ellen, "an' how do yer know as they didn't go home wid Johnnie Cahill, that's just left?"

The man's scruples seemed about to be allayed, when an

impish fox terrier stuck out his head from under the seat, and, with misdirected zeal, barked vociferously. This was followed by a red-headed Irish setter. Then came various canine heads simultaneously, their eyes all dancing with fun. In an instant the first-class compartment seemed to be transformed into a noisy kennel, while the terminus resounded with loud bayings. The whistle had already sounded our departure, but, constrained by a stern sense of duty, the guard continued to expostulate in angry tones with Ellen, as he clung limpet-like to the door handle. But the dogs sided with Ellen—what would they do with dog tickets? So they barked in wild derision at their vanquished foe, until he was scraped off the footboard by the projecting wall of the terminus.

As I reviewed the situation, I was fain to admit that our pilgrimage could hardly have presented a more absurd aspect; then I remembered the cow. Yes, the cow would have been the climax. For as likely as not Ellen would have wanted it to come in our carriage, and that without a cow ticket either. But the cow was elsewhere.

How we came to keep a cow in town, when the capital fairly bristled with dairies, was entirely due to Ellen's arguments. Firstly, thus she spoke, bought milk was unfit for human consumption. Secondly, the cost of keeping a cow was nominal. Thirdly, she could milk it. The prospect dazzled us. We bought a cow. I think it cost £20. It may have been more, but anyhow Ellen said it was a bargain. We then found it necessary to build a cow-house; and after that a place in which to store its food. We were also constrained to hire a pasture; and, finally, we had to pay a man to chaperone the cow on her daily outings. That seemed but common etiquette, and we did not complain. What we complained of was this, that the man exceeded his duty. For not only did he watch over the quadruped with a jealous eye—he also milked it; and with the product of his labors he started a small but select dairy business of his own. It was natural that he should charge his customers at a slightly higher rate, as he could guarantee the purity of the milk supplied. There was, therefore, no doubt about the economy of keeping a cow; it merely resolved itself into a question of the possessive case. So, in self defence, the cow was obliged to leave town for the season.

The post-and-rail fences were scudding past the carriage

window as the train made its way across the plain. Here and there a solitary gum tree broke the sky-line, or a clump of wattle filled in the foreground. An occasional magpie gave a sense of loneliness to the landscape, and at intervals a few minahs picked hungrily among the sun-dried grass. And as I sat by the carriage window, I found myself making an inventory of our traveling menagerie. It reminded me of Noah's Ark—except for the ark; a lamentable omission, I reflected, as I ticked off the different animals on my fingers' ends.

The train jolted uncomfortably, but allowing for the jolts which may have impaired my memory, the count up was as follows: Six fox terriers for coursing; one Irish setter; one brown shooting dog, Snark, breed uncertain but thought to be rare. Two crates of fowls; one ferret; two game cocks (these were Ellen's, who subscribed to a belief in cock-fights); one chestnut hack; one bay pony; and one spotted cow.

The three latter left town earlier in the day, under the escort of my young brother and the groom. They went by the road; the order of procedure being first the cow, then my brother on his pony, and then the groom on the hack. They were to take the journey by slow stages, so as not to flurry the cow; consequently they were to put up for the night *en route* at a hotel, and so could not reach the hills until the following day.

Our party had spent two very hot hours in the train before it pulled up at a sun-baked station at the foot of the mountains. Yes, two whole hours to cover a bare fifty miles! Yet we did not resent it. For, in a country where every express train is slow, one learns to be grateful for arriving anywhere. So, having triumphed over those fifty miles of protesting rails, we found ourselves deposited at the little up-country station. A steep drive lay before us; our particular mountain seemed a long way off.

The sun poured down in a fierce sheet of light; there was not a cloud in the sky. Slowly the horses made the ascent, panting as they went, and at each step up rose the dust. The mountain side was parched into cracks, cracks that thirsted for rain. Down the slopes and across the sketches of bracken came gusts of hot wind, dust-laden. Half-stripped Eucalyptus trees stood by the road, looking like so many untidy children of Nature. And, as if weary of conventionality, they seemed to

have cast off their outer garments, to reach out naked arms in search of coolness. But the sun was relentless. Even the very earth shrank back, shriveled into wrinkles.

There was no coolness along the red dusty road, and no hope of shade in the gum trees. The birds knew it, as, with wings extended and bills agape, they propped themselves up in listless attitudes in every clump of trees.

Here and there a wild clematis flung its beauty over a charred trunk, as if in homage to the spirit of the tree that once had raised its head towards heaven; and stealing out from the underwood came the soft whir–r–r of insect life—of those tiny myriad things that draw life from the breast of Mother Earth.

Higher up the fir trees clung to the steep hillsides; the wooded slopes began to fall away into deep ravines, and from out their depths came the smell of wet moss and lichen. The horses plodded on in the blinding sunshine and ever and anon the screech of the green parrots broke in upon the silence. Round the next curve in the road was a distant glimpse of the mountain top. This was the place of our pilgrimage—Macedon, the end peak of a long ridge of hills that crawled across the plain. Like a mammoth caterpillar it reared its head into the blue; its crinkled back hairy with pine trees.

Our destination lay to the right of the mountain road. The house was built on the plan of a large Swiss Châlet, on one side of which lay a tennis court, on the other a steep ravine. A quarter of a mile to the left rose the Vice-Regal lodge, its Elizabethan gables overtopping the surrounding trees. From my window, which opened on to a long balcony, I looked down into the ravine—a disappearing vista of giant ferns. Opposite my window another fern-clad mountain ran straight up into the sky. Fern-clad, did I say? Last week, yes; but not now; for now it was but a giant heap of smoldering embers. Just seven days before the sun had caught the dry bracken; and for seven days the hungry tongues of fire had licked the broad mountain. Lying awake at night I could hear through the open window the hiss and crackle of burning wood. Hear it? Yes; and smell it; the Eucalyptus and the decayed fern and the smoke mixed in. Hark! what was that? A long booming sound is flung out into the night, reverberating through the lonely gullies. From one gully into

another the echoes play hide and seek, running round and round in ever-widening circles. The sudden whir of bats' wings beats upon the bosom of the darkness, and—all is still. The tiny voices in the underwood are suddenly silent, the breathings of Nature cease. Then, like a challenge comes a shriek of profane laughter; first a gruff chuckle, then a laugh, finally a titter. Instantly these are all rolled into one wild burst of gaiety, and the laughing jackasses that sit and watch on their eerie perch shriek aloud in glee, while a gum tree crashes headlong into the valley, and the flames mount higher. So the bush-fire eats its way, swallowing up every living thing. As a tidal wave of flame bearing down every obstacle, it sweeps on. And when it has wreaked its vengeance and has finally grown weary, it lies down on the dead mountain and sleeps. For here, in the Australian hills, Brother Fire is king; and his sway is absolute.

On the evening of our arrival, there was a family roll call, when every member of the household answered *Adsum*. That is, all but the spotted cow and its escort. These arrived collectively next day. The cow appeared a little overwrought by her travels. There seemed an unaccustomed light in her eye. Then it transpired that this was but natural, seeing as how the cow had improved her mind *en route*. For the sight of anything unusual—nay, a ploughed field, or even a rough paddock, was found to have a curious attraction for the town quadruped. Consequently, nothing would do but she must investigate it. Nor was there a break in any post-and-rail fence along the fifty-mile route that the elderly cow did not take at a flying leap—the horsemen in hot pursuit. Indeed, as my brother dismounted from his pony, both very hot and dusty, he was heard to exclaim that, for excitement, a fox hunt was not to be compared with it.

In the way of sport there was not much. Shooting on Mount Macedon meant the slaughter of innumerable rabbits, occasional hares, and endless parroquets. The first were a national pest, while the latter invaded the mountains every four years. This was a parroquet year, and in bright green hordes they laid waste the land. Not an orchard escaped; every gooseberry was drilled and its contents extracted before the green cloud passed on.

We used to shoot them daily in hundreds, after which they

were buried in trenches. As for the rabbits, they ate up every green blade, and there was no exterminating them. Frequently we spent long mornings rabbit-shooting in the hills. It was early when we started out, as with guns in hand and with enough ammunition to stand a siege, we passed into the orchard that slipped down into the gully. From there we used to climb the post-and-rail fence, and so drop down into the thick of the wilds.

Not far distant was a wallaby track we knew of—a short cut to the creek—which the wallabies had scooped out of the underwood. It was a kind of tunnel about two feet in height, but by going single file, and on all fours, we could save half a mile of mountain path. Sometimes, when returning from these shooting expeditions, we would meet a poor mountaineer by the wayside, to whom we would offer a fine rabbit. But invariably the gift was declined. No Australian eats rabbit by choice.

In the mountains there was no place of worship; that is, no place for us. So every Sunday morning, after breakfast, the entire houshold assembled in the dining room, where we all knelt together, while the Ordinary of the Mass was read aloud.

Among our scattered co-religionists at Macedon was an old Irishwoman. She lived at the lodge gates higher up the mountain. And because of our common faith, my small sisters and I were sent periodically to visit her. She had a little front parlor which was a picture of neatness, and here each of us sat on a horse-hair chair. Such bristly chairs, too! I can remember quite well how uncomfortable they were; for, as the legs of the chair were necessarily of greater length than my own, it followed that if I sat on the chair my feet had to dangle, and if my feet rested on the ground, I no longer sat on the chair. It was very embarrassing. But this inconvenience was counterbalanced by the old woman's welcome, and her joy at having speech with those of her own creed.

Time was when the old lodge-keeper used to walk to Mass every Sunday. The little chapel lay nine miles off on the plain. Sometimes she went fasting—eighteen miles in all, under a scorching sun. For twenty years and more she had done it, until she was stricken with years and infirmities. It was her one grief, this lack of Sunday Mass.

From time to time, however—perhaps three or four times

a year—post cards would be delivered in the mountain district, announcing that Mass would be said in a laborer's cottage on the lower slopes of the hill, to which the countryside was bidden.

Then the old woman would don her best gown, and, leaning on her son's arm for support, she would hobble along the four dusty miles which lay between her and the weather-board cottage; the cottage with the galvanized iron roof—a humble place, but to-day the abode of God.

In the Land of the Blue Gum hospitality is a national attribute. Visitors there were always welcome. I remember a riding party of eight drawing rein at the door one afternoon and announcing that they came to dine. Whereupon they dismounted, feeling sure that we were as pleased to give them hospitality as they were to accept it. Our dining-table, too, was singularly adaptable. It always seemed to have more leaves in reserve, no matter what strain was put upon it.

That night there was a charity concert up the hill. The entertainment was to be held in the weather-board hall of the tiny township. Besides the hall, the township boasted of little beyond a general store where anything might be had—from mustard to millinery.

But the mountain concert was well patronized, many of our friends taking part in it. Most of them appeared in evening dress, but when one of our party stood on the platform and sang in her riding habit, she was encored to the echo, for, as every one knew, she had had to ride ten miles to keep her promise.

The concert over, we all returned to a late supper. The moon would not rise for a good hour yet. And when, later on, a silver rim appeared over the high mountain ridge, the horses were saddled, and the cavalcade started off for the plain. The cracking of whips and the sound of laughing voices floated back on the soft night air, as horses and riders skeltered down the mountain road, leaving in their wake an invisible trail of gladness.

From a social point of view, the days at Macedon were quiet days. Tennis, shooting, and picnicing formed our only amusements. Sometimes there was a local cricket-match: Macedonians versus visitors—the latter being reinforced by the Government House party. On such occasions we were bidden to the Vice-Regal tea, which was spread under the gum

trees that faced the setting sun. Then the sun dropped off the horizon and the land was wrapped in shadow.

The Annual Agricultural Show was another great event. The Gisborne Show was to take place the following week, and somewhat to our consternation we found that one of our dogs had been entered for it. Among our fox terriers several had already obtained prizes. But this dog was not a fox terrier. In fact, before the Gisborne Show no one knew what he was. And after the show—well, it was impossible after the show to take the dog seriously.

However, the fiat had gone forth, the dog was to be exhibited.

"What! not Snark?" such was our comment of pained surprise and incredulity. At this the dog's owner appeared hurt, and it was intimated that Snark, despite his appearance, was a thoroughbred of his kind. His species, therefore, had only to be determined. But, as if in anticipation of the ignominy which befell, we decided to remain away from the show; and this was the more fortunate, inasmuch as Snark was awarded first prize—as a Berkshire pig.

The verdict was a blow from which it was difficult to rally, but master and dog returned home with a variety of excuses. However, there was no getting away from the prize label which they reluctantly brought with them. Most people would have been crestfallen, but the dog's owner only clung more tenaciously to his original conviction—that Snark had almost the entire monopoly of his breed. No doubt it was owing to this rarity that he had escaped being classed among the canine exhibits. Added to this, the day was exceptionally warm; and the judges had dined. Time wore on and they grew weary. Thus, having arrived at Snark's box, the judges put in their heads and gazed fatuously at the exhibit.

"Berkshire Pig?" feebly suggested one.

"First Prize!" came the slow but unanimous verdict. Whereupon they tied the label on his door.

In the Land of the Blue Gum, the love of horse racing is in the blood, and the township which does not possess a race course hardly lifts its head. Indeed it is said of the Australian settler that before he builds a town—before he erects a public house, or a hall, or a school—he pegs out a race course. The other things follow.

These up-country race meetings have a peculiar charm of their own, for what they lack in smartness and up-to-dateness, they more than make up in their delightful freedom from conventionality. The social arrangements are often quite primitive, and the entries are at times remarkable.

At the little race course which lay off on the plain, there was, at the time I speak of, no grand stand. As a substitute for this, part of the paddock was roped off. This constituted the sacred enclosure which was reserved for the polite world. In this enclosure were two marquees, the smaller of which belonged to the stewards, and here on this broiling day in January we were hospitably entertained at lunch. I remember how the awning flapped in the fierce glare, while each time the central blind was lifted, in rushed a blast of hot air, as if it came straight from the heart of Hades.

As for the day's events, the entries varied. Some were fine animals; some, on the other hand, had hoofs that cried aloud for a furrow, as with backward glances they sought the absent plough. Not a self-respecting farmer but had something running, therefore the race course became a centre of interest to all. The countryside was swept clean of inhabitants. Every man, woman, and child was at the races. So they seethed and bobbed and jostled all over the sunburnt paddocks; race day had come at last! And when the last race had been run, and the harsh voices of the "bookies" had died down, then the general hub-bub set in. The excitement, which had been more or less pent up all day, overflowed in laughter and jest. Words were bandied from one to another, and jokes and quips exchanged. Then the farmers gathered up their reins, cracked their whips, and with cheers and hallooes off they started for their distant homes.

The sun had dropped low as we drove home along the lonely bush road. Now and again a Eucalyptus cone fell to earth, or a possum stirred among the branches. Save for the echo of our own wheels, no sound broke the stillness; and for mile after mile the air was soft with scent of the wattle. Presently we came upon a tramp. He was the only human soul we had seen on the way. He was making for Lower Macedon and then, perhaps, on to the gold fields in the Bendigo district. So he strode on before us with the long swinging gait of one who journeys across the open spaces. But now night was at hand,

and he cast about for a camping place. Presently he stopped. There was a fallen gum tree by the roadside, with dry twigs and bracken lying about. Then he raised his head and listened. The sound of a softly running creek fell on his ear.

Running water suggests tea. Accordingly he untied his sway, took out his bit of damper,* and unrolled his packet of tea. The "billy" he filled at the running creek, and, having deftly built himself a fire and balanced the old blackened billy on the blaze, he sat down on the charred trunk to wait until the water boiled. It was at this moment that we came up with him. At the sound of slackening wheels, he looked up to survey us; then, since every Australian pilgrim offers a greeting by the way, he wished us God-speed. In response to the wish came a genial enquiry from my father:

"How are you off for tobacco?"

It was the stock phrase of the road. For answer the tramp looked doubtful.

"Times might be better," he admitted; whereupon a half crown changed hands. At this the tramp expressed his obligation; not in a servile spirit, but as a man and a brother, for in the Land of the Blue Gum the feeling of human brotherhood lies at the heart of the national life. Here one man may succeed and another may fail; and which is better is known only to the Seven Gods of Fortune who dispense their favors as the wind bloweth.

Sometimes the tramp is a genuine sun-downer; a professional vagabond who arrives at an up-country station as the sun sets. Then, by all the laws of Australian hospitality, he is entitled to a night's lodging and a full day's rations. Thus he travels on from place to place, always looking for work and ever praying he may not find it.

Or, again, the tramp may be a hatter. But beware of the hatter, for he lies. Generally speaking, he has spent long years at some solitary outpost; perchance as a shepherd in the back blocks where no human voice is heard. "It is not good for man to be alone," wrote the inspired scribe in the Book. But there is no possible companionship for the guardian of flocks in the Australian bush. Consequently, out there in the midst of the scrub, the human mind gives way, and the lonely man begins to talk aloud in the wilderness. He talks to his hat.

* Bush-bread.

And since it is not in the nature of a hat to offer contradiction (oh! thrice-blessed institution of matrimony, which preserves the balance of the masculine mind), the hatter finally believes those wonderful tales which he is ever spinning in the solitude,

And when, in the evening of life, he takes to the road, for greater company he fain would buttonhole the passing traveler, to tell him of strange happenings; of hairbreadth escapes, wherein he alone withstood the attack of a native tribe; of golden nuggets, too big to carry, which glisten beside some vanished creek; of eerie adventures in the Never-Never Country, where serpents have wings. These things and much more will the hatter tell you as he sits on a fallen gum tree beside his camp fire.

But, for the most part, however, the Australian tramp is a single-minded philosopher, who has just missed the principle of "the blessing of the curse." He does nothing and he enjoys it. He takes life as he finds it, and to him it is filled with sunshine. So he "humps his bluey" with a mind at rest. And as he pushes on along the silent bush road, his heart cries out with the joy of living. For this, in truth, is the pervading spirit of the land—the hot but happy Land of the Blue Gum.

CATHOLICS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

WHEN I was a child, a very fine Family Bible—the Douay Version, of course—was part of the furniture of my home. I say "furniture" advisedly. In my early days it used to sit in the midst of the drawing-room table, with a case of stuffed birds a-top of it. Later on it had vicissitudes.

The Irish Protestants who used to allege that the Bible was withheld from Catholics were not in the right of it. I should think that pretty well all Irish Catholic families of the middle class possessed a fine, unwieldy, much-illustrated Bible like ours, as they possessed and possess certain Art Union prints: The Rent Day; The Blind Girl at the Holy Well; Turner's Ancient Italy and Modern Italy; all of which you will find sown up and down the farmers' and shopkeepers' houses in Ireland with an astonishing unanimity. The Family Bible was as much a part of the furniture as the mid-Victorian lustres, the French clock under a glass shade, the piano, and the fire-irons. Only that, unlike them, it was neither useful nor ornamental; and it occupied a position of neglect and obscurity.

No member of a Catholic household ever dreamt of reading the Bible. I, myself, as a child, was the most omnivorous of readers. Nothing came amiss to me. I read by good light and dim light alike; and would flee from the call of duty to a dim loft over a stable, where I could not possibly be surprised, and read by the light that came through the windows, heavily curtained with cobwebs. I read by dusk and firelight. Since my reading was much discouraged by a mother who was influenced by the wave of Puritanism which swept Catholic Dublin when Cardinal Cullen was Archbishop, I suspect that I very often read by bad light, since all reading was contraband and could be done only in holes and corners. For which I spent an eternity of some two years in the dark midway of my childhood, and saved my sight, said the doctors. All this is by the way and leading up to the fact that with all my in-

discriminate reading I never, never, attempted to read the Family Bible. Not that any one discouraged me; but it was a thing not to be read, a *biblia abiblia*, a Book which was not a book. It was unwieldy, but that would not have daunted me, who did much of my reading sprawled face-downward along the hearth-rug. It simply never occurred to me as a thing to be read.

As for any sacredness attaching to it, it had none, any more than the fire-irons. Probably if a Catholic did take to reading the Bible in the Ireland of my young days, he or she would have been regarded as a person of heretical tendencies. This, of course, was because the aggressive Irish Protestants had made the Bible their appanage.

To most Irish Catholics of that day, and probably of this, the Bible, in any version of it, represents the essence of Protestantism. When I was a child the terrible happenings of the Rebellion of 1798 were still fresh in the minds of the people. Still here and there were old men and old women who remembered the Rebellion. Things were yet dated by it. "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks and Calmucks has been transacted here," wrote the chivalrous Sir Ralph Abercromby. To read of the doings of the Yeomanry in '98 is to be dragged through the most horrible kind of shambles. The abominable Yeomanry, who saved Ireland for the English Crown, committed many of their excesses Bible in hand. "On my arrival in the country," wrote Lord Cornwallis, appointed Viceroy in 1798 in succession to the Marquis Camden, "I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession; and to the free quarters which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country."

It must not be forgotten that it was the Irish Protestant Yeomanry who committed these abominable excesses, not the English soldiery, some of whom, like the Black Watch under Sir John Moore, treated the maddened and outraged people with conspicuous humanity. In some blind way the Irish Catholics must have felt that the Bible gave warrant for the crime of their persecutors; and, of course, in a sense they were right; for any religion founded on the Old Testament, with its

terrible reprisals, might find warrant for anything in what was, after all, a religious war.

In those days the horror of '98 must have still hung about us, for although I was brought up in the most tolerant of atmospheres—my dear father was a great-minded man, without illiberality of any kind—I can remember that I had a certain creepy feeling of aversion for the Bible itself, as well as for those who read it and professed to live by it. At that time the gulf between Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics, growing narrower every day as '98 recedes in distance, was like a fixed sea. To the children's children of those who had been pitch-capped and half-hanged and flogged at the triangles—to say nothing of the treatment of women, which was the most awful horror of it all—it was in the blood to regard Protestantism and all that belonged to it with a dreadful apprehension. The Protestants had laid hands on the Bible and made it their own; so the Catholics would have none of it. It was an instinct rather than a definite view.

All that belonged to my far-away childhood. Later on at my convent school, where I seized with avidity on any history or recitation book that was at all in the nature of reading, the dry husks of the "Church History" with which we were provided, with its cheap illustrations of the Brazen Serpent, and the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, and such salient incidents, gave me no desire to improve my acquaintance with the Book of Books.

Even when I came in touch with literary folk later on—it was a Catholic middle-class woman who first made me open my eyes by telling me that to the Bible English literature owed its greatness, since the makers of the literature had those magnificent periods in their blood and bones—even then, and later, I did not apply my newly-gained knowledge of the Bible as great literature. I was yet afraid of it, afraid of the horrors of the Old Testament, afraid of the Old Testament God, that exaggerated Man with the primitive passions and furies and tendernesses. When I had looked into the Book I had seen things that revolted me, terrible plain speaking, terrible sins, terrible slaughters. If I could have accepted the Old Testament as the old-fashioned, orthodox Protestant accepts it, I felt I would have run into a mousehole to escape such a Jehovah.

As a matter of fact, I did not read the Bible till within recent years. The Jews were not allowed to read it till they were thirty; and it still seems to me an amazing thing that the Old Testament should be placed in the hands of children. Nevertheless, I modified my views about it; I got a clearer understanding of that God of the Jews, with his readiness to strike terribly and then to uplift, the exquisite consolations, the wonderful promises. He seemed so human to me on closer acquaintance—a splendid, terrible, generous, passionate, human Father, with the lightnings in his eyes and on his forehead when he was angry; with his arms held out to his children when the tempest had passed.

Still, a religion founded on the Old Testament, so negatived by the New Testament—the glory and the pomp and the march of armies and the clash of battles replaced by the humility and suffering and love of Christ—seems to me an amazing illogicality. The Old Testament is for grown men and women if they desire it. For me it has little holiness, the great old Book. I believe it must have been responsible for at least as much harm in the world as good. Perhaps men would be less bloody if the Old Testament were not universal reading. In any case it must, many, many times in the world's history, have served as justification for the worst passions in the hearts of men.

The thing with which I am concerned is that with Irish Catholics, at least, the New Testament has shared in the neglect of the Old. The thing which I plead for is that the New Testament should be given to the children, or at least read to them constantly, that it should be to their elders a constant companion, a staff, a resting-place, as it is to devout Protestants. It seems to me that nothing, no books of devotion, no sermon that can be preached, no form of prayer made by man, can approximate in value to our Lord's own precious words. To be sure you find them broken up and distributed through many prayers, many manuals of devotion, which I imagine a good many people read without discovering his own words among the pious thoughts and fancies of the compiler or compilers. I want the very authentic words of our Lord, not as through a glass darkly, but as they are given us by the Evangelists, together and in their order, not scattered and divided. I believe a greater personal love of our Lord would result from reading those chapters, immortally tender, of St. John, where

he comforts his disciples for the desolation that is to come upon them, than from all the mystical rhapsodies of all the saints and mystics. I want these words, and many such as these, scattered up and down the Four Gospels, to be familiar to the children from earliest infancy, to sink into their minds and become impregnated into their lives and characters. I desire the same for Catholic men and women, that they should not yield up to Protestants the immortal and priceless heritage we have in the direct teaching of our Lord. What a bosom to rest upon in the hour of desolation are those words of the Gospel of St. John:

"Little children," he calls them, and he calls us. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me.

"In my Father's House there are many mansions. If not, I would have told you, that I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I shall go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself; that where I am, there you may also be.

"And whither I go you know, and the way you know."

Thomas saith to him: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?"

Jesus saith to him: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by me. . . .

"And whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my Name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

"If you shall ask anything in my Name, I will do it.

"If you love me keep my commandments.

"And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not nor knoweth him; but you shall know him, because he shall abide with you and shall be in you.

"I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you.

"Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but you see me; because I live and you shall live.

"In that day you shall know that I am in my Father and you in me and I in you.

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him. . . .

"If a man love me he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him. . . .

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

"You have heard how I said unto you, I go away and I come again to you. If you loved me you would be glad because I go unto the Father; for the Father is greater than I. . . .

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. Abide ye in my love.

"If you keep my commandments you shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love.

"These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be filled.

"This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

"You are my friends, if you do the things I command you.

"I will not now call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, because all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you.

"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. . . . Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my Name, he will give it to you.

"These things I command you that you love one another.

"If the world hate you, you know that it hath hated me before you.

"If you had been of the world the world would love his own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

"Remember my word that I said unto you: the servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you. . . .

"But all these things they will do to you for my Name's sake, because they know not him who sent me. . . .

"And now I go to him that sent me, and none of you ask me: Whither goest thou? . . .

"But I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go; for if I go not, the Comforter will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you.

"A little while and you shall not see me; and again a little while and you shall see me, because I go to the Father. . . .

"Amen, amen, I say unto you that you shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow will be turned into joy.

"You now indeed have sorrow; but I will see you again and your hearts shall rejoice again; and your joy no man shall take from you.

"And in that day you shall not ask me anything.

"Amen, amen, I say unto you: Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you.

"Hitherto you have asked nothing in my Name. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full.

"In that day you shall ask in my Name; and I say not unto you that I will ask the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because you have loved me and have believed that I came forth from God. . . .

"Behold the hour cometh, and is now come, when you shall be dispersed; every man to his own and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone because the Father is with me.

"These things I have spoken unto you that in me you might have peace. In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence; I have overcome the world."

"Fear not, little flock," he says. And what words to live by, and what words to die by are those words of our Lord!

The constant reading and re-reading of these words *must* increase very strongly the personal love for our Lord. It brings him so close to us. He is not remote from us; not a Being beyond all our finite imaginations, dwelling in some distant and wonderful Heaven, but truly the Man of Sorrows, who draws our utmost affections and our utmost compassion. We realize the whole Life as though it were but yesterday. We feel the betrayal and desertion and death of our Lord as though the drama were enacted in our own day. So I have felt it, reading the New Testament. I seemed to realize for the first time the piteousness of the betrayal, that even those

he loved with such a constraining love left him at the last, fled away in fear; that only St. John, of all his chosen and dearest Apostles, was by his Cross; that one of them betrayed him; that another denied him; that it was left to the holy women to find that he had risen.

We realize how often his words even to the Apostles were misunderstood; how the message was too heavenly even for their ears. Even after he was risen, an Apostle, like the Jews who were always clamoring for a sign, would not believe that it was he till he had put his hands into our Lord's side and seen the prints of the nails. And realizing all this, one loves our Lord the more. Other things, too, are realized as they were not before. One seems to understand the persons and characters of those who move through the Four Gospels. There is St. Peter, whom one loves not the less for his weakness, so impulsive, so ardent, so ready for things beyond his strength. One understands as though he were a man of yesterday how our Lord loved him, and the tenderness which was in even his rebukes of him.

Altogether it must be to the great quickening of faith and love and hope in us all to read and to be thoroughly imbued with this actual narrative of our Lord's Life and Death.

Some one with whom I pleaded that we ought not to be so foolish and so cold as to leave this wonderful possession to Protestants, has answered me that many things in the New Testament are difficult and obscure. The difficulty and the obscurity may be there for the student and the theologian; for the general reader they do not exist. Least of all would they exist for children. Children and the childlike in heart have a way of passing over accidental things without being aware of them, and going straight to the root of the matter.

One wonders, reading our Lord's words of love, how Protestantism, with these before it and constantly in use, could ever have become cold and formal. To read them is to feel for our Lord the intimacy of love which is so exquisite in the English poets before Puritanism began. It is in Crashaw the Catholic:

> Dear, remember in that day
> Who was the cause thou cam'st that way:
> Thy sheep was strayed; and thou wouldst be
> Even lost thyself in seeking me.

And it is in Herbert the Protestant:

> Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back
> Guilty of dust and sin.
> Then quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack,
> From my first entrance in,
> Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
> If I lacked anything.
>
> "A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
> Love said: "You shall be he."
> "I, the unkind, ungrateful! Ah, my dear,
> I cannot look on thee."
> Love took my hand and, smiling, did reply:
> "Who made the eyes but I?"
>
> "True, Lord, but I have marred them. Let my shame
> Go where it doth deserve."
> "And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
> "My dear, then, I will serve."
> "You must sit down," says Love, "and eat my meat."
> Then I did sit and eat.

And it is Parson Herrick whose Muse must be forgiven many lightnesses for such divine things as the "Grace for a Child," and the

> Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
> Unto your Infant Savior.

And for

> Let others look for pearls and gold,
> Tabbies and tissues manifold.
> One only lock of that sweet hay
> Whereon the blessed Baby lay,
> Or one poor swaddling clout shall be
> The richest New Year's gift to me.

It occurs oddly enough in the writings of some of the great Nonconformist divines, which proves how the heart repels even so chilling a frost as that of Puritanism. In our own day we had this wonderful intimacy and affection for God in the poetry

of Christina Rossetti. I heard a lovely example of it the other day. An old Irish peasant woman, praying before the Blessed Sacrament till the darkness fell, was obliged at last to leave the church. As she stood up from her knees she stretched her hands in farewell, and she whispered: "Good-night, *mavourneen.*"

We used to be told long ago that fear was a thing to be cultivated. It is a virtue for the hard heart. Myself I think that this love which casts out fear must be very precious to God. How often one finds it in the colloquies of the saints with God.

I think there can be no such means of making religion a warm and vitalizing thing as the reading of the New Testament. There is a deal of devotional literature we could well spare. The actual living words of our Lord are the most precious of all the world's possessions. Should they not grow with our growth, sink into our hearts, become part of us, as it were? For our soul's short pilgrimage on earth there can be nothing more upholding, nothing more strengthening, nothing more comforting than these, unless we except that other most precious gift of his in the Blessed Eucharist. To read the Gospel of St. John is as though one sat with him and listened to him like Mary Magdalen, like Nicodemus, with the Apostles, with his Blessed Mother.

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS FOR JAPAN.

BY A. LLOYD, M.A.

WHEN his present Majesty came to the throne of Japan he was still a lad in his teens. His accession had been eagerly awaited by all those who looked for a restoration of Imperial Power in this country, for it was felt on all hands that nothing could be done so long as the old Emperor lived. The almost simultaneous demise in 1867 of Emperor and Shogun, and the accession to power of two young men, opened the way for a political change which was not long in coming.

Much depended on the personal character of the new Emperor, for in spite of the peculiar sanctity which hedges round the Mikado's person, it would have been a fatal blow to the hopes and aspirations of the loyalists had he proved unequal to the burdens laid upon him by the successful movement, of which he was the centre and head, and absolute loyalty might not in such a case have been manifested to his person. The question of primogeniture was one that had frequently been discussed (in an academic way, it is true) by the Confucianist philosophers of the day. One of the loyalist leaders, Yokoi Heishiro, had, with more boldness than judgment, published a poem, in which he had derided the idea that the eldest son should always succeed. Far better, he had said, choose a successor from a humble house than endanger precious interests by entrusting them to the hands of an incompetent eldest son. The poem cost Yokoi his life; nevertheless, when the Civil War broke out, and the Shogunate was fighting for its existence, the Tokugawa adherents actually did set up for a while a rival claimant to the throne.

Much, therefore, depended on the personality of the Emperor himself, and fortunately he was a young man who could be trained and molded by his advisers so as to fill worthily the place he was called upon to occupy.

It would be natural for the loyalist leaders, brought up in the traditions of *Bushido*, to desire that the head of the renovated State should be himself as perfect an exponent as possible of the principles which they were all fighting to establish.

It is quite a justifiable inference, therefore, that in the teachings which the young Emperor actually received, we have an exemplification of the best efforts and achievements of the modernized *Bushido.*

One of the men entrusted with this most important work was Motoda Toya, a native of Kumamoto, and a friend, strange to say, of Yokoi Heishiro, whom I have just mentioned. Motoda was appointed moral lecturer (we might almost translate the phrase as court chaplain) to the Emperor in 1871, and held the office until his death in 1891. He was nominally a Confucian philosopher of the Shushi school; he was really a practical eclectic. His loyalist principles had brought him into sympathy with the Shintoist leaders, who had dug up the divine ancestry of the Imperial House out of the records of the *Kojiki.* His friendship for Yokoi had made him large-minded and tolerant, for Yokoi had dared to speak well even of the proscribed Christians. He had all the love of a Japanese for the practically useful, whilst his Confucianist studies had taught him that mere material progress was but little worth without the culture and discipline of the mind, and that there were essential elements of culture more important even than the steam-engine. "Nothing that is for the real good of the State can be displeasing to the heart of Confucius," had been the dictum of one of his philosophical predecessors. Others might give the Emperor his lessons in statecraft and the art of war; his moral culture and training were left with confidence to the care of the single-minded Motoda.

The man's own character may be seen in the following extracts from his books in which he speaks of himself:

"In giving advice to his Majesty," he says in one place, "I have never asked the opinion of others, but have always spoken what was in my own mind, without asking myself whether the advice was acceptable or not. . . ." And again: "The way of loyalty is for a subject to give counsel to his lord in a simple and natural manner. If a man has one set of manners for the court and another for his own home, he is a deceiver. Whatever he does at court must be done with the sincerity of his usual self, and whether at home or at the court he must constantly have his lord's business in hand. . . . In giving counsel to his sovereign the subject should pay more heed to love than to reverence. . . . The boldest decisions, the most vigorous actions, the strongest

and most abiding of motive powers, will be found to abide in and to emanate from the principle of love, and the warmer the love, the better will be its results in action. . . . Love is the only thing that can move other people. . . . The greater a man's wisdom, the more comprehensive his mind. The more comprehensive a man's mind, the more complete will be his wisdom."

Motoda's lectures were collected in a volume under the title of *Kei-en Shinko Roku*, and published shortly before or after his death.

From its pages we may see how very faithful to its teachings has been the august personage for whom the lectures were intended, and how they do portray for us the best characteristics of the Japanese way of the knight. *Bushido*, as expounded by some of its professors, is a very unamiable cult, and there are some *Bushis* who can only properly be described by the slang term "bounders." But one remembers that Christianity, as expounded by some of its professors, may also be forced to wear a very unbecoming garment, and we must judge of *Bushido* as we would have others judge of Christianity, by its best and not by its worst.

"Learning," he says, and he takes the word in its Confucian sense, "is the enlightenment of a man's own nature, and the study of a man's duties, both public and private. It can best be acquired by following the great way of the golden mean which Confucius understood and practised better than any one else. The doctrine of Confucius contains the essence of learning, but the practice and acquisition of it do not limit us to the study of any one method of thought and teaching. All so-called forms of moral culture—Buddhism, for instance, or Christianity—may serve to enlarge our minds or our knowledge, but none of them is essential to the 'learning' of which Confucius spoke."

"Europeans are very proud of their civilization, but they neglect the learning (moral culture) which is the most important of all. Hence it is that we find amongst them a constant struggle for power, gain, and other material advantages, with a growing tendency to appeal to brute force or diplomatic deceit in their daily intercourse with one another." (Motoda lived before the days of the wars with China and Russia, and the struggle for the commercial supremacy of the Far East.) "The wisdom which the sovereign acquires must ultimately become

the standard which his people will follow; it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the sovereign should be well trained in the teachings of Confucius exclusively." (It must be remembered that Shintoism has no special moral teachings of its own.)

"Some people say that filial piety and brotherly love are mere private virtues, which have very little to do with national welfare or prosperity, and that steam engines and political economy are far more potent as instruments of civilization. Such arguments I can only meet with an emphatic 'no.' If a nation, *quâ* nation, departs from the practice of these virtues, which are the very foundations of humanity, and devotes its whole thought to the acquisition of material prosperity and nothing else, the result will be that soon no loyal subjects will be left. Why is it that the so-called civilized nations are so ready to engage in war with one another? Is it not that they value the civilization which is material and intellectual more highly than they do that which is moral? If they had constantly attached more value to the latter than they have done to the former, there would have been no war among them. A true and solid peace, national or international, can only be obtained by the practice of the moral virtues." *

Motoda is by no means the only Confucianist sage of modern times, nor is he even the most distinguished. My reason for selecting him has been that, owing to the fact of his having been selected as one of the lecturers to the Emperor, he was typical of that peculiarly Japanese product of Confucian thought which has so much both influenced and been influenced by the native *Bushido* and the more puritanical and austere forms of Buddhism.

The true Confucianist scholar in non-Christian Japan may be said to occupy very much the position of the "prophet" or "theologian" within the Church. Living, as a rule, apart from society, in scholarly seclusion, he is a man wholly devoted to the search after truth and its elucidation when found. He is not primarily concerned with the questions of the day or hour, but is happy if he can lay bare the eternal verities which underlie the shifting sands, and which form the solid rock upon which the social fabrics reared by mankind have been made to rest. He does not seek followers, though he knows that fol-

* The whole of this article is based on a volume of University Lectures on the Shushi Philosophy in Japan, by Professor Inouye Tetsujiro. An account of the whole book will be found in an article appearing in the forthcoming (1906) volume of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

lowers will come to him in proportion to the clearness with which he enunciates the truths which he claims to have found.

But, though living apart from the world, he is by no means indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men, and will at times descend into the arena of daily life with some weighty word of wisdom, which exercises great influence, from the very fact that it is an appeal to first principles rather than to superficial prejudices, and endeavors to lead men to justice by means of reasonable demonstrations. When he is but a half-formed sage he has in him all the disagreeable qualities which we are apt to associate with the word "puritanic"; when he is a true sage he is ready to claim kinship with all that is "true, honest, lovely, and of good report," and will not hesitate to adopt anything that he sees to be for the real and lasting benefit of his time and nation. He is a man worth winning, and the thing which will win him is truth, stated (as it can be stated) by the "theological prophet" to whom it has been given to see deeper than other men into the eternal verities, and to explain what he has seen.

Whenever I read the books of these Japanese Confucianists I feel that they stand very much on the same ground as did Seneca, Epictetus, or Marcus Aurelius in the days when Christianity was young. I also remember that they stand just about where a Justin Martyr, an Augustine, or an Origen might have stood before they were converted from their heathen rhetoric to the service of the living and true God. And when I look at the long list of Catholic Fathers, by whose writings the Church was edified and built up, and think how many of them were drawn from the ranks of the rhetoricians and philosophers, I wonder whether the same or corresponding classes in Japan may not furnish their quota to the work of the Christian ministry in Japan. How excellent might not be the results of building into the faith of Christ Crucified the very excellent material which is already contained in some of the more spiritual of these Confucianist scholars.

Two things are certain with regard to the Christianization of Japan, and if my readers are weary of my lucubrations on this subject I will ask them to bear with me on account of the important place which Japan is evidently destined to play in the development of Eastern Asia; two things are certain, I say, with regard to the Christianization of Japan—first, that *theologians* are needed above all things at the present moment, and that the theologians should be *native Japanese.*

And, first, *theologians.* The seed has now been sown everywhere, and it may safely be affirmed that there is no village in Japan where the people have not heard something of Christ. There is no lack of evangelists. Neither is there any lack of men and women devoted to prayer and good works. On all sides one hears from the mouths of non-believers words of commendation for the zeal, devotion, and holy lives of *Christians* (I put the word in italics because the Japanese has a very sharp nose for detecting the difference between a believer and a worldling), and on all sides one hears a recognition of Christ as a master among men, if not actually as the Son of God. Half Japan is now in the position of the non-believing, non-practising, nominal Christians among ourselves.

What is the reason why the Christian Faith does not commend itself to the intelligence, the spiritual intelligence of the Japanese people more than it does? The fault cannot lie with the Author of our Faith; it must lie with ourselves. Japan does not believe Christianity, because of faulty presentation. Christ has been presented to it in many fragments and with many conflicting methods—and the results have been confusion and haziness. Japan needs a real "school of the prophets," a band of theologians who shall put the Faith, in all its fullness and comprehensiveness, in such a way as to commend itself to the Japanese mind. And for this work, who so fit as a well-trained, broad-minded, Catholic theologian, with large views and wide sympathies and a firm grasp of the faith? If the Japanese rejects Christianity, it is in most cases because he has never had it properly presented to him; if, being a Christian, he is a heretic, it is for the same reason. The Catholic Faith has not been put before him in all its fullness. There is a great attractive power in clear statements of the truth; and the "prophet," as I may venture to call the theologian, has a very important part to play in the future of Japanese Christianization.

But the theologian from America or Europe can never be the real doctor of the Japanese Church, for his theology will of necessity be of the West, western, whereas the Japanese wants a presentation of truth which shall be purely and entirely Japanese. I do not mean by this that the Faith shall be pared, pruned, or altered to suit the Japanese taste, for this is impossible to contemplate. Neither does the Japanese, properly understood, demand such a thing, for he is quite sharp enough

to understand that truth is truth at all times and in all places. But he wants the truth clothed to suit his tastes, as may perhaps be more clearly seen by the use of an illustration. Let us suppose (and the supposition is, alas! not so very extravagant) a Confucianist or Buddhist mission to London. Suppose the Japanese preachers to attract many hearers, and to be surrounded after some months of labor by inquirers and catechumens asking to be instructed in the principles of the foreign faith. The Confucianist trained on Chinese books would speak to them of Confucius and Mencius, of *ri*, *ki*, and *ten*, and draw his illustrations from the wise sayings or foolish doings of men of the Haug Dynasty in China or the Ashikaga in Japan. Would such a catechist be likely to make much impression on the minds of an inquirers' class drawn from the middle classes of London society? He would find, would he not, that his teachings must wear an English garb before they could be acceptable to an English audience, that he must talk to them of things they understood and draw his illustrations from a history with which they were familiar? Indeed, following out our supposition, neither Confucianism nor Buddhism would ever be accepted in England until an Englishman set himself to preach these faiths to his countrymen. In the same way, the theologian who will make the convincing presentation of Christ to his countrymen will be a Japanese, familiar with the ways of thought of his own people, and using the illustrations with which they are familiar. The theologian from Europe or America can be but the forerunner of the Japanese prophet, and as the latter increases, the former must be content to decrease.

A very notable step forward has recently been taken by the Catholic Mission in this country. The Marist Community has been long and favorably known in this country as among the leaders of Christian education, and its schools at Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, and Nagasaki have won for them and their methods the confidence alike of foreigners and of natives. At the suggestion of the Catholic Bishop of Nagasaki, the head of the Community, the Rev. Abbé Heinrich, is about to start, in the village of Urakami, near Nagasaki, a place full of Christian associations, a school which is (we may hope) destined to form the beginning of a true "school of the prophets" for this country.

This institution, the Apostolical School of Urakami, is based on the model of a similar school in Belgium. One of its de-

partments will be a seminary for the training of those who wish to enter the priesthood. In another, more definite training will be given for the special fields of priestly work. In a third, teachers will be prepared to meet the requirements of the Japanese Department of Education, so that the Church may be able to reap all the advantages possible from the educational system, and to do its best educationally for the people to whom it is sent. It is a noble scheme, more comprehensive, and more daring, and therefore, perhaps, more statesmanlike than any scheme which has yet been devised by any body of Christian missionaries in Japan. The Catholic Church is to be congratulated on having been able to float so excellent an institution, and all those who are really interested in the work of Catholic missions will watch the experiment with eager attention and interest.

The Society of Mary furnishes the teaching staff and faculty, and Father Heinrich and his brethren so thoroughly understand the circumstances of the case, and the needs of Japan, that there need be no fear on that score. The institution will be well managed and run on wise lines, and although I have ventured to give, as it were, a prophetic outline of what it will ultimately aim at accomplishing, the wisdom of its founders will, for the present, be shown by a very modest inception of work.

But the Society of Mary is not in a position to furnish the necessary funds for the institution; for it has more men just now than it has money to dispose of. The school has, therefore, been started as a venture of faith, in the hope that the same good Providence which has in the last few years enabled the Society to keep up all its work outside of France, in spite of the adverse circumstances into which it has fallen, and which has enabled it to establish successfully another venture of faith, the school at Yokohama, will not now desert the Fathers in this most necessary undertaking.

"He that hath, to him shall be given." The Marist Fathers *have* faith, courage, industry, devotion . . . is it too much to hope that to them there may be given a sufficient portion of Catholic charity? It is, humanly speaking, a case of now or never if Japan is to be won for the Catholic Church, and true faith should lead us to work for Christ as hard as though we had none to depend on but ourselves, and then to trust God to supply the rest.

Current Events.

Russia.

The New Year finds Russia looking forward to the future with better hopes than when the past year began. No one who has at heart the well-being of any part of the human race can wish that the annals of the coming year should be as black as those of the past. The barbarous *pogroms*, the assassinations which have taken place by way of reprisal, the unending list of executions and of sentences to imprisonment and banishment, and other atrocities too numerous to mention, show the breakdown of despotic autocratic rule so clearly that the world will, it is to be hoped, never more repeat the experiment. The autocrat himself, recognizing his own impotence for good, is faithful to his pledged word. The new *Duma* is to meet in March, and elections for it are to be held in the present month. Various modifications of the franchise have been made. What authority exists for making those changes over the head of the *Duma* it is hard to tell. In a transition period, however, it is not wise to be too critical. Practice is never logical. It is hoped that the new *Duma* will be more moderate than was its predecessor, and the ministry is trying to realize these hopes. It persists in treating the Constitutional Democrats as a revolutionary party, and has refused to accord to it various facilities accorded to the other parties. There seems to be good reason to think that, notwithstanding these efforts on the part of the government, the Constitutional Democrats will form the most numerous party of all.

M. Stolypin's position has not been shaken, although the anarchists both above and below have done all they could to have him removed. He seems to be an honest man, really devoted to the service of his country, and not accessible to the influences to which most of the public men of our days are wont to succumb. The Social Revolutionists, and this is the worst thing we have to record, have resumed that plan of deliberate assassination which they had suspended. A score or two of public men have, it is said, been sentenced to death, and the blow has already fallen upon Count Alexis Ignatieff, a brother of the celebrated diplomatist, on the Prefect of St. Petersburg, and on General Pavloff, Military Prosecutor-General.

This provocation has not, however, up to the present, caused any change to be made in the policy of the Tsar or his advisers. There seems to be in the course of formation a more and more numerous body of men of moderate views, upon the existence of which the safety of a nation depends. They hold the balance between the two extremes, and when strong and numerous enough are the salvation of the State.

The relations of Russia with foreign powers remain unchanged, except that there is good reason to think that an understanding with Great Britain has either been reached or is on the point of being reached. Afghanistan and Tibet have for some years been the cause of mutual antagonism on the part of the two powers; but there remains at present very little ground for dissension. Persia forms a more weighty reason for conflict, its trade and its geographical position being alike valuable. In the course of its long history Persia has never fallen so low as it is to-day; a weak state in the neighborhood of powerful neighbors inevitably falls under the influence of those neighbors. Russia and England, therefore, must either fight or come to terms of agreement as to their respective spheres of influence. There is every prospect that the latter course will be adopted.

The negotiations between Russia and Japan, to arrange the details of the settlement made at Portsmouth as to commercial relations and rights of fishing, were declared by some newspapers to be so unsatisfactory that they were upon the point of being broken off. This, however, is not true: there is every prospect of a settlement being arrived at. The prospects for a better budget than seemed possible a short time ago are bright and this is, of course, a matter of the greatest importance.

Persia.

The movement on the part of the people to be admitted to take an effective part in the management of their own affairs has extended into both the Near and the Far East. What the success of these efforts has made of Japan all the world has seen; China, if we may believe the declarations of her rulers—a thing which it is hard to do—is preparing deliberately for the change which is to be effected some dozen years from this time; many in India are demand-

ing the right of its people to take a share in the government; Persia has already a Cabinet and a Constitution. On the last day but one of the old year the late Shah and the then Heir-Apparent signed the Constitution, and, so far as a paper document can effect so salutary a change, the days of autocracy in which Persia has been brought so low are ended. We are not, however, so sanguine as to expect that after centuries of misrule and oppression any very sudden improvement is likely or even possible. Few details of the new Constitution have been published. It appears, however, to confer greater powers upon the Parliament than are given to the Russian *Duma*, for the Senate is to be in part elective, and the Lower House is to have control of the finances. The Heir-Apparent has also signed a separate document promising that he will not dissolve the present Parliament for two years. The death of the Shah should not, therefore, make any difference in the validity of the changes which have been made.

India.

The movement in India for acquiring for the masses of the people a share in the management of their own affairs has been making headway for many years, and it seems to have attained such proportions within the last few months as to compel the ministers responsible for the government to give earnest heed to the demands that are being made. It will be interesting to see what steps will be taken by the disciple of John Stuart Mill and the philosophical historian of the leaders of the French Revolution, Mr. John Morley, now the Secretary of State for India. He has declared his intention of transplanting to India the spirit of British institutions. A committee has been appointed to consider if this can be done. If to the three or four hundred million subjects of Great Britain in India the power should be granted to vote for representatives to form a Parliament, an experiment in democratic government on a scale dwarfing all others will have been made.

There is reason to think that the grant of this right cannot be refused consistently with fidelity to the conditions on which the British monarch rules India. As Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, a distinguished East Indian who has lived in England many years,

and who was a member the last parliament, said in his speech as President of the National Congress, held a few weeks ago, "in the grant to the first East India Company of Bombay, made two and a half centuries ago, Indians were declared free citizens and natural subjects, as if living and born in England." The present Prime Minister has laid it down as a principle that good government can never be a substitute for government of the people by themselves. India, therefore, is entitled to a constitutional government, irrespective of its good or bad results. It is hard to see how, on the principles laid down, it can be withheld. Behind the agitation for a share in the government there are open advocates in India of a complete destruction of British rule. How great may be the number, and what the influence of the defenders of this extreme demand, it is impossible to say. It may be that we are to witness a revival in the East of that spirit of nationality which was characteristic of the nineteenth century in Europe, and which is still the dominant motive force in the Western world.

Germany.

The sudden and unexpected dissolution of the Reichstag has been followed by an election campaign of unusual complexity. No very important issues, however, seem at present to be involved. The reason for the dissolution was the refusal of the Catholic Centre Party to grant the large sums of money asked for by the government for the prosecution of the war which has been going on for more than two years with the Hottentots and other tribes in Southwest Africa. In this refusal the Centre was supported by the Social Democrats, and some of the Particularists, while ranked against them were the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Radicals, both Left and Moderate.

Shortly after the dissolution the principal tribe in Southwest Africa, which had been in rebellion, gave in its submission, and only about 150 Hottentots remain now to be subdued. This showed that the Catholic Party had formed a better estimate of the amount of supplies which were necessary than had the government, and has left the latter without the war-cry which it most stood in need of. The government is not responsible to the Reichstag, but as the latter can veto, if

it so will, all the proposals brought before it, it is, therefore, necessary for it to secure a majority. For the past two or three years it has succeeded in securing the co-operation of the Centre who, with the Conservatives generally, gave the government the requisite majority, the Social Democrats, and the Liberals of various types forming the minority. The difficult and, no doubt, distasteful task is laid upon it now of fighting against the Party which has hitherto supported it, and of making friends with those whom it has hitherto opposed and denounced. The difficulty is made the greater by the fact that the Conservatives are even more opposed in principle to the Liberals than is the government itself. Measures which the latter look upon as the salvation of the Empire, the former look upon as its destruction. The Liberal parties, for example, think that Germans are grown-up men, able to take an effective part in the management of their own affairs; while the Conservatives defend the prerogatives of the Kaiser, not, indeed, their opponents say, disinterestedly, but as the best way of securing their own privileges. No issue of supreme importance has arisen to bind together for a time these conflicting elements. Hence the spectacle is seen of grave and philosophic Germans engaged in the crude backwoods occupation of log-rolling, and it must be said to their credit with but little show of skill. There was at first an idea that an alliance against the Catholic party, as the enemy of progress, might be formed, but the folly of this was so soon seen that it came to nothing. For the Catholics of Germany, wiser than a large number of Catholics in other parts of the world, are not supporters of an absolute *régime*. The Catholic Party is, in fact, as to three-fourths of its number, a democratic party, dependent for its support on the industrial classes in Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia, and Silesia, and upon the peasantry of Bavaria. It forms in the Reichstag the strongest bulwark of popular rights and of the constitutional position of the Reichstag. It is the opponent of Cæsarism, absolutism, and undue extravagance and of bloated armaments. To quote the words of the Manifesto issued to the electors in the Rhineland: The Catholic electors are invited "to return in undiminished strength, a great Centre Party which will continue to support the German Empire, its power, and its greatness, its Constitution and the rights of its popular Assembly; which will advocate fur-

ther progress in social reforms, and the maintenance of religious peace; which will promote the moral and material welfare of all classes of the nation; and will champion the cause of truth, freedom, and right." On the other hand, the electors are called upon to oppose the extension of personal government, the projects of fresh taxation, and the movement which is declared to be lurking in the background for the abolition of universal, equal and direct suffrage.

A speech delivered by one of the Catholic members for Cologne expresses with great clearness and force the attitude taken up by the majority of German Catholics. The Centre, he said, had voted against the government, not on a question of a few million marks more or less, but rather for the purpose of maintaining for the Reichstag the control of the purse, as against the view that some one had only to strike his sabre on the ground and to declare "the supreme command of the army has spoken, the Reichstag has to hold its tongue." "But we are not going to yield to the supreme command," continued the speaker. "It is our business to do our duty and to exercise our own free judgment in deciding what sums we are to vote or refuse. We are not going to allow ourselves to be commandeered. If we admit that . . . we might as well shut up the Reichstag, and clear the way for absolutism and Cæsarism. To this we shall never be parties. On the other side stands a party, the Social Democrats, which is very generally accused of desiring to upset by violence the existing order of society. That, too, is a platform on which we shall never be found. We are against absolutism; but we are also against revolution. We are a constitutional party, the great party of the Constitution, the bulwark of law and order." From this it is seen that although Catholics joined with the Social Democrats in defeating the government, yet no alliance has been made between them in the election which is just being held; on the contrary, they are opposed all along the line.

The task of Prince Bülow is to form what has been called in France a *bloc*, an alliance, that is, of mutually opposing parties for a temporary common end. He has addressed a letter to a leader of the Pan-Germans, not indeed a very wise thing to do, for the sober thought of the empire is not with these extravagant enthusiasts. This letter is virtually a manifesto of

the government, and an apology for the past. He pleads guilty of having co-operated with the Catholic Centre, but justifies his having done so, on the ground of its absolute necessity. He denies, however, ever having sacrificed the sovereign rights of the State or displayed weakness either in questions of religion or culture. The defeat sustained at the hands of the Centre and the Social Democrats—the Black Flags and the Red Flags —has forced him to appeal, he says, to the German people, in the hope that he may free himself and the Empire from their domination, and receive, on the occasions which may demand it, the support of the Right, of the National Liberals, and of the Radical parties. The true danger of reaction lies, the Prince declares, in Social Democracy. He urges the parties who were defeated on the 13th of December to unite for the honor and welfare of the nation in a struggle against the Social Democrats, the Poles, the Guelphs, and the Centre.

Although Prince Bülow thus ranks the Centre among the enemies of the honor and welfare of the nation, he declares it to be utterly false to say that a fresh *Kulturkampf* is contemplated. In the eyes of the Emperor, there are neither Catholics nor Protestants, but only Germans, and all enjoy equally the impartial protection of the laws. The Catholic Church fares better in Germany, he maintains, than in many a Catholic country, and no one in power thinks of abolishing religious equality, of infringing liberty of conscience, or of persecuting the Catholic religion. This statement of the Prince is substantially true, although in the Polish provinces many thousands of children are now being deprived of religious instruction in their own language because the Prussian authorities require that it should be given in German. It would be an exaggeration to call this persecution, but it deserves to be called oppression, for it is a part of that policy of Germanizing Poland which has been in progress for many years past.

The most important questions to be answered by the election which is on the point of taking place are whether that increase in the power of the Social Democracy which has been so marked in the past will be continued at this election; whether the Catholic Centre will lose or gain; whether Prince Bülow will succeed in his efforts to secure independence and form a *bloc* upon which he can lean. The answer will have been given before these lines are in print.

Austria-Hungary.

The new year has opened for the Dual Monarchy with brighter prospects than for a long time past. The conflict between Austria and Hungary, which had brought legislation to a stand-still for more than two years in Hungary, has come to an end; a coalition ministry has been formed, of the proceedings of which we hear but little—and that is a good sign—and the bill for universal suffrage, for the passing of which the present ministry mainly exists, is on the point of being introduced. Although the proposal for universal suffrage was first made and accepted in Hungary, it has been granted to Austria to be beforehand in realizing it. After the Bill had passed the Lower House anxiety was felt for a time lest the Upper House should refuse to concur. The Emperor, however, used all his influence to overcome any misgivings on the part of grandees, and although it has not yet been formally passed, further legislation being required as a preliminary, all real obstacles have been overcome, and it may be regarded as certain that the people of Austria will soon have greater power than before. It may be mentioned here, although geographically out of place, that a large extension of the franchise is being made in Sweden, while Montenegro received a Constitution nearly two years ago. Its Parliament lately had its first meeting, and promptly expelled the government from office. The Transvaal and the Orange River Colony are on the point of becoming self-governing colonies.

The relations of Austria with Italy have been discussed from time to time, and this is a bad sign. Besides the districts now included in Austria, in which Italians dwell, and which the Irredentists of Italy claim as belonging to that kingdom, the unsettled state of the Balkan provinces, now under Turkish dominion, render the partition of those provinces in the more or less near future a matter of discussion. Both Italy and Austria put forward demands to a share in the event of a division, and whether an amicable adjustment can be found is somewhat doubtful. There have taken place in the two countries what Baron von Aehrenthal calls "unfortunate incidents" which have disturbed public opinion. Among these have been certain utterances of Signor Marconi, who has made an ill-advised descent from the aerial regions in which he is more at home, to the discussion of questions in which he is by no

means well versed. An Austrian newspaper has published an article tending to excite ill-feeling between the two countries. These efforts are attributed to the Pan-Germans, a part of whose programme is to embroil Austria and Italy. The respective Foreign Ministers of the two countries, Baron von Aehrenthal and Signor Tittoni, are making every effort to remove all causes of difference. The former has made a strong appeal to the Press to help to dispel all misunderstandings between the two peoples, the latter, in his statement on foreign affairs made to the Italian Parliament, declared that a portion of the Press had greatly sinned by trying to raise ill-blood between the two countries, that there was a perfect agreement between Baron von Aehrenthal and himself on all matters, and that there had been since 1904 a slow but continuous improvement of public opinion in Italy towards Austria Hungary. Signor Tittoni made an important utterance with reference to Macedonia, which may indicate a new departure of the powers in their treatment of that unhappy region. If, he said, it should be found impossible to maintain the *status quo*, Italy and Austria-Hungary had agreed to support the political autonomy of the Balkan peninsula, and this on the basis of nationality. This may involve an entirely new method of dealing with the Balkan question.

It is, indeed, time that further attention should be paid to Macedonian affairs. Little of late has been heard of them, but this is not because all is well. On the contrary, private letters and travelers in those districts alike affirm that murders and robberies, and evil deeds even worse in character, are of every day occurrence. The establishment of a *gendarmerie* and of fiscal control have produced but the slightest effect. The powers, it is said, are on the point of making an effort to secure the reform of the judicial system. Would that they could put on one side their selfish mutual jealousies and make a united effort to free the Christian from the domination of the unspeakable Turk.

France.

The French Church is being completely released from dependence upon the assistance of the State. In consequence of the Holy Father's refusal to allow the notification to be made which was required by the law of 1881—

a notification which would have placed the services of the Church on a level with any mass meeting—the Clemenceau ministry brought in a modification of the Separation Act, and this having passed the two Chambers has become law. The new law definitely and at once makes the churches, bishops' houses, presbyteries, and seminaries public property, and deprives the Church of all legal right to them. The churches are, however, to be left open for service as long as this is pleasing to the government. The presbyteries become the property of the communes. In some cases, where the people are Catholic at heart, they have been willing to let to the clergy these presbyteries at a small rent; in one case this rent was one franc a year. Along with the churches have gone the vestments, chalices, and everything pertaining to public worship. And yet the government is accused of weakness by a section of the Left. M. Combes, and those who think with him, wish to shut up the churches absolutely, but the government refuses to take this step. The most wonderful thing of all is the calm acquiescence of the country in the proceedings of the Parliament. There have been demonstrations of sympathy with the sufferers, but nothing like the well-concerted or determined resistance which universal suffrage renders possible. But deep waters run still. Perhaps the near future may reveal that violence and injustice are not really accepted by France as a whole. In the meantime, the clergy of France become dependent upon the practical good will of those who wish for their ministrations. As Cardinal Merry del Val is said by the *Croix* to have declared, the Church in France will only secure its liberty when the people insist upon it. As contrasting with the many criticisms of the Holy Father which have been made by persons unable to appreciate anything higher than present expediency, a defence has appeared from the least likely of quarters. M. Combes, in an article in a German paper, declares his belief that the Pope's uncompromising attitude is not due to unworthy motives; not to servility to Germany, nor hatred to France, nor even to obstinacy, but to a profound religious sentiment, to a consciousness of the duties of his high office, which obliges him to defend the fundamental doctrine of the Church. "His is the *intransigeance*," says M. Combes, "not of a man, but of a doctrine."

The other purely internal affairs of France scarcely call for

comment. The Budget, as presented by the late Minister of Finance, inasmuch as it called for an increase of taxation, did not prove acceptable, and has been modified so as to avoid this unpleasant feature. The centralization of all power in Paris, which was a characteristic feature of Napoleon's administrative system, and which is still in full force, was nowhere so clearly shown as in the organization of education. In every secondary school and State academy in France French boys were learning the same things at the same hours. The results have not, in M. Briand's view, proved satisfactory. A premium has been put upon parrot-learning; the mechanical memory has been cultivated, interminable lists of ready-made facts have been absorbed. A habit of mind precluding the exercise of the free play of thought has been formed. Reflection has been discouraged. Minds have been made bookish, rhetorical, not scientific and real. These results have been produced by preparation for the examination for the *baccalauréat*, and accordingly the Minister for Education proposes to suppress the degree.

Morocco.

The common action of France and Spain in sending vessels of war to Tangier has produced unexpected good results. Many were beginning to acclaim Raisuli, the bandit chieftain, who has been in power for some two or three years, as one of the few strong men of the present day. But the Sultan has proved himself to be the master in his own house. Raisuli has been deposed, and his adherents have either dispersed or submitted. The Convention made at Algeciras has at length been ratified by the Powers who signed it. The measures for forming a police force arranged for by that Convention are taking shape, and hopes are being entertained that some degree of order may be established instead of the anarchy produced by a purely personal rule.

New Books.

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. By Plantz.

This work* was written at the request of the Book Editor of the Methodist Church. The author believes that the Christian Church faces a crisis; that few workers in the Church have heard the call now made, that Christian principles be applied to modern social problems. He publishes his work in the hope that it may stimulate the social conscience of the Church. The Chapters are on: "The Problem"; "The Church and the Problem"; "The Church and Socialism"; "The Church's Social Mission"; "The Social Work of the Church in the Past"; "The Proper Attitude of the Church"; "How the Church may Solve the Problem."

The author shows great sympathy with the standard aspirations of reform agents, excepting Socialism, to which he makes strong objections. He shows that the Church has very heavy responsibility; and proposes as the definite duty of the Church now to show sympathy with the laboring class; to study accurately the concrete conditions of life among laborers, particularly to introduce such study into seminaries; to favor all efforts at improved conditions, notably labor legislation; to oppose Socialism strongly. Somewhat inconsistently, it might be, the author believes that in cases of conflict between labor and capital, the Church has no right to interfere in an official capacity. The Church may help to solve the Social Question, it is stated, by remaining among the poor, by benevolent activity, by adapting its methods to the age, by insisting that its members practice Christian ethical principles in their lives, by resisting class distinctions, by fostering co-operation and teaching the duties of wealth, by teaching employers to have a personal interest in their employees, to understand Christ's idea of brotherhood, and to know the Christian end of economic activity. The Church should then teach labor lessons of justice, the dignity of labor, the true nature of happiness, the right to labor free of union dictation, the lessons of progress, and the value of self-help.

A welcome feature of the volume is the introduction of opinions of labor leaders, expressed in reply to questions asked

* *The Church and the Social Problem.* By Samuel Plantz, President of Lawrence University. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham.

by the author. It is claimed by the writers that respect for the character of Christ remains strong, though regard for churches is weakening among laboring men; that Christian employers are no more merciful, no more just than unbelievers.

There are a few minor features in the work which seem to fall short of a sympathetic understanding of Catholicism; but, as these are accompanied by recognition *en passant* of some credit, it is to be supposed that the author's manner of hurried and general statement, and his use of the word "church" throughout, in speaking of the churches, will account for it. Looking for the good in the work, however, we find it full of Christian sympathy, and of an honest desire to make Christianity true to its social mission.

The work springs out of American conditions and is for American readers. It would be more pointed and compelling had the author had leisure to make some analysis of social forces at work in the social problem. To take one example: Veblin, if memory do not fail, called attention to the fact that the mechanical nature of modern labor tends to make men materialistic, hence to alienate them from the Church. If that be true, we must look to a social process and not to volition, malice, and personal sin to explain the whole fact. If the Church recognize this, should not her action lie in the direction of shorter work days, solicitude for the workers' home and leisure, and other counteracting spiritualizing tendencies?

Catholics will notice, with regret, that the author failed to see how far the Catholic Church in Europe has gone, even beyond his plan, in working on the social problem, and how much it has actually done. It is true that conditions then and here are unlike. But these are days when we need broad vision, when the perils that confront Christianity are real, and when the best that all of us do should be blessed and welcomed by all who share, at least, the hope that the spirit of Christ may yet bring us social peace.

THE CRUSADES.
By M. Brehier.

M. Bréhier's book of three hundred and fifty pages on the Crusades* is an admirable piece of historical condensation. It gives us not only a clear and accurate summary of the military op-

* *L'Église et l'Orient au Moyen Age: Les Croisades.* Par Louis Bréhier. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

erations of those great expeditions, but, over and above this, a mass of subsidiary information for which we would look in vain in many a more pretentious history of the Crusades. There is, for example, an admirable introductory chapter on the state of Oriental Christianity before the tenth century; there is another chapter filled with curious and interesting erudition of a novel sort, entitled: "Les Théoriciens de la Croisade," in which we learn the dreams of conquest elaborated by the "Crusaders of the Study," as the holy wars drew near their disastrous end. Finally, there is a discussion of very great value on the Christian missions to the East in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The book is the work of a master-hand, and students of mediæval history can hardly do without it.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.
By Bainval.

This volume* is a systematic treatise on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. The author, a trained theologian, professor at the Institut Catholique of Paris, has aimed at precision, sobriety in affirmation, and scholarly care for the verification of texts and sources. It cannot be said that those conversant with the standard works upon the devotion will find anything new here; but they will find accumulated in the present work an amount of information and elucidation which hitherto was to be found only scattered through many different books. One turns, naturally, to the section treating of the Promises, in order to see what position this distinguished theologian takes in regard to the authenticity of the twelfth, and the question of its compatibility with the doctrine of the Church concerning the uncertainty of final perseverance. The most significant feature of the treatment given to this vexed question is the care which is displayed to say practically nothing at all. The eleven Promises are given in full, and shown to be all, if not verbally, at least equivalently, contained in Blessed Margaret Mary's writings. A footnote tells us that to these eleven, "on commerce à joindre, depuis quelques années, celle qui regarde la communion des neufs premiers vendredis consécutifs." Then, in a subsequent section, the professor discusses it apart. The promise, he says, is absolute, supposing only the fulfilment of the condition concerning the

* *La Dévotion au Sacré-Coeur de Jésus. Doctrine-Histoire.* Par I. V. Bainval. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

more consecutive worthy Communions. What is promised, he observes, is not perseverance during life, nor, directly, the reception of the last Sacraments, but final perseverance implying the last Sacraments as far as they may be necessary. One cannot help asking why did not the professor of theology give his readers the benefit of his science on this point. In the historical study the author becomes most interesting when he traces the points of contact that have arisen between the devotion and political affairs in France; for, as he says, the thought of the Sacred Heart has been intimately connected, in France, during the entire nineteenth century, with the idea of a Christian restoration, and a national revival. When touching upon the great political results that are to follow the placing of the Sacred Heart upon the national flag, the author avoids the mistake of some who have, on this subject, given expression to aspirations and expectations more consonant with the early Hebrew conception of Javé than with the spirit of the Prince of Peace and Savior of mankind.

HER FAITH AGAINST THE WORLD.
By Wilberforce and Gilbert.

Ronald Dare, a young and undistinguished barrister, asks the aristocratic Sir Richard Forrester, a duplicate of "Sir Alymer Alymer, that almighty man," for the hand of his daughter, Gertrude. He is summarily dismissed, and told that Gertrude cannot marry any man who has not an assured position. To the despairing Ronald suddenly opens an opportunity of getting into Parliament. He stands for a county seat and wins, but not before he finds himself obliged to assure his constituents that he is not a Roman Catholic. The brilliant young member of Parliament receives a very different welcome from Sir Richard than was accorded to the briefless barrister. But—Gertrude has become a Catholic, and will not marry a Protestant. Gertrude is turned out of doors by her father. For the solution of the complication we must direct the reader to the book itself,* which is an entertaining novel, although it is somewhat sketchy in both action and character, and although it does carry a moral instruction. To assist, if need be, American readers in understanding one step of the

* *Her Faith Against the World.* By Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert. London: Burns & Oates.

plot, and incidentally to indicate some of the scenes through which the story leads them, it may be mentioned that the Chiltern Hundreds is a government sinecure of nominal value. When a member of Parliament desires to vacate his seat, as he cannot resign directly, he asks for the Chiltern Hundreds; the acceptance by a member of Parliament of any government appointment vacates his seat.

CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND.
By Thureau-Dangin.

To English readers familiar with the literature that has grown up around the Oxford movement and the history of its leaders, the work which this volume* brings to a close, offers nothing new in the way of facts. The author has drawn all his data from sources already public; though, without doubt, many of his judgments and appreciations of men and events have been formed with the assistance of light derived from personal contact with men well acquainted with the details of the Catholic revival in England. But even those who are familiar with the sources upon which he has drawn may read M. Thureau-Dangin's volume with interest and profit. With an acute sense of proportion, and the characteristically French gift of lucid arrangement, he has eliminated the trivial and irrelevant, and set the important events and developments in proper perspective. The heroic figures of Newman and Manning are drawn with vigor and truth. He is most original where he relates, and seeks to account for, the change that took place in Manning when, after having shown himself for long years the most *intransegeant* and imperious of ultramontanes, the Cardinal, in his later years, took up an attitude and gave expression to judgments that were by no means flattering to, or kindly acknowledged by, Italian churchmen. On this point, M. Thureau-Dangin shows no inclination to throw a veil over the intimate opinions of the Cardinal, for which his too candid biographer, Purcell, was so severely blamed in some quarters, for having made public. With equal frankness, he relates the events which led up to, and marked the course of, the long estrangement of Newman and Manning; yet he does it so delicately and with such unimpeachable loyalty, as to con-

* *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe. Siècle.* Troisième Partie. *De La Mort de Wiseman au Mort de Manning.* Par Paul Thureau-Dangin. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

vey the impression that neither was to blame for a misfortune due to inevitable circumstances rather than to deliberate purpose; and if he makes any one a scapegoat in the affair, it is Mgr. Talbot, who persistently urged Manning to break the spirit of the man who seemed to the school of which Talbot was the agent a pernicious liberal and innovator.

The four concluding chapters of the work are devoted to a sketch of the rise of Ritualism, the developments it has displayed, and the persecution it has undergone. As to the ultimate outcome of the movement, he refrains from prophecy, and confines himself to a hope that it may end in Catholicism. Elsewhere he observes that the position of the Church in England, in the future, will depend upon the manner in which Catholicism will show itself capable of resolving the great problems which criticism, history, and science pose to-day. The leaven placed in the conscience of the English people by the great movement, though at present inactive, will yet manifest fresh and far-reaching activity.

MORE LITTLE MASTERPIECES.

The initial numbers of Mosher's new series* show a most happy gathering of prose poems hitherto but little accessible to general readers. No. 1 is a translation from the Portuguese of Eça de Queiroz, probably best known in this country as the author of *Cousin Basil*. It is a narrative of Judea when, "radiant like the dawn behind the mountains, the fame of Jesus of Galilee, consoling and full of divine promises, grew and increased" throughout the land. The theme is one of those eternal ones which seem capable of infinite variation, and De Queiroz' treatment is both poetic and vigorous.

No. 2. Since the publication of *De Profundis*, reawakened interest in Oscar Wilde has fed upon slight food. Consequently, the present *Poems in Prose*, a reprint of six pastels contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* when Wilde stood veritably "in symbolic relations to the art and culture of his age"—should find attentive readers. In several of these sketches the motif is whimsical; in at least two—"The House of Judgment" and "The Teacher of Wisdom"—it is powerful; and poetic sug-

* *The Ideal Series of Little Masterpieces.* 1. *The Sweet Miracle.* By Eça de Queiroz. 2. *Poems in Prose.* By Oscar Wilde. 3. *Hand and Soul.* By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

gestiveness marks every page. Nevertheless, they are scarcely comparable to the work of Maurice de Guérin or Ephraim Michaël. Those were the days when Wilde was, confessedly, preoccupied with the "phrase" rather than the thought in its white or black sincerity.

No. 3. *Hand and Soul*, Rossetti's only complete prose tale, appeared originally in *The Germ*, that organ of early Pre-Raphaelite energy. Replete as it is with delicate verbal and symbolic beauties, the little allegory is doubly interesting as a key to its author's artistic *Credo*. Rossetti's persistent blending of the sensuous and the ethereal has earned him titles ranging all the way from pagan to mediævalist or sentimentalist; the present work would seem to prove that his method was as much a matter of conviction as of temperament. "Who bade thee turn upon God and say: Behold, my offering is of earth and not worthy?" the soul demands of the artist's drooping hand. . . . "How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind what God hath said to the heart warmly?" The abstract element, in Rossetti's opinion, was powerless to impart any vital lesson; only when wedded to *beauty* could *truth* act upon mankind.

The price of this little edition is almost nominal, while its technical excellence is such as we have learned to expect from the Mosher publications.

A LIFE OF ST. EDMUND. The text of this *Life of St. Edmund*,* a ninth century Saxon king of East Anglia, who fell in the year 890 in battle with the Danes, had been published in 1892 by Mr. Thomas Arnold in the *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey*, but with so many inaccuracies, that the editor of the text before us has done a distinct service in giving, in an easily assessible form, an accurate reading of the manuscript with conjectural emendations. The *Life* exists in but one manuscript, which dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, and the composition of the poem is set between the years 1170 and 1200. This conclusion is reached from a study of the internal evidence and of the language both of the author and of the copyist. The language of both was Anglo-Norman, but that

* *La Vie Seint Edmund le Rei.* An Anglo-Norman Poem of the Twelfth Century. By Denis Piramus. A Bryn Mawr Dissertation by Florence Leftwich Ravenel. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

of the scribe is clearly the more modern; in other words, it had gone farther in its development than that of the author. Of the latter nothing more than the name is known, and that he was a contemporary of Marie de France, and, at the time he wrote the *Life of St. Edmund*, no longer a young man:

> Jeo ai nun Denis Piramus;
> Les jurs jolifs de ma joefnesce
> Senvunt; si trei jeo a veilesce (ll. 16–18).

The text is of especial interest to historians and to students of old-French, and the chapters in the Introduction relating to dialectic peculiarities are of value for the history of the language. From the point of view of literary value, it does not differ much from the average French poem of religious content of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The description of the sea-voyages, which take up a good part of the *Life*, and of battles, is especially well carried out. But perhaps the best passages are those which tell of the decapitation of Edmund, beginning with line 2,445, and the account of the wonders which followed the martyr's death: the severed head which speaks (2,705 ff.) and is guarded by a wolf (2,751 ff., *cf.* also 2,819 ff.) What is, perhaps, the most important passage in the biography is the account of the emigration of the Celts of Britain in the fifth and following centuries to Brittany (150 ff. and pp. 67 ff.) An interesting addition would be a study of the proper names contained in the poem, *e. g.*,

> Maidenes boure en engleis,
> Chambre as puceles en franceis (l. 1,495, 1,496).

THE PROFIT OF LOVE. By McGinley.

It is rare, indeed, that one picks up a book on a spiritual subject, expecting to find in it any study of the relations between the old ideals of the higher life, and the new conditions of modern life and thought. We have a priceless inheritance in our literature of self-consecration and interior prayer, and we have every right to be proud of it, to insist upon it, and to study it. But have we not been remiss in taking thought how to illustrate it by modern instances? Have we not neglected the development in spiritual ideas, in social aspirations, in humanitarian refinement,

which has been going on among civilized men, and has now attained, in thousands of individuals, a power and purity which often suggest to us that the kingdom of God is near? It is to be feared that we have forgotten that spiritual life must grow, and that consequently spiritual teachers must dig new furrows for the seed of the divine word. Now, spiritual life is growing. The world of higher thought and endeavor about us is making great and splendid efforts to be better, holier, and nearer to God. And those efforts have accomplished something; they have accomplished much, indeed, despite darkness, doubt, and struggle. For example, we may safely say that no age in man's history has had so noble a view of human personality, and so sacred a reverence for individual rights, as ours. Neither has any former age equalled ours in the sense of social justice, in the feeling of indignation against unfair inequality, and in the determination to right social wrongs. Now to have reached these perceptions of spiritual values is a great gain. It implies a broadening and deepening of moral sensibilities; it shows that our times have a very definite and fixed attitude toward the loftier concerns of life, an attitude which is full of consoling promise for the future of truth and faith.

But, as we have said, we need in our books and sermons to take this nobler "time-spirit" into account. We should rejoice to see it, and should bring Catholic spiritual teaching into juxtaposition with it. This will both add to our own ancient treasure, and lend a guiding hand to the finer souls all about us who are seeking the All-Holy, and striving to have his Name hallowed among men. Precisely this aim of bringing together the old and the new into a blessed and inspiring harmony of work and prayer is the characteristic feature of this new book by Miss A. A. McGinley.* It goes back to the purest source of monastic prayer for its teaching as to the soul's vocation and possibilities, and goes out into the school and settlement-house for its new types and modern opportunities. It insists upon the personal throughout, personal responsibility, personal sanctification, personal cultivation. It criticises the static view of the soul, the idea of a safety-point which, having been once reached, dispenses one from all further worry about salvation. On the contrary, it says the gifts of God to the soul are to be

* *The Profit of Love.* With Preface by Father Tyrrell. By A. A. McGinley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

used to the very end, and the richer their fruit, the greater our desire should be for a still more abundant increase. It teaches that a call to perfection is given to every one, and justly remonstrates against the idea that, outside a certain "state" of life, no one is expected to be very energetic about his soul. It contains some very keen observations about the unhealthiness of a self-centred piety, and the essential insincerity of mere mimetic or imitative devotion. And its chapter on social settlements is a most illuminating little treatise on the scope and spirit of the higher philanthropy. Fresh, modern, acute, original, and yet penetrated with the beautiful and imperishable ideals of the ancient contemplative spirit, this is a book to be noted. Probably some may not agree here and there with its reflections or its criticisms—always kindly—but, as Father Tyrrell in the Preface says, it is at least a book which we must read wide-awake. It is of small consequence to an author that some take another view than this. The main point is: Has this book power and vitality enough to arouse views, thoughts, ambitions of any kind in the mind of its reader? This book has that power and vitality, and we wish a wide circulation for it.

THE PAPAL COMMISSION AND THE PENTATEUCH.

The profound silence which Catholic scholars, almost to a man, have respectfully guarded on the recent decision of the Biblical Commission, issued last summer, regarding the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, is here broken by the publication of a correspondence exchanged on that subject* by "two working scholars and life-long lovers of organized Christianity." Painful surprise, Dr. Briggs declares, was the impression produced in him, on learning the decision which dashed to the ground the hopes which his interview with the Holy Father had created in him. The Church, he writes, has never been committed to the Mosaic authorship—why, then, should her authorities make gratuitous difficulties for her, by committing themselves to it now, just when the whole array of the world of scholarship has pronounced against it. He declares that the Biblical Commission is "singularly destitute of biblical critics"; and then he proceeds to dispose of the arguments advanced by the decree to

* *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. Charles A. Briggs and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

justify it in its resistance to the conclusions of the critics. He next states, in brief, the main reasons for the rejection of the Mosaic authorship. These are: the difference in the style, in language found in the four great documents, in the historical situations which they reflect; the presence, in the old dispensation, of a steady historical development of doctrine similar to that which theologians have at length acknowledged to have taken place in Christianity. He then takes up the reasons offered in the decision for refusing to accept the critical conclusion on the question. The passages of the Bible in which certain sayings, predictions, laws, are ascribed to Moses, are on a level with those which attribute all the Psalms to David, Wisdom to Solomon. Yet, says Dr. Briggs, the Commission would hardly go so far now as to maintain that David wrote all the Psalms, and Solomon all the sapiential books. Again, he argues that the Commission's admission that in the text, as it stands, there may be additions "attached to the text as glosses or interpretations" by uninspired authors, is to open a gate to danger. In conclusion, Dr. Briggs pays a high tribute to the Holy Father, "so devout and noble-minded and so zealous," for which the Holy Father could scarcely feel grateful, seeing that it is accompanied by a severe stricture on the Holy Father's devoted assistants, whom the Doctor takes the liberty of calling "reactionary functionaries who, as far as man can do so, are riding the Church to ruin."

In his reply Baron von Hügel opens with some pardonable personal observations regarding his qualifications as a biblical scholar; and his active loyalty to, and love for, the Roman Catholic faith. After dwelling on the fact that the primary object and test of the Catholic Church is not science, but religion, he observes that, nevertheless, in the long run, any persistent opposition between true science and Catholic teaching would be deeply injurious to the Church. He declares that the Commission's Answer "should be criticised only under pressure of serious necessity, and only by men thoroughly conversant with the complex critical problems directly concerned." Besides, he adds, "it is not put forward as a dogmatic decision, but, apparently, as a simple Direction and Appeal from scholars to scholars." Clearly the Baron takes the same view concerning the authority of congregational decisions as is taught by Father Pesch, S.J., in his course of Dogma, where the

learned Father lays down that, although decrees of the congregations not being infallible, the reasons offered by them for their decisions may be respectfully examined by those competent to do so, nevertheless we are bound to accept them cordially, until it becomes positively obvious that they are wrong (donec positive apparet eas erasse). The Baron then goes over the reasons against the Mosaic authorship more fully than did the Doctor. He dwells upon the cumulative force of the arguments, and, especially, on the one drawn from the perplexing discrepancies in different parts of the Pentateuch regarding the discipline of sacrifice, which, in some passages, ordains that sacrifice is lawful only in one particular place, whilst other passages indicate that it could be lawfully offered in many others.

Summing up his enumeration of various conflicts of test with test, he writes: "Multiply such simultaneous shiftings of four or five sets of peculiarities by some fifty to a hundred items within each set; interconnect each item and each set with all the others; realize that these shiftings presuppose their predecessors and prepare their successors; and you will have some notion how strong is this cumulative argument—a rope not to be cut or broken, a steel hawser of the most numerous, manifold, and closely-knit strands." After discussing the workableness of the solution suggested by the Commissioners, the writer offers several grounds for his conviction that the critical solution will, in due time, be accepted. The first is that, "in the long run, it will be found simply impossible to have one standard of historic method and proof for, say, the legendary character of Pope Joan, or the Authenticity and Catholic meaning of St. Irenæus' testimony to the Roman Church, or the factual reality of the Roman sojourn of St. Peter; and another, a conflicting standard of historical method and proof for, say, the reality of the person of Moses and of his spiritual experience and proclamation of the Jewish law." The final reason is that the development in Christianity permits the admission of a similar development in Judaism. Finally, as a confirmation of his expectation, the Baron appeals "to the vicissitudes and final upshot" of the critical campaigns which resulted in the ultimate establishment of critical views that were for a long time strenuously resisted by the theologians. Here we feel grateful to the Baron for not having

harped upon the molder'd string of Galileo, but, instead, instanced the works of the pseudo-Dionysius, and the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses. The deep piety and earnestness of purpose which pervade every page of this small but notable book close full in the concluding paragraph: "We assuredly can and ought, both of us, to pray, will, and work that God may abundantly bless the great aims and ends of him who, for you also, is the chief Bishop of Christendom; and that his advisers, in the manifold mixed subject-matters which they have to prepare and to bring before him, may have a vivid realization of the difficulty and complexity, the importance, rights, and duties of those other departments of life—Science and Scholarship—lest these forces, ignored or misunderstood, bring inevitable obstruction and eclipse to those direct and central interests and ideals which are the fundamental motives of all Spiritual life, and the true mainspring and impregnable citadel of the Christian, Catholic, and Roman Church."

TRUTHS OF YESTERDAY.
By Abbe Le Morin.

To appreciate fully the loyalty of Baron Von Hügel's attitude, the uprightness of his aim, and the services which scholarship such as his, when directed by his truly Catholic spirit, may do for the faith at present, one has but to turn to the volume* before us. It deals not alone with the difficulties raised by the biblical critics, but also with almost all those, real and fictitious, which philosophic and historical criticism, of all kinds, have put forth against the Church and her teachings.

But, here, the author's purpose, notwithstanding some protestations to the contrary, seems to be to accentuate the trouble, and to leave the impression that there is no solution for the autonomies which, he contends, exist, in some cases, between Catholic teaching of the present day and that of the past, in others, between our doctrines and reason. Nor does his offence stop here. With a perversity which we find great difficulty in ascribing to ignorance, seeing that M. Le Morin is a doctor of theology and of philosophy, he sometimes flings into one common jumble the objections raised against funda-

* *Vérités d'Hier?* La Théologie Traditionelle et les Critiques Catholiques. Par L'Abbé Jean le Morin. Paris: E. Nourry.

mental dogmas and others which are directed against mere pious beliefs, legends, and unauthentic traditions, which the study of Catholic critics has relegated to their proper place. What is to be thought of the good-will, the sincerity, or the scholarship of anybody who, under the caption of "Proofs of the Divinity of Religion," for the purpose of demonstrating weaknesses in the Catholic position and contradictions in the Church's teaching, discusses on the same level the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament, the miracles of our Lord, and the legend of St. Procopius, the story of our Lady of the Snows, the relic of the Savior's Crib, the picture of our Lady by St. Luke, and the House of Loreto?

The gist of the entire volume is mirrored in a passage of the Preface which caricatures the apologetic method of establishing the claims of authority. When any one asks of Catholic teachers reasons for their beliefs, says M. l'Abbé Morin, the invariable reply is: "The Church teaches it, and the Church cannot err." "But if the inquirer insists: 'On what grounds do you rest the infallibility of the Church?' they reply, with the same assurance: 'The Scriptures teach it, and the Scriptures are the word of God.' 'But, how do you prove that?' 'The Church affirms it.' Question them as you may, you cannot get them to step outside this vicious circle."

At the end the writer refers to the agonies and tears that his perplexities have caused him, for which he will be sufficiently recompensed if the Church at length gives to the difficulties he has recounted a convincing and victorious solution. If we could believe that his profession of docile expectation is sincere we should recommend the Abbé to read Mrs. Ward's *Out of Due Time*, and remind him that the *Vérités d'Hier* are truths yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (8 Dec.): Resolves this difficult case of conscience—a Scripture Professor, having been led by study, etc., to accept some conclusions of biblical scholarship, finds himself involved in serious and conscientious difficulties consequent upon the recent decision of the Biblical Commission. An elementary principle of morality is this: Nothing can make it right for a man to do what he believes to be wrong, or to teach anything which he clearly sees to be untrue. If any professor were commanded to teach what he believed to be false, he would surely be bound to abandon his office rather than sacrifice honesty and principle.

(15 Dec.): The number of Bishops proclaimed at the recent Consistory was unusually large—almost a hundred. ——Father B. Vaughan, S.J., in a speech at the Oxford Union, denounced the egoism of modern life. In conclusion, he uttered a wish for more men like President Roosevelt, of lofty spirit and true patriotism.——Considering the present issue between the Conservative and Liberal parties in the Church, the author of Literary Notes says that, on their own showing, the strife between the two parties would seem to be, in the main, a conflict between the ideas of different ages. Where the point of difference is an open question, men of a progressive, Liberal temperament will naturally take the one side; while those who have the Conservative's reverence for the past and repugnance to new ideas, will be found on the other. On the whole, the writer is disposed to adopt the Conservative principles and premises —only, curiously enough, in his view they inevitably issue in Liberal conclusions.

(22 Dec.): A Leader on the French Situation declares that recent events have revealed the Government in its true colors as a persecutor of religion. After inveighing strongly against the secular press, he adds: "To our shame even respectable papers, calling themselves Conservative, have joined in this outcry against Pius X."

(29 Dec.): The protest of the Holy See against the expulsion of the acting delegate, Mgr. Montagnini, is given in this number.

The Month (Jan.): The Editor, commenting upon popular misconceptions concerning the Pope's dealings with the French Government, presents the objectionable features of the French Government's legislation bearing upon the Church.——Relative to the problem of securing religious instruction to the children, R. Smythe considers certain aspects of the course of religious instruction usually followed, with a view to a possible simplification; and sets down briefly some of the obvious conditions of successful oral teaching for the consideration of those who are without actual experience of the work, but who may be disposed, if need be, to do their best in it for the children's sake.——Alfred Marks, the author of *Who Killed Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey*, replies to Mr. Pollock's review of the book.——This number notices the correspondence between Professor Briggs and Baron von Hügel as regards the Biblical Commission's decision on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. The reviewer points out that to assume that the attitude of the Commission has been due to unintelligent Conservatism of the theologians, would be an absurdity of which no one with any solid knowledge of the history of Catholic doctrine could be capable.——The latest volume of Dr. Pastor's *History of the Papacy* is reviewed. This brochure of over six hundred pages, limited to the reign of Leo X., "has resulted in no startling novelty." "Taken as a whole," the reviewer concludes, "the volume is depressing, though the fault is of the subject and not Dr. Pastor's. There is hardly anything ennobling or elevating to be chronicled of the external action of Leo X. He was certainly a sincere believer, and pious after his own peculiar fashion, while he was good-natured and easy-going in his relations with those around him; but we look for more than this in one who occupies such a station."

The Crucible: Rev. Vincent McNabb regrets the fact that the craft of teaching is becoming more and more impersonal. Danger of this is three-fold: (1) Undue influence; (2) Unreal knowledge; (3) Unshaped character.——"History and Catholics," by Rev. R. H. Benson, insists on the many points of view to every historical event. Those that appear to effect the Catholic faith cannot touch the transcendent truth embodied in the happening.——Alice

Gruner writes on "Salaries of Women Teachers."——The aims and methods of the proposed League of Catholic Women Workers are set forth by Lucy W. Papworth, M.A.——Mr. A. G. Little contributes a plan of study and a few suggestions on the teaching of history in higher forms.——"Discipline and Government," by Josephine C. Ormandy, contains many practical hints for teachers.——Clementia Black urges organization as the weapon to fight the Evils of the Sweat System.——Some delightful glimpses of a Danish School are given by M. C. Kelleher.

Dublin Review (Jan.): A contributor—presumably Mr. Ward—writes on Lord Acton, and, speaking of Newman's attitude toward *The Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign*, says that Newman would have upheld these periodicals to the end, despite their faults, but for the distinct judgment of the bishops with which he did not at heart concur. He felt the defects of these Reviews, but he seems to have felt still more strongly an opposite defect among his co-religionists—the tendency in some quarters to erect into dogmas the accidental fashion of the moment, the untheological exaggeration of zealous but unwise writers on behalf of the Papal claims. To treat the necessity of keeping the old Papal States as though it were a revealed dogma; to speak of the Pope as though he were Almighty God; to close the door to a candid survey of history by declaring the road barred beforehand by pretended theological certainties which had no real existence—such worship of contemporary religion tried Newman far more than the faults of *The Rambler*. Such a policy would tend to keep outside of the Church all the greater minds who were led to regard these fashions as inseparable from loyal Catholicism.——Treating of Pope Honorius, Dom Chapman says that just as to-day we judge the letters of this Pope by the Vatican definition, and deny them to be *ex cathedra* because they do not define any doctrine and do not impose it on the whole Church, so the Christians of the seventh century judged the same letters by the custom of their own day, and saw that they did not claim what papal letters were wont to claim.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec.): At a meeting held at Gand, in September of last year, the Institute of International

Rights adopted a resolution to the effect that, in the common interests of all countries, no hostilities should commence without a previous and unequivocal declaration of war. This measure, the author states, was prompted by the attack of General Togo on the Port Arthur fleet in February, 1904. In support of this decision the Institute invoked international traditions, but it is pointed out in this article that there has been little or no tradition on this point. In proof of this assertion the author cites a long list of cases in the last two centuries in which hostilities were opened without any formal declaration of war.——In the Social Movement, M. Béchaux discusses the agitation, which seems to be world-wide, in favor of temperance. In Switzerland measures are being taken to have the manufacture, sale, or importation of absinthe an offence punishable by law.—— M. Béchaux also draws attention to the legislation recently adopted in Switzerland by the Canton of Vaud, for the purpose of combating the drink problem. Being of the opinion that alcoholism is a disease, and that fines and imprisonment have failed to cure it and cannot, it was decided unanimously to establish institutions where those addicted to drink would be medically treated.

Études (5 Dec.): In a doctrinal study of the recent novel, *The Saint*, M. de la Taille gives what he considers the chief reasons for the condemnation of the work by the Congregation of the Index. The reasons advanced are three in number: (1) Falsification by the author of Catholic dogma; (2) Attempted overthrow of the ecclesiastical authority, and especially the insolent criticism of certain Roman Congregations; (3) A false portrayal of sanctity. Our reviewer says the whole work, from beginning to end, is pure naturalism, and naturalism, he continues, "has usurped the place of dogma, has broken up the Church, and travestied Christian life," and in conclusion the writer refers, in connection with *Il Santo*, to a new Syllabus which it is rumored will be published.

(20 Dec.): R. P. Brucker re-states the conservative view of the historicity of Genesis, and strives to answer fully the strong critical objections raised by scholars both within and without the Church.——Another contribution to our increasing fund of Newman literature is here pre-

sented by F. de Grandmaison. The question is asked: Is Newman our leader, and ought he to be recognized as such? This article then goes on to show that New man's genius, learning, and initiative fully warrant us in proclaiming him a true religious leader. A later article will show his limitations, and point out wherein he fails as a master.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): The third and concluding essay on the notion of a miracle is concerned with three points. The author first analyzes the essential elements of a miracle; then he lays down a theory for making miracles intelligible; and concludes by showing the value of miracles. In his mind the true characteristic of a miracle consists in the fact that "it is a sign which is born from faith, which appeals to faith, which is understood only by faith."——E. Beurlier continues his discussion of the "Moral Rationalism of Kant."——In the October number of the *Annales, Leçons sur le Martyre* was reviewed, and exception was taken by the reviewer to P. Allard's idea of the character of the testimony offered by the early martyrs. In this number P. Allard answers the objections made by the reviewer, L. Laberthonnière, and following his letter are a few pages by the reviewer justifying his criticism of the book.

La Quinzaine (16 Dec.): After publishing his book on *Prince Rá Kóczi*, Émile Horn deems it fitting to devote some thirty pages to a sketch of the princesses of the same name. While giving in outline the chief events in the lives of these three women, he dwells especially on the part played by them in religion and in politics.——It is the opinion of L. Thibeaud that few know the true relation between the law of June 20, 1875, and the Prussian religious bodies. In order to make the state of affairs clearer to all, he gives the principle laws promulgated from 1871 to 1876, and concludes his article with a comparison between German and French legislation in this matter.——Ch. Guillemant contributes six letters of Montalembert, in which is discussed the attitude of Rome, of the French Government, and of the episcopate towards the struggle for liberty of teaching and the affair of the Jesuits during the time when *L'Avenir* rose and fell.

Revue du Clerge Français (1 Jan.): M. P. Turmel discusses the

old question as to the possibility of finding evidences for the existence of auricular confession in the days of St. John Chrysostom from passages in his writings. The observations made by M. Turmel go to show that no such evidence can be obtained. Until the close of the nineteenth century this conclusion was rejected by Catholic theologians unanimously; to-day it is no longer so. . . . In any event, if we hold that the saint did make mention of auricular confession, it must be admitted that he did not require such confession as a prerequisite for communion, and that he authorized grave sinners to receive communion after having demanded pardon of their faults from God. But he did do much to maintain the vigor of the public penance; and to debar from the Eucharist those who failed to amend their lives. And he recognized in the priest the power to excommunicate and to reconcile sinners.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Dec.): The editor applauds the sympathetic co-operation of the new Coadjutor Bishop of Cambray in the labor of the recent Catholic Congress at Lille. He hails the broad spirit shown by the bishop as most gratifying and encouraging to those who recognize the pressing necessity of the reconciliation of the Church and the people. M. Louis Marnay discusses "Legislation regarding Labor," comparing France in this regard with other countries. The article contains a concise summary of the laws that have been enacted in late years for the protection and regulation of labor in France and other States of Europe.——The discourse of M. de Giesberts, German delegate at the Congress of Essen, exposes the Christian labor movement or conservative socialism as embodied in the encyclical of Pope Leo. A short sketch of the growth of this Catholic movement in Germany and France, some considerations regarding its extreme importance to Church and nation, and an enumeration of the means by which it hopes to accomplish its end, make up the paper. The education and political emancipation of the people, the formation of associations and religious guilds, with the adoption of the "collective contract of labor," the writer thinks, will solve the present social problems.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

TO counteract the effect of debasing ideals young men should read biographies of exalted types of manhood in these days when there is so much vulgar display of the desire for high places by incompetent and untrustworthy leaders. They can learn much to their advantage from the speeches of the late Frederic Courdert (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), who was prominent in many ways as a citizen and a Catholic. Paul Fuller, the editor, has done his work ably. Mr. Coudert's life was so varied in its activities, that a more complete biography might have been afforded than is vouchsafed to the readers of the book; but the editor doubtless had his reasons for making the volume practically a collection of Mr. Coudert's addresses.

Mr. Coudert was born in New York City, in the year 1832, of French Catholic parentage. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1850, when only 18, and in 1853, when of age, was admitted to the bar. He soon took a commanding place there, becoming in time President of the Bar Association of New York. He won distinction at the civil and criminal, the admiralty, and the patent bars, in handling commercial cases, and as a publicist dealing with cases involving international law—that law which is not law. He declined a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, on that of the State Supreme Court, and the mission to Russia; in fact, the only publi coffice he held was a membership on the Board of Education. He served, however, on the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and was engaged as counsel in many cases of more than national importance. He died when nearly 72 years old, December 20, 1903.

Born and bred a Catholic, Mr. Coudert spent time and means in the Church's service, and five of the addresses included in this volume were made before the Catholic League so long ago as 1873. These, perhaps, are the most interesting in the volume, as showing his lightness and delicacy of touch, his sureness of statement, and his keen sense of humor. That on "Morals and Manners" is especially good, showing wide reading, delicacy of handling, and a right conception of the point he wished to make, which he reached with unerring accuracy. His addresses before more mixed audiences were no less happy than those before his fellow-Catholics, as any one who has heard him speak at political meetings will remember.

Four addresses on international law and arbitration are given in this volume, of which perhaps the most valuable was on the "Rights of Ships," delivered at the Naval War College in Newport about ten years ago. This was addressed to an audience of men who might be called practitioners at the bar of international law; naval officers constantly required to apply to actual cases the incomplete rules of that law, on whose correct application thereof the issue of war or peace often depended. The lecture discussed the once famous Barrundia case, reviewing the precedents and summing up in favor of the position taken by Secretary Blaine, though admitting that the weight of authority in this country was against that, Mr. Coudert's closing remark is interesting, even if really a piece of special pleading: "Is it claiming too much to demand that the flag at our masthead should, even in a foreign port,

symbolize something of our origin, traditions, and practices? Or should it be no more nor less than an ornamental device which loses its meaning as soon as it floats in the slip of a foreign wharf?" Decidedly a pretty question to put to a body of naval officers who were interested professionally in upholding the importance of our flag, and who, at the time Mr. Coudert asked it, were almost unanimous against Mr. Blaine's interpretation of the law, and his treatment of a distinguished brother officer.

Interesting now as when first published is a letter printed nearly sixteen years ago, "Young Men in Politics." Mr. Coudert spoke as one having authority, for he was a politician of the highest class, and had been so from his young manhood. In a charmingly written letter, Mr. Coudert advised that one should not undertake the care of others until he was able to care for himself—"first let him be his own master, then let him serve the public." Once able to work his way through life by his own unaided exertions, he should enter politics—in so far as taking a share in public life is concerned—by insisting upon decent political methods, upon reputable candidates, upon wise legislation. "To this extent all men may be politicians and good citizens; to this extent all, rich and poor, should be vigilant custodians of the public weal."

A chapter that cannot be overlooked is Mr. Coudert's open letter to Alexandre Dumas fils, replying to the latter's advocacy of the Naquet law of divorce, at the time before the French Chambers. This law granted divorce on the bare disagreement of a couple; Coudert's reply was witty and a very able defence of the Catholic doctrine of marriage, the attack on which in France was the first step toward the position of hostility to religion now held by the republic.

* * * *

It has been affirmed that the field of sociology offers more opportunity for mental gymnastics than any other domain of scientific or non-scientific thought. Theology has many advantages, but, like politics, it is so closely woven to the human heart that discussion is always apt to excite indignation or else to occasion pain. Philosophy has been very popular in this respect ever since the ancient Greek sages began the work by quarreling, whether fire, earth, air, or water was the origin of the universe. Sociology, however, became suddenly popular with the advent of the Spencerian philosophy.

While the scientists are still busy collecting the facts upon which all true generalization must be based, a handsome army of sciolists, dreamers, fanatics, philanthropists, reformers, philosophers, and humorists have occupied small areas in the new territory and are talking to admiring throngs.

Among the different attractions that are now appealing to the general public may be mentioned Bryanism, or the advancement of civilization by the splitting lengthwise of silver dollars; the single tax theory, or the elevation of humanity by the confiscation of all real estate; Debsism, or the abolition of human suffering by compelling men to work in droves; German socialism, or the conversion of the President into a universal grandfather, and Herr Most anarchism, or the dynamiting of the bath tub. These are the leading entertainments, and deserve the large and noisy patronage which most of them enjoy. Then there are smaller ones, in which the chief characteristic is the skilled performance of music upon harps of one string, flutes with one vent, and pianos with one key. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A Smaller History of Ancient Ireland. By P. W. Joyce, M.A. Illustrated. Pp. xxiii.-574. Price $1.25. *American Problems, Essays, and Addresses.* By James H. Baker, M.A. LL.D.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

John Calvin: The Organizer of Reformed Protestantism, 1509–1564. By Williston Walker. Pp. xviii.-456. *The Censorship of the Church of Rome and its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Literature.* By George Haven Putnam, Litt. D. In two vols. Pp. xxv.–375. Price $2.50 per vol. net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet. Pp. 388.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Newer Ideals of Peace. By Jane Addams. Pp. xviii.–243. Price $1.25 net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Plain Practical Sermons. By Right Rev. John A. Sheppard, V.G. Third Edition. Pp. 534. Price $1.50 net. *Commune Sanctorum Juxta Editionem Vaticanam a SS. PP. Pio X. Evulgatam.* Pp. 78.

THE BRADLEY WHITE COMPANY, New York:

Principles of Spelling Reform. By F. Sturges Allen. Pamphlet. Pp. 38.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Life of St. Vincent of Paul. Translated from the French. Pp. 219. Price, postpaid, 33 cents.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa.:

The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. Newly translated and edited, together with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Pp. lxiii.-141. Price $1.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, Boston, Mass.:

Christ and the Eternal Order. By John Wright Buckham, D.D. Pp. xii.-189.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:

The Truth of Christianity. Being an Examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in that Religion. Compiled from various sources by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D.S.O. Pp. 529.

W. E. CHASE, Madison, Wis.:

Jonathan Upglade. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Pp. 200.

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD., Dublin, Ireland:

Studies in Irish History. 1603–1649. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Pp. 324.

ELKIN MATHEWS, London, England:

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THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

II.—TELEPATHY.

THE experiments described in our last article were continued, in varying circumstances, with interesting results; but it would not be worth the space to describe all the details. Though success was more or less frequent in different forms of experiment, and on different occasions, there was nothing to indicate fraud or trickery of any kind, though all precautions were taken which might serve to detect it. Finally, a new line of investigation was pursued, in order to determine the manner in which the impression seemed to be produced. The following questions were proposed:

1. A natural impressibility being assumed, what are the further conditions which determine or modify success?

2. Is the transferred impression phonetic, or visual, or indeterminate?

3. How far do impressions of drawings or geometrical figures, inexpressible in descriptive words, admit of being transferred?

4. Are there any peculiar features in this latter form of transference, such as the inversion or perversion of the object, etc.?

The third of these questions is of a practical character, and its answer is evidently a partial answer to the second one. If an impression of a drawing or of a geometrical figure, having no fully descriptive name, can be transferred as that of a card

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or of a name can be, it is clear that in such a case the impression must be largely a visual one.

Experiments of this kind were made on a young man named Smith, at Brighton. A drawing being made without any possibility of Mr. Smith's seeing it, he was asked to draw his impression of it. He was blindfolded and remained so while making his own drawing, which, naturally, would tend to make it imperfect. Evidently, it would be very difficult to draw the simplest kind of figure (a square, for instance) perfectly, without the direction given by the sight of what one was drawing, however clear the impression might be. Still, the trials were successful enough to show the reality of the impression produced; in some cases they were remarkably so.

Since that time, these experiments have been continued with various subjects (or percipients), actual objects being sometimes used instead of drawings. Failures, of course, there have been, and plenty of them; for there is no doubt that the great majority of people on whom such an experiment might be tried would receive no impression whatever, and would have simply to guess, in making any attempt at description or reproduction. But the successes actually recorded are quite enough to show that there was in the persons who could succeed in this way a faculty of some special kind, enabling them to do so, though this faculty could hardly be constant and steady.

In experiments of this sort, the object being in itself a visible one, it is, however, clear that this faculty is not necessarily one of ability to receive thought impressions; for in some cases it may be the still more mysterious and extraordinary one of clairvoyance, by which a person may be able to describe a visible object even when it is unseen by those making the experiment on him. For instance, he may be required to read a sentence in a book on a library shelf on some page or at some line mentioned at random by the experimenters. This sort of thing seems to have been done; but at present we need not discuss it. As it is a more extraordinary and unaccountable matter than that of thought-transference, and as the fact of thought-transference is clearly enough shown in cases like those before mentioned, in which the thought communicated has no real visible object corresponding to it (as in that of the names of people simply thought of or imagined), it seems more simple and scientific to ascribe this reproduction of actual drawings and similar phenomena to thought-transference, rather

than to clairvoyance; especially as the percipients were in no trance or other abnormal state.

The subject of thought-transference was investigated for quite a number of years; even now formal experiments on it are, probably, sometimes made. Usually it would seem that visible objects have been chosen for the object of thought, rather than matters not capable of representation in this way. Though the amount of success has varied with different agents and percipients, there seems to be no doubt as to the reality of the phenomenon. Any suspicion as to collusion, or fraud of any kind, would seem to be pretty thoroughly disposed of by the varying circumstances and conditions of the experiments. It is to be regretted that there have not been more numerous formal attempts to convey thoughts not capable of visual representation. Still, even outside of any formal attempts in this direction, it has become fairly certain that such thoughts are sometimes transmitted, especially between friends having habitual sympathy with each other. It is, of course, very plain that imagination will exaggerate the amount of this transmission, and sometimes claim that it has occurred, when, in fact, there has been nothing but an accidental coincidence; but still quite enough remains to prove to the unprejudiced that genuine phenomena of this kind really do sometimes occur.

It is rather a pity that more experiments have not been made—or, if made, not recorded—of transmission of thought concerning ordinary matters. We have, however, some which seem quite satisfactory. For example, in the spring of 1893, experiments of this kind were made by a physician of San Francisco and his wife, the latter being on a visit in the country. They alternated as transmitter and receiver. There seems to have been some clairvoyance combined with the reception of the ideas intended to be conveyed, particularly on the doctor's part. For instance, here are the first two messages. A particular ten minutes of the day was assigned for the time of the attempt at transmission.

May 12.—Transmitter, Mrs. S——.

Arrived safely. Pleasant trip. B—— feels fairly well. We have a nice place in an old-fashioned house.

Received by Dr. S——.

Had a good trip. B—— slept well. House squarely built and plain; porch surrounded by trees; not fronting the road; rooms very sunny.

These particulars were all accurate; as they relate to visible things to a great extent, they seem to indicate clairvoyance, especially as they do not seem to have been consciously intended to be sent.

May 13. Transmitter, Dr. S——.

Theresa B—— and her mother were here yesterday. Also Clara and Emma. Business somewhat dull. W——'s house burned yesterday.

Received by Mrs. S——.

I think Theresa B—— was there or is coming. Something, I can't make out, about business. I think it is bad.

The above will suffice for samples of this sort of communication. Similar successes were obtained for about ten days. It is not intended, by giving those above, to produce conviction as to the genuineness or reality of the transmission or reception; but, rather, to show what sort of thing was attempted. The conviction of reality can only come from going over the whole mass of evidence, for which, of course, we would not have space. It would be still more satisfactory if the experiments had been made on abstract ideas, incapable of visualization, or on purely internal emotions, not manifested outwardly in any way. Still, what evidence we have in this case and others seems quite sufficient to give at least a strong probability that we have a real relation of cause and effect in the transmission and reception.

The whole matter of transmission and reception of thoughts, mental images, or ideas, and emotions, in ways distinct from our regular physical methods of communication, is now commonly and conveniently known as *telepathy*. The term, though convenient, is not, however, thoroughly suitable or descriptive. The phenomena coming under it were classed by Mr. Myers as "sensory automatism," as distinguished from the "motor automatism" occurring principally in spiritist mediums, or in objects influenced by them. But this term also is not quite appropriate, as it seems to imply that an impression is made on the senses, either real or imaginary, and never on the intellect or emotions pure and simple. Still, it would seem that in most cases, especially when the transmission is not of set purpose, but also even when it is, some impression is made on the senses, which cannot—at any rate without special effort and care—be

distinguished from those which we are constantly receiving in our daily life. That is to say, they take the form of visions, or (less frequently) of auditions or hearings, or, perhaps, can be referred to some of the other senses.

The term "telepathy" seems, on the whole, the best. Still it is not quite suitable, for the reasons just stated; and, besides, there seems to be no need that the impression should come from a considerable distance, as the "tele" would seem to imply; also, it does not represent in any way the part of the agent in producing it, since the "pathy" simply refers to the percipient. The word, indeed, would include clairvoyance, which seems to be something quite distinct from the matter we are actually considering.

Another expression, possibly better than either of these two, was formerly used to describe "telepathic" impressions made on the senses. They were called "phantasms of the living," as distinguished from "phantasms of the dead"; though there may really be in the method of production no difference between one kind of phantasm and the other.

Probably few persons who have not specially studied the subject are aware of the mass of evidence which has been brought together, mainly by the Society for Psychical Research, or by its individual members, bearing on this matter of "phantasms of the living." No impression—or very little—can be made by giving one or two instances; but still it will be worth while to do so, in order to show just what it is of which we are treating.

First, we will give an auditory case. A Mr. R. Fryer—we do not know just what the "R." stands for, but he was known in the family as "Rod"—tells us:

> A strange experience occurred in the autumn of the year 1879. A brother of mine had been from home for three or four days, when one afternoon, at half-past five (as nearly as possible) I was astonished to hear my name ("Rod") called out very distinctly. I so clearly recognized my brother's voice, that I looked all over the house for him; but not finding him, and indeed knowing that he must be distant some forty miles, I ended by attributing the incident to a fancied delusion, and thought no more about the matter. On my brother's arrival, however, on the sixth day, he remarked, amongst other things, that he had narrowly escaped an ugly accident. It appeared

> that while getting out from a railway carriage, he missed his footing, and fell along the platform ; by putting out his hands quickly he broke the fall, and only suffered a severe shaking. "Curiously enough," he said, "when I found myself falling, I called out your name." This did not strike me for a moment, but on my asking him during what part of the day this happened, he gave me the time, which I found corresponded exactly with the moment I heard myself called.

Mr. John T. Fryer, the brother, and "agent" in the matter, who met with the accident, fully and precisely confirms this.

The present writer was told of an almost exactly similar event by the late Professor Langley, who was an eminently careful and accurate observer and weigher of evidence. It was the case of a man meeting with an accident by slipping on a Brooklyn ferry-boat as it was nearing the landing, by which mishap his life seemed in danger for a moment; he called the name of his wife, who was then in Prospect Park. She heard her name called in his voice at the moment, and was much alarmed.

It might be expected that auditory phantasms would, as being simpler, be more frequent than visual ones; but the contrary seems to be the case. It may be remarked, by the way, that the term "hallucination" is often, indeed generally, used instead of "phantasm"; but this word seems objectionable, as it conveys probably, to most minds the idea that the phenomenon is entirely imaginary; that there not only is no objective reality producing it, but even no real impression on the eye, ear, or other bodily organ which is affected.

To illustrate the matter of visual phantasms of the living, we will give also a couple of examples, taken, like the auditory ones above, from Mr. Myers' book, *Human Personality, etc.*

The first is given in a letter from the percipient, as follows:

> Helen Alexander (maid to Lady Waldegrave) was lying here very ill with typhoid fever, and was attended by me. I was standing at the table by her bedside, pouring out her medicine, at about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 4th of October, 1880. I heard the call-bell ring (this had been heard twice before during the night in that same week) and was attracted by the door of the room opening, and by seeing a person entering the room whom I instantly felt to be the mother of the sick woman. She had a brass candlestick in her hand, a red

shawl over her shoulders, and a flannel petticoat on, which had a hole in the front. I looked at her as much as to say: "I am glad you have come"; but the woman looked at me sternly, as much as to say: "Why wasn't I sent for before?" I gave the medicine to Helen Alexander, and then turned round to speak to the vision, but no one was there. She had gone. She was a short, dark person, and very stout. At about 6 o'clock that morning Helen Alexander died. Two days after her parents and a sister came to Antony (the place where this incident occurred), and arrived between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning; I and another maid let them in, and it gave me a great turn when I saw the living likeness of the vision I had seen two nights before. I told the sister about the vision, and she said that the description of the dress exactly answered to her mother's, and that they had brass candlesticks at home exactly like the one described. There was not the slightest resemblance between the mother and daughter. FRANCES REDDELL.

Mr. Myers remarks:

> This at first sight might be taken for a mere delusion of an excitable or over-tired servant, modified and exaggerated by the subsequent sight of the real mother. If such a case is to have evidential force, we must ascertain beyond doubt that the description of the experience was given in detail before any knowledge of the reality can have affected the percipient's memory or imagination. This necessary corroboration has been kindly supplied by Mrs. Pole-Carew, of Antony, Torpoint, Devonport.

This was the lady of the house. Her letter is given in full. The most important part of it is her statement that

> Reddell told me and my daughter of the apparition about an hour after Helen's death.

It seems also pretty clear that Miss Reddell (as we should say) was not an excitable person, as she does not seem to have been particularly excited when she saw the vision, or when it disappeared. Mrs. Pole-Carew tells us that

> Frances Reddell states that she has never had any hallucination, or any odd experience of any kind, except on this one occasion. The Hon. Mrs. Lyttleton, formerly of Selwyn College, Cambridge, who knows her, tells us that "she appears to be a most matter-of-fact person, and was apparently

most impressed by the fact that she saw a hole in the mother's flannel petticoat, made by the busk of her stays, reproduced in the apparition."

There actually was such a hole. It may be remarked just here, that this sort of minute detail in the genuine phantasm, whether of the living or of the dead, is the rule rather than the exception, and is in sharp contrast to the shadowy and vague outlines of the usual ghost story. The real phantasm is not a sheeted figure in white, or a dim one in black, but seems to wear ordinary clothes, and is usually supposed when first seen—as in the above case—to be a living person, like those one meets every day.

The second case that we will give seems remarkably well attested, and has the peculiarity of combining dream with reality. As the original account is rather long, we shall have to condense it.

The gentleman who gives the account was crossing in a steamer of the Inman Line, in 1863, from Liverpool to New York. The steamer ran into a storm which lasted about a week. On the night following he was having a good sleep for the first time since leaving port. He says:

> Toward morning I dreamed that I saw my wife, whom I had left in the United States, come to the door of my stateroom, clad in her night-dress. At the door she seemed to discover that I was not the only occupant of the room, hesitated a little, then advanced to my side, stooped down and kissed me, and after gently caressing me for a few moments, quietly withdrew.
>
> Upon waking I was surprised to see my fellow-passenger—whose berth was above mine, but not directly over it—owing to the fact that our room was at the stern of the vessel—leaning upon his elbow, and looking fixedly at me. "You're a pretty fellow," said he at length, "to have a lady come and visit you in this way." I pressed him for an explanation, which he at first declined to give, but at length related what he had seen, while wide awake, lying in his berth. It exactly corresponded with my dream.
>
> On reaching home, my wife's first question was, when we were alone: "Did you receive a visit from me a week ago Tuesday?" "A visit from you?" said I, "we were more than a thousand miles at sea." "I know it," she replied, "but it seemed to me that I visited you." "It would be impossible," said I. "Tell me what makes you think so."

My wife then told me that, on account of the severity of the weather and the reported loss of the *Africa*, which sailed for Boston on the same day that we left Liverpool for New York, and had gone ashore at Cape Race, she had been extremely anxious about me. On the night previous, the same night when, as mentioned above, the storm had just begun to abate, she had lain awake for a long time thinking of me, and about four o'clock in the morning it seemed to her that she went out to seek me. Crossing the wide and stormy sea, she came at length to a low, black steamship, whose side she went up, and then descending into the cabin, passed through it to the stern, until she came to my state-room. "Tell me," said she, "do they ever have state-rooms like the one I saw, where the upper berth extends further back than the under one? A man was in the upper berth, looking right at me, and for a moment I was afraid to go in, but soon I went up to the side of your berth, bent down and kissed you, and embraced you, and then went away."

The description given by my wife of the steamship was correct in all particulars, though she had never seen it. (She was not living in New York, but in Watertown, Conn.)

A curious feature about this account is that the telepathic impression (if such it was) seems to have been stronger on the stranger than on the husband; affecting the latter only vaguely, as a dream, while the stranger saw with his waking eyes the wife's phantasm. This peculiarity is, however, not by any means unique.

This whole magazine could easily be filled with well-attested cases similar to those just given. It is quite possible that with any isolated one a reader or hearer, determined not to believe, may find something which seems to him to be a flaw in the evidence. And, of course, one can always fall back on the hypothesis that the narrator and those who confirm his account are simply lying. But it must be remembered that in the cases selected by the Society the narrators are persons who, in other matters, would not be suspected of falsehood; whose names are known, and who have a reputation for truth to maintain. Impeccability in this or any other respect is not claimed for them; but it is morally impossible that deception in important matters like these can be so common as it would have to be to cast doubt on the cumulative evidence coming from the many accounts which have been given. And the same

may be said for other sources of error. And, though we might expect that the accounts of extraordinary occurrences like those just given would come from persons of an imaginative character, there seems to be no indication that such is the rule. Undoubtedly some persons are more subject to impressions of this kind than others, and seem to receive telepathic messages not intended for them better than others for whom they are intended, or in whom the sender is interested, as in the case last given; but this susceptibility does not seem to be connected with susceptibility to emotion or feeling in general, or with a nervous temperament, as commonly understood.

It should also be noticed that these messages or impressions sometimes seem to be received when there is no conscious effort on the part of the sender to convey them. Some people seem to have, so to speak, a sort of habitual activity in this way. To illustrate the meaning of this, we may be excused for giving in full an account given by the Rev. T. L. Williams, vicar of Porthleven, near Helston, dated August 1, 1884:

> Some years ago (I cannot give you any date, but you may rely on the facts) on one occasion, when I was absent from home, my wife awoke one morning, and to her surprise and alarm saw an appearance of me standing by the bedside looking at her. In her fright she covered her face with the bedclothes, and when she ventured to look again the appearance was gone. On another occasion, when I was not absent from home, my wife went one evening to week-day evensong, and on getting to the churchyard gate, which is about forty yards or so from the church door, she saw me, as she supposed, coming from the church in surplice and stole. I came a little way, she says, and turned round the corner of the building, when she lost sight of me. The idea suggested to her mind was that I was coming out of the church to meet a funeral at the gate.

It should be noted that in this and the following instance the percipient had no idea that there was anything abnormal in what she saw.

> I was at the time in church in my place in the choir, where she was much surprised to see me when she entered the building. I have often endeavored to shake my wife's belief in the reality of her having seen what she thinks she saw. In the former case, I have told her: "You were only half

awake, and perhaps dreaming." But she always confidently asserts that she was broad awake, and is quite certain that she saw me. In the latter case she is equally confident.

My daughter also has often told me, and now repeats the story, that one day, when living at home before her marriage, she was passing my study door, which was ajar, and looked in to see if I was there. She saw me sitting in my chair, and as she caught sight of me I stretched out my arms, and drew my hands across my eyes, a familiar gesture of mine, it appears. I was not in the house at the time, but out in the village. This happened many years ago, but my wife remembers that my daughter mentioned the circumstance to her at the time.

Mrs. Williams fully confirms the account of the two appearances to herself in a separate letter, June 20, 1885. Very extraordinary also is the case of Mrs. Beaumont. Her husband, Captain A. S. Beaumont, relates at length two instances of seeing her, one of them being before their marriage, when he saw her entering the room through a door which was locked, and (as he learned afterwards) pasted up on the other side.

On the other occasion she suddenly appeared to him when, in fact, she was spending the evening elsewhere; and he saw her wearing a dress which she was actually wearing there, and which he "most certainly had never seen."

Instances like this of "phantasms of the living" are two numerous by far to be dismissed with simple incredulity. The above will suffice as samples. The telepathic explanation is, of course, not the only one possible. The most probable one outside of it will be considered later. It hardly seems that telepathy applies to the following case, in which the same person, according to the ordinary presumption, was both percipient and agent. It is from Mrs. Hall, of the Yews, Gretton, near Kettering, and is as follows:

In the autumn of 1863, I was living with my husband and first baby, a child of eight months, in a lone house, called Sibberton, near Wansford, Northamptonshire, which in bygone days had been a church. As the weather became more wintry, a married cousin and her husband came on a visit. One night, when we were having supper, an apparition stood at the end of the sideboard. We four sat at the dining-table; and yet, with great inconsistency, *I* stood as this ghostly visitor again, in a spotted, light muslin summer dress, and

without any terrible peculiarities of air or manner. We all four saw it, my husband having attracted our attention to it, saying, "It is Sarah," in a tone of recognition, meaning me. It at once disappeared. None of us felt any fear, it seemed too natural and familiar.

Of course it may be remarked that Mrs. Hall herself was not necessarily the agent in this case, on the telepathic theory; it may be possible for an agent to produce a phantasm of some other person. But in the cases where a phantasm has been produced voluntarily, as in that on the Inman steamer given above, the image formed has been, so far as we are aware, always that of the one producing it. If, however, it is possible for the agents, as in the ordinary cases of thought-transference first considered, to produce an image of a drawing in the mind of a percipient, there seems to be no reason why the image of the percipient himself (or herself) may not be so produced by some one else. And there is no absolute reason why an agent, whether consciously or unconsciously such, should be unable to see the image of himself which he produces. Only it is, as said above, contrary to the ordinary presumption and regular experience.

The cases which have been given seem to be sufficient to give an idea of what is meant by telepathy, especially to that part of it which refers to impressions made on the senses by phantasms, whether visual or auditory, of the living. Of course these impressions may be made, as has been said in the previous article, by direct communication from mind to mind; for, after all, it is the mind, or spirit, which is the real, ultimate percipient, and primary agent, in all sensations which our bodies receive, and all the actions which they perform, except, of course, those which are in the usual sense automatic, such as those of digestion and the circulation of the blood. Even these are, to a great extent, subject to mental influence. And no reason can be assigned why direct communication from mind to mind should be impossible; that is to say, a communication entirely independent of any material medium. No conclusive reason can be shown why actual visions or sounds, undistinguishable from those perceived by our ordinary bodily senses, should not be communicated directly from other minds or spirits to our own, as well as abstract thoughts or simple emotions.

Still, the usual theory which has been held as to the nu-

merous and really undeniable phenomena similar to those just related, is that they do come in some way through our bodily organism, at any rate, on the part of the percipient. And, on the recognized scientific principle of not supposing more causes than are needed to account for phenomena, this theory seems preferable.

Now, to take the case of vision in particular, we all know, or can easily convince ourselves, that the operation of the lenses of the eye is not necessary to produce the phenomenon of sight. A man, for instance, receives a blow on the head, and sees stars; we do not think that the images of these stars, even if really on the retina, come to it through the optical mechanism of the eye. No, it is the retina, or the optic nerve, or the corresponding tract of the brain, which receives a shock, and receives it as a vision of stars. Or we can accomplish the same result by less violent means; by simply pressing lightly on the edge of the eyeball, so as to press, probably, on the retina itself. We see at once a spot, apparently on the opposite side from the point of pressure, referred, of course, to that opposite side with regard to other visual impressions, on account of the inversion of the retinal image of exterior objects.

We evidently do not see these things with the "mind's eye," as commonly so called; they are not mere imaginations, such as those which we can summon up at pleasure, of the face of a friend, for instance, or even of some object never actually seen, or absolutely non-existing. No, they are real sensations, *indistinguishable*, as has been said, from our ordinary ones, except in their representing no reality visible in the ordinary way. In the cases given just now, we do not, of course, suppose them to be representations of real objects, simply because we are accustomed to produce or to perceive them in the ways described. But suppose that by some action from outside on the retina or optic nerve, or even on the brain itself, the image of some object which cannot be produced in these ordinary ways is conveyed to the mind. Such an image or picture may be absolutely indistinguishable in its kind from those of the real objects which may be pictured on the retina at the same time by the lens of the eye itself. It is, as it were, superposed on these ordinary natural images. Such, then, is the theory of telepathic vision which may very reasonably be held without going any further for an explanation.

It may, however, be urged that if this telepathic or abnormal image is superposed on the normal ones, it should not, necessarily at any rate, extinguish them. And it cannot be said that we have any clear proof that it does so. In the case of ghosts, or "phantasms of the dead," of which we shall have to treat, the phenomenon of transparence is, we may say, traditional. In phantasms of the living, such as those described above, the object seems so natural that those perceiving them do not think of noticing a matter of this kind. The eye is, so to speak, focussed, or, at any rate attentive, only to the object in which the mind is chiefly interested, and even if the images of real objects occupying the same part of the retina still remain, it does not report anything conclusive on this point.

It seems a pity that in the case of visual phantasms, more attention has not been paid to this point. In auditory ones, there seems to be no reason whatever to suppose any suppression of normal sounds by the superadding of the abnormal one. If there were any such suppression, however, it would seem that it could hardly fail to be noticed; just as it would be noticed in the visual cases, if the eye became insensible to every other impression, and the phantasm stood out alone on a black ground. As to the *way* in which the mind or spirit can act on matter in order to produce visual or auditory impressions at a distance, it seems at present useless to speculate. We may talk about X-rays, etc., but that is really no explanation. It only serves to remind us that there are forces available in nature that we have known nothing of till lately, and that, therefore, there may be plenty of others which we have no definite suspicion of now. Our ideas of the constitution of matter itself are now in such a confused and transitional state, that theories, except so far as they are absolutely needed as "working hypotheses," are quite out of place. This is an age not for forming theories, but for simply observing facts, as a material for future theories. And it is preposterous, and utterly fatal to the progress of science, to deny the possibility of observed facts, merely because we have as yet no satisfactory explanation of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROKEN CORDS.

WAS Maxwell missed from Dublin society? Not in the least. His landlord friends had departed, each down to his own mansion by moor, or mountain, or sea, and had forgotten all about him. Once or twice his Quixotic ideas about property and tenants were alluded to as a joke in the Dublin club, and then dropped suddenly.

In the more gentle social life, too, the life that runs its pleasant course through steady rounds of balls and parties, over smooth-shaven tennis-lawns and polished floors, to the accompaniment of military bands or famous violinists, his name was never mentioned. The truth is that Bob Maxwell had been more or less of a recluse, and had had a decided aversion to the frivolities of life, mingling with the throng just because there was a certain silent law compelling him; but unsympathetic, and, if he dared confess it, somewhat contemptuous and pitying. He was amongst them, but not of them. They knew it; and they gave him back indifference for indifference.

In one place alone he was remembered—remembered with angry affection and resentful scorn. Old Major Willoughby was connected with Maxwell by marriage; but there was a closer bond in the intimacy, or rather the close friendship, that had subsisted, since they were young subalterns, between himself and Bob Maxwell's father. Men who have messed together in their adolescence, who have been sundered by the War Office, who have again met and fought, side by side, against Pathan or Afghan, who have camped out together in Himalayan snows, and have ridden, neck to neck, over ploughed fields in Ireland, are not likely to view each other coldly, or through

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the wrappings of social *convenances*. And when Maxwell's father died, leaving an only son, heir to large estates, it was the darling hope of the old Major's life, to see the son of his old friend and his own beloved daughter happily married in the enjoyment of their joint estates. Hence there was a tacit engagement, prolonged only because the Dublin doctors had some suspicion of Maxwell's health; and the latter was slow, through a sense of honor, in assuming responsibilities until he was assured he was qualified to discharge them. Hence, there were many discrepancies and disagreements amongst the young people during this protracted engagement; and these grew more intense and embittered as each began to perceive that their dispositions hardly suited. During their stay at Caragh Lake the conviction had dawned into certainty that neither in taste nor temper were they suited to draw the chariot of life together; and they had parted without any formal relinquishment or rupture of their engagement, and yet with the understanding, unspoken but understood, that all question of marriage was at end between them. On his part, this sundering of such close ties was taken with an equanimity that would have been singular, and even unnatural, but that he always regarded their engagement as a something artificial, and made to suit the whims of others; and, as we have seen, his thoughts had taken a higher range along summits whose austere sublimities frowned down upon the facilities of happy hearths and households. On her part, she was little loth to break an engagement with one whose health was imperfect, and whose sympathies swept beyond the minor affections and attentions, where women place their destinies with their hearts. And when a new and more sympathetic figure came into her life, in the person of Ralph Outram, who, belonging more to the nether world, could yet touch her maiden fancies with dream-pictures of Indian life, savage and picturesque, military and native, squalid and sublime, but above all mysterious and occult as the predictions of Sybils, or the rites of some Eleusis, she gladly abandoned an engagement that could only be fraught with disappointment, and went over to a newer and more human life, which instinct and reason told her would be more helpful to her happiness and peace.

But, if this pleased Mabel Willoughby, it did not suit the plans and ambitions of her father. At first, he found it im-

possible to believe that the dream of his life was at an end, and that all his happy arrangements were silently frustrated. He had been used to command, and to be obeyed. He could not understand disobedience or resistance. He also considered that he had as much right to exact obedience from Maxwell as from Mabel; and when he found that suddenly all his delightful plans were frustrated, he raged equally against both.

"'Tis all d——d rot," he said one morning to his daughter, after a stormy scene, now, alas! of frequent occurrence between them, "to tell me that Bob has gone away through some confounded fad or another. Bob was too level-headed for that kind of thing. 'Twas you yourself, with your confounded whims and nonsense, drove the boy away."

"I don't wish to argue the matter further," she said, with a certain kind of coldness that could hardly be called sarcasm. "I have only to repeat that there was no scene, no rupture between Mr. Maxwell and myself; and that, so report goes, he has embarked on a foolish enterprise, where it would be idle and degrading to follow him."

"I don't believe one word of it," said the Major. "'Tis that confounded Indian fellow—that nabob, or rajah, or something—who has spread the report for some vile purpose of his own. I say, Mabel, beware of that fellow. I don't like him; and we know nothing of him."

"Except," said Mabel, "that he has been now appointed aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, and has got his C. B."

"What? What?" said the Major. "Then the fellow is somebody after all. Well, no matter. Bob Maxwell for me. Old friends, old books, old wine for me. See here, Mabel, get me at once pen and paper. I'll put an advertisement first in the *Irish Times*, and if that fails to fetch him, by the Lord, I'll put him in the *Hue and Cry*, and get him arrested."

Mabel dutifully brought pen and paper to her irascible father; and he spent half the day concocting a notice for the *Irish Times*. These were some of the specimens, which, however, never reached the dignity of print.

"MISSING.—Young gentleman; aged thirty; hair brown; eyes— What kind of eyes had Bob, Mabel?"

"I hardly know, I'm sure," said Mabel. "Say—hazel. It means anything and everything!"

"—hazel; height about five feet ten inches (it may be an inch or two more); call him 'Bob' suddenly, and he will reveal himself. If any one should find him, correspond with Major Willoughby, late 1st Dragoon Guards, Dalmeny, Dublin."

"There," said the Major, after reading it aloud for his daughter. "That'll fetch him!"

"I wouldn't insert that if I were you," said his daughter.

"Why? Why?" said the Major.

"Because you will make yourself the laughing-stock of every mess and club in Dublin," said Mabel.

"Why? Why? What the devil have I said?" said the Major. "Isn't it plain as a pikestaff?"

"Too plain," said Mabel.

And her father tossed the paper into the fire. Later in the day, after much cogitation, he wrote: "If Robert Maxwell will return from his foolish and absurd expedition, and come back to his friends, all will be forgiven and forgotten."

This, too, after a similar scene, passed into the fire.

Later on he wrote:

"If any member of the R. I. C. or the military in the counties of Cork, or Kerry, or Limerick, have any information or tidings about a young gentleman, who is roaming around the country in disguise, he will receive a handsome reward by communicating such intelligence to Major Willoughby, Dalmeny, Dublin."

This was an after-lunch composition; and the Major read it over nearly a hundred times. When Mabel came in to tea the Major read it for her. He looked at her wistfully.

"'Tis better," she said coolly, "than the other compositions. But I should say it would be wiser to have your intelligence or information sent to 'Major, this office.'"

"That's an anonymous business," said the Major. "I hate that kind of thing. I'm not ashamed of my name, Mabel."

"N—no"; she said slowly, throwing her hat and jacket on a sofa. "But I shouldn't like to be exposed to ridicule just now."

"Ridicule? Just now?" echoed the Major.

"Yes"; said Mabel, going over and arranging her hair before a mantel mirror. "The subject is one that is causing some merriment in society; and—ah!—I—well, Mr. Outram mightn't like it!"

"Mr. Outram?" said the Major, flaring up. "Mr. Outram! And who the devil cares what Mr. Outram likes, or dislikes?"

"Why, I, for one, care a good deal," said his daughter, coming over and calmly pouring out some tea.

"You?" said the Major, growing pale with apprehension.

"Yes"; said Mabel. "*Mr. Outram and I are engaged!*"

At the sudden and awful revelation the Major was struck dumb. He stared at the cool, supercilious face of his daughter, whilst a tornado of impetuous language swept through his mind, and would have escaped his lips, but for that 'Cruelly meek' expression, that bade him beware, for he was no match for a woman. The quiet way in which she had conquered; her cold, passionless manner in announcing her engagement to a man whom she knew her father cordially detested, made him suddenly realize that should he force a quarrel here, he would be certainly defeated. After a while, he muttered between his lips:

"Very good!"

Then, as the old affection for the deserted Bob came back, and he imagined the latter wandering houseless and alone through wild, savage places, whilst his cousin, without a particle of feeling or remorse, had transferred her affections to an absolute stranger, a feeling of great compassion for Maxwell came over him, and the tears started into his eyes.

"And so you have thrown Bob Maxwell over," he said at length. "Poor Bob!"

"Well, no"; she said, with singular composure. "I should rather say that Mr. Maxwell had made it but too clear that he wished our engagement at an end!"

"That puts a new complexion on affairs," said the Major. "When did Bob break up the matter?"

"There was no formal understanding between us," said Mabel. "But I knew, after that last evening in the Caragh Lake Hotel, that it was his wish that all should be at an end between us."

"But he never said so?" persisted her father.

"No, never; but I had no intention of waiting till I was contemptuously dismissed. And this Quixotic expedition would have brought the matter otherwise to a termination."

"I don't believe one d——d word of it," said the Major, in a sudden fury. "'Tis some d——d lie, invented by this

Outram or some such sneaking fellow, to prejudice you against your cousin."

"I take no account, Father," she said, "of your violent language; but it is quite useless to suppose that what every club and mess were talking about a month ago, could be altogether a fabrication. You knew that Mr. Maxwell was not dishonorable!"

"Yes; by heaven, I'd swear it," said the old man. "Bob Maxwell was the soul of honor!"

"Then, when he made an engagement, call it rash, Quixotic, mad, you may be sure he'd keep it!"

"Yes, certainly; but then he must have been betrayed into it by taunts of cowardice, or somehow. He was too level-headed a fellow to give up his rooms, his club, and—and—and you, Mab, to start off on a fool's errand. Besides," continued the old man earnestly, as he advanced in the defence of his favorite, "Bob was the last man in Ireland to disgrace himself, his family, and his class, by doing what these scoundrels say he did. A gentleman may lose at cards, or on horses, or get decently drunk on honest port, or run away from a scoundrelly bailiff, and be still a gentleman; but to go down amongst these robbing, murdering ruffians, who'd think no more of shooting him than if he were a dog, if once they discovered he was a gentleman—no, no; Bob Maxwell, take my word for it, has never disgraced himself thus!"

And the Major puffed and puffed, as he struggled to catch his breath after such an outburst of eloquence.

Mabel was silent. The Major took the last paper he had intended as an advertisement, and flung it in the fire. Rollo, his great retriever, who had been sleeping on the rug, roused himself, came over, and placed his great head on the Major's knee.

After a long and awkward interval of silence, Mabel arose and put on her hat and jacket again, preparatory to going out. The old man looked at her pitifully and pleadingly; but she took no notice. At last he said:

"Look here, Mab. Give me one chance to find Bob and make it all right with you. Give me time to put the matter into the hands of a detective; and I'll search Ireland for him, and bring him back to you."

"To *me?* Oh, not to me," said his daughter. "That chap-

ter of life is over forever. If you want Mr. Maxwell back, Father, by all means use every instrument you can towards it. But the matter concerns me no longer. I hardly think I shall meet him again!"

"You are a d——d, ungrateful hussy," said the Major, now furious again. "I shall call in Radford to-morrow; for, by ——! neither you nor that cad shall ever touch a penny that I possess."

"You'll come back to reason, Father," she replied. "And some day you'll be glad to withdraw that word, for you will see its injustice."

"Injustice? No; I can't be mistaken. The fellow that would steal away a girl's affection from her intended husband, and who hadn't the courage to come to me and state his intentions, is a cad, and a contemptible one, if he had the Ribbon of the Garter."

"Well, I presume, as Mr. Outram did not care to hazard your good opinion before, he is not likely to embarrass you with his presence now," said Mabel, going out.

"If he does, I'll give orders to Michael to pitch him into the channel," said the Major. "And now one last word—"

But Mabel had gone out. He heard the hall-door slammed; but was unable to follow.

But next day he did communicate with a certain Dublin detective, and gave instructions, whilst he detailed every particular of Bob's appearance, that he was to be found, cost what it might.

CHAPTER IX.

CALLED BACK.

When Bob Maxwell emerged from the cabin in the valley the darkness had fallen, and the heavy, drizzling rain preluded a wet night. He had some difficulty in making his way to the main road, for the rough passage seemed to branch out into a hundred by-ways that might have led him hopelessly astray. But, at last he knew by the evenness of the surface and the absence of rough boulders that he was once more on the County Road, and he pushed briskly forward towards home. But his heart was heavy; and the weight of an unaccustomed fear pressed down upon his spirits. Once or twice he was about to return, and give back the book. "For what use can it be

now," he thought, "when I am leaving this uncanny place forever?" But, the trouble of returning along the rock-strewn mountain path, and the aversion he felt towards renewing such an inauspicious acquaintance, determined him otherwise; and he moved down the mountain road, heedless of the fine, thin rain that was now soaking through his garments.

It was late when he lifted the latch and pushed in the half-door in Owen McAuliffe's cottage. The family were seated moodily around the fire. The shadow of a great trial was over them, and kept them sadly silent. As Maxwell entered they looked inquiringly towards him, and perceiving that it was no stranger, they turned their sad faces again to the fire. He went over and sat silent on the settle. After a while the old man said:

"Come over and set near the fire. Were the heifers all right?"

"They were all right," said Maxwell, coming over and taking a chair. "Two men accosted me as I went up the hill; but I paid them no heed—"

"So we hard! so we hard!" said the old man, waving his pipe. "They're gettin' ready for the mornin'."

"I took them safely up to Ahern's, and left them there," continued Maxwell.

"They kep' you too long up there, and you caught the rain," said Mrs. McAuliffe feelingly, as she saw the steam rising from Maxwell's clothes under the heat of the fire.

"Yes; we were talking a good deal," said Maxwell; "and I didn't heed the time. I should have come home when my business was done."

"An' I suppose you had no supper now a-yet?" he was asked.

"No; I had some milk—"

"Get the bhoy a cup of tay, Debbie," said the old man, "the kittle is boiling."

Before he had tea, however, Pierry came in; and it needed but a glance to see that Pierry was the worse for drink. He flung his hat defiantly upon the settle, then sat down moodily, his head between his knees.

"Oh, wisha, dheelin', dheelin'," said the old woman, rocking herself to and fro, "and this night, too, of all the nights in the year."

"Whash matther wi' dis ni'?" said Pierry, raising his flushed face.

But he got no answer, and seemed sunk in stupid unconsciousness. When the tea, however, was placed on the table for Maxwell, Pierry seemed to notice it; and stumbling across the kitchen, he placed himself opposite Maxwell and demanded tea also. They gave it to him, and the strong stimulant seemed to arouse him from his stupid torpor without restoring self-consciousness, for Pierry became facetious. With that maudlin, stupid smile that makes a drunken man so absurd and ridiculous, he looked towards Maxwell with swimming eyes, and shouted, like an officer on parade:

"Shoul' awms!"

Maxwell saw at once the insinuation, but he said nothing. The others were quick enough to observe the same, but they were afraid to provoke the drunken fellow into anger.

"Shoul' awms, I say," shouted Pierry again. "'Shun! 'Tinshun!"

Maxwell, though utterly angry and disgusted, continued the meal in silence.

"Ri' 'bout face! March!" shouted Pierry. And then, as Maxwell took no heed, Pierry gave the final sentence:

"Shells! Black ho', fortni'!"

When, however, after a little while, his heavy senses began to lighten a little, he stooped over and said confidentially to Maxwell:

"You're the bhoy we wor lookin' fer. Mike Ahern's plantation! Prepare to 'ceive cavalry! Thiggun-thu?"

And after sundry winks and nods and gestures, indicative of the use of arms, Pierry sank into unconsciousness again.

They opened the settle bed and tumbled him into it, the old mother moaning:

"Dheelin'! dheelin'! an' of all nights of the year, whin we don't know but we'll be thrun upon the road to-morrow!"

Maxwell had to take the bed in the loft. He climbed the latter, heavy at heart, and put down the candle in the tin sconce on the chair near the bed, which was placed upon the floor. He had not been up here before; and now, before undressing, he took a survey of the room. Half the floor was occupied with hay and straw, room for which could not be found in the barn. There was no ceiling. The rough-hewn

rafters were bare; and between them the thatch would be plainly visible, but that it was festooned with a vast white net of cobwebs, whose orifices here and there told of the size of the spiders who had woven them. In fact it was a great dark city of spiders; and Maxwell shuddered as he thought of the possibility of some of these dropping down on his face in the night. He latched the door, removed the candle from the chair and sat down and began to think. What his thoughts were may be conjectured from the final exclamation:

My God, what a fool I have been! But only to-night remains! To-morrow—"

The morning broke wet and drizzling; but before Maxwell descended from the loft, he heard angry voices of altercation in the yard. The bailiffs, escorted by a cartload of police, armed to the teeth, had come and had been baffled. Not a beast was on the premises except the huge collie who snapped defiance at them. High words were being exchanged when Maxwell appeared. There was a group of young men in the yard who were jeering at the bailiffs and taunting them with their ill success by every manner of word and gesture. The bailiffs, on their part, were doing all in their power to provoke an assault, well knowing that it meant instant arrest and imprisonment. When they saw Maxwell their fury increased, and they pointed him out to the constables.

"There's the fellow who abstracted the cattle last night. Take a note of the fellow, sergeant! Believe me, he has a bad record!"

Dispirited as Maxwell was, he strolled over to the bailiff, his hands stuck deep in his pockets, and with that calm air of independence, so utterly different from the abjection or alternating fury of the peasantry, he said:

"You have been guilty of a double slander, for which I intend, at some future day, to take full and adequate satisfaction. You will please give me your name and address; also the name and address of your employer."

The fellow, taken aback, said something insolent; but Maxwell strode over to the car where the constabulary sat, and addressing the sergeant, said:

"You're here in the name of the law; and it is your business to see that the law is not violated. This fellow, as you have heard, has publicly slandered me. I intend to take pro-

ceedings against him. You will please give me his name and your own, for I shall have to call you as a witness."

The sergeant gave both reluctantly. He could not quite reconcile the bearing and accent of Maxwell with his faded clothes, rough boots, and unkempt appearance.

"Very well," he said. "And now, as you are also charged, you will give me your name and address and occupation."

"Certainly," said Maxwell. "My name is Robert Maxwell; my address is Lisheen, care of Owen McAuliffe, farmer; my occupation is farm laborer. Anything else?"

"N—no"; said the sergeant dubiously; and immediately bailiffs and police left the yard, the derisive and triumphant shouts of the men echoing in their ears.

Instantly Maxwell became their hero. His evasion of the bailiffs or their spies the evening before; his cool, independent manner both to these dread myrmidons of the law, and to the police, marked him off as one of a superior class, and yet left them as puzzled about his character or antecedents as before.

"Begor, he's no desarter," said Pierry, who was also thoroughly ashamed of his drunken bout the evening before, and was anxious to make reparation for his rudeness, "or else he'd never have faced the peelers as he did. He's not in the *Hue and Cry*, that's sartin!"

"I wish we had a few more like him in the counthry," said another admirer. "The peelers and the baillifs would meet their match. See now, how they shivered before him. Begobs, they'd have clapped the handcuffs on us before we could say 'thrapsticks!'"

"That's thrue for you, begor," said another. "You'd be on the side-car now, an' in Thralee gaol to-night, if you hadn't kep' your distance."

But all these eulogiums were lost on Maxwell. He had made up his mind definitely that this business should end, then and there, for him. And he began to be conscious of a strange chill and alternate flushing, that made him think of the possibility of the recurrence of the rheumatic fever from which he had already suffered twice.

"And imagine," he thought, "to be seized with sickness here! My God! what a frightful prospect. I must quit with this insane idea and with these good people at once."

He lingered, however, until the young men, who had gathered

in from the neighboring farms to help, had dispersed; and it was only after the mid-day meal that he broke his resolution to the family. They were deeply grieved and genuinely sorry. He had crept into their hearts by his quiet, gentle ways, until they began to regard him as "one of themselves." And now, that every kind of trial was accumulating and pressing upon them, they began to feel that this, too, was to be part of their unhappy lot, and, whilst they bent beneath it, they began to feel that it crushed out all hope. One thing, however, they should make clear. He had never, by word or gesture, showed the slightest sign of anger or disrespect towards them; and they felt deeply pained that he should have been insulted in their home and by their own son. True, it was in drink; but that was no excuse, so they felt.

"We're sorry from the bottom of our hearts," said the old man, "to be partin' wid you. We never saw or heard anythin' from you but what was good and gracious. An', shure, we thought you wouldn't mind the words of that foolish bhoy in his dhrink!"

"I assure you," said Maxwell, somewhat moved, "Pierry's words had nothing to do with my resolution. I see I have made a mistake; and I want to rectify it as soon as possible."

Pierry, conscience-stricken, had gone out into the fields. He was determined to meet Maxwell; and to make the apologies in private he could not bring himself to utter in public.

"Ef it was them blagards up at Mike Ahern's," continued the old man, "you shouldn't mind them nayther. Shure, they're ignorant, an' don't mane half what they say."

"Believe you me," said the old woman, who was bitter and angry in her sorrow, "that blagard, Driscoll, will meet his match some day. He's always wantin' to fight with some wan or other."

"No, no; you quite misunderstand me," said Maxwell, who began to fear that evil consequences would arise from his departure, "these little disagreements have had nothing to say to my resolution. I see I made a huge mistake, and I want to correct it as speedily as possible!"

"Well, indeed, it would be more proper to give you your right wages from the beginnin'," said the old man. "It was not right to expect you nor anny man to work for nothin'."

Maxwell saw that it was useless to make further explanations. He took down his old valise that had lain these weeks on the top of the dresser, and began to pack in the few, very few things he possessed.

The old woman went about in sorrowful silence; the old man had sat down on the sugan chair, his head bent low between his knees. Debbie, as usual, was tidying around the kitchen, silent too, but her face was white, and her hand trembled.

When Maxwell had finished packing, he came forward to say his farewells.

"I have to go," he said to the old woman, for she alone seemed to listen, "but I assure you I shall never forget the kindness I received in this household. And, perhaps, some day it may be in my power to repay it."

Then for the first time the old woman saw that he was ill; for his face was a bluish purple and his teeth were chattering.

"For God's sake," she said, "if you don't want to be found dead on the road, shtop yer nonsense, and set down."

But he only shook his head, as he touched her rough palm. Owen McAuliffe, without looking up, grasped his hand, and said nothing. Maxwell, with a heavy heart, walked out through the yard. He had passed the rough straw carpeting, and was emerging into the field, where Pierry was awaiting him, when he heard a footstep behind him. Turning around, he saw Debbie.

"I quite forgot," he said, stretching out his hand, "to say good-bye! I was thinking of so many things!"

The girl did not take the proffered hand, and he stared at her in surprise. There was absolutely nothing in her appearance to attract the fancy for a moment. She had only the beauty of perfect health, and the glamor of perfect innocence about her. There were no tears in her eyes, for, alas! with these toilers of the earth, every emotion is frozen at its source; but her lower lip trembled as she said, in a low tone:

"You had no right ever to come here!"

Startled by this sudden challenge, Maxwell did not know what to reply. Did this girl divine his secret through her womanly instincts? Did she suspect some love affair, or disappointment? Or did she know, at least, that he was far removed from the class to which he had stooped in his desire to elevate them? He could not conjecture; but he said candidly:

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"You are quite right. I should not have come here. But I hope that at least I have done no harm, except to myself."

She kept her eyes fixed steadily upon his face, as she replied:

"But, having come among us, you have no right now to lave us!"

The words touched him. They appealed to his honor and to his conscience. It was the higher call, which he had been on the point of refusing.

The girl placed her hand on his sleeve, and said:

"Come back!"

And he followed her, like one who had no other will, or option. Pierry's apology remained unspoken.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE DEPTHS.

It was well for Maxwell himself that he obeyed that call. Somewhat shamefaced, he entered the dark cabin again; and Debbie, with instinctive politeness, anticipated his explanation. She did so with that curious air of assumed anger, which the Irish peasant often uses to cloak affection, or relieve the embarrassment of others.

"Begor, 'twas a quare thing intirely," she said, whilst she busied herself about the kitchen, "to allow that *augashore* of a boy to go on the road, an' it pourin' cats and dogs. 'Tis little ye'd like yerselves to be sint out in that weather."

"Wisha, thin," said the mother, "an' sure 'twasn't we sint him, but he plazed himself. An' sure, I towld him he was lookin' as green as a leek."

"You're right," said Maxwell, "and I was wrong. I'm not fit to travel."

"Thin, in the name o' God, pull over your chair, and set down, and dhry yerself. There, Debbie, can't you get the poor bhoy a dhrink of somethin' hot? Sure, he's shivering like an aspin."

So he was. There was a deadly chill all over him, so that he trembled and shook; and there were alternations of hot flushes, when his skin seemed to fill and burn, as if it would burst. He drank the milk slowly, sipping it leisurely, and not objecting this time to the "spoonful" of spirits which their

charity had mixed with it. The rain came down in a steady, calm, persistent way, for it was now November. The little cabin looked darker than ever from the leaden skies without. The one cheerful, grateful thing was the huge fire made up of peat and wood, which threw volumes of smoke up through the broad chimney, and sent a cheerful glow around the dingy kitchen. The old man, sitting in as close as he could on the stone seat, smoked in silence. Pierry, in silence, and with his hands deep in his pockets, stood at the door, the lintel of which was on a level with his face. The old woman was busy in the bedroom; and Debbie, casting a sharp look from time to time at Maxwell, was, as usual, busying herself around the kitchen.

As the day wore on, Maxwell became worse; until at last, as the shades of night came down, he expressed a wish to go to bed. They became very solicitous.

"Did he ever get sick before?"

"Yes, twice"; said Maxwell. "I had two attacks of rheumatic fever; and, to be candid, I'm afraid I'm in for another."

The dread word "fever" appalled them. The terror of the famine times and the dread typhus is in the hearts of the people still. He must have seen it written in their faces; for he instantly added:

"It is not a malignant fever, you know, merely a feverish condition arising from rheumatism and causing a high temperature."

They did not understand him; but their duty was plain. They swiftly decided to give up to him the only bedroom they had, with its two great beds, until he should recover his health and be himself again. He protested emphatically, made out and argued that it was only a cold, and that it would pass off in a day or two. It was no use. He was ordered to bed; and all that rough, but generous hearts could do was done for him.

That night, perhaps, witnessed the climax of his sufferings and his despondency. He insisted on their retiring; but he asked that a candle, or paraffin lamp, should be left lighted by his side. He knew there was no sleep for him. The terrible dry heat was stifling him; the well-known agonizing pains were creeping down into the extremities of his hands and feet; his heart was beating wildly; he tossed restlessly from side to side beneath the heavy bedclothes. As the night wore on, he

became worse. The burning heat became intolerable. The canopy of wood that hung down low over the bed seemed to be crushing him beneath it. Great shadows flickered on the whitewashed walls, and stretched up towards the naked roof. Drip, drip, came the awful rain outside, as it fell from the rotting thatch into the open channels. Restless, fevered, tormented, somewhat excited by the spirits he had drunk, he began to imagine all kinds of dreadful things—that he had been decoyed thither, betrayed, and left to die in such awful surroundings. He recalled his last illness. It was painful and agonizing enough; but he remembered with a pang all the delicate attention he had received; the comfortable, warm, luxurious bedroom; the dainties on the table near the bedside; the scrupulous attention of the doctor; the cool-handed, dexterous, silent, unobtrusive attendance of the two skilled nurses. He recalled the days of his convalescence; the numerous visits; the card-plate well filled; the presents of fruit; the sweetness of coming back to life. And then he looked around him. The bleared and smoking lamp could hardly be said to have lighted the dark apartment; but it threw light enough to reveal its misery. The wretched fireplace bricked up and whitewashed, the dark recesses of the open ceiling, the mud floor, rough and uneven and pitted; the tawdry and somewhat hideous engravings on the walls—all made a picture of desolation so terrible that, coupled with his feverish condition, it threw him into a kind of delirium, during which he afterwards suspected he had said many wild, incoherent things. He remembered but one. He had been staring for some time in a kind of blank inquiry at a rough representation of the Virgin and Child that was pinned on the cretonne at the foot of the bed. Somehow, in his great agony and desolation, he found a comfort here. And then, suddenly turning around, he came face to face with the Man of Sorrows, hanging on the gibbet of Calvary, and looking the embodiment of all human suffering, which there had culminated in one concentrated agonizing death. Old words, old thoughts, heard long ago in infancy, came back to him, and the feeble murmur rose to his lips:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

When he woke from a deep sleep, although it was troubled with horrid dreams, he found himself in a perfect bath of perspiration. Sweat was dripping from every pore. His hair

was wet, as if sponged; and he knew that the bedclothes were saturated through and through. But he felt quite light and relieved from that dry, burning heat that had been torturing him; but when he attempted to move hand or foot, a terrible pain racked him, and he dared not turn on his wet couch from the agony in his shoulder. The lamp had flickered out; but in the gray dusk, he could discern the form of the old woman moving around the wretched room. He coughed to attract her attention; and she came over.

"How are you, *agragal*," she said, "after the night? Sure, we wor throubled about you. Will you have a dhrop of tay or milk now; or will you wait for your brekfus'?"

"I'll take it now, if you please," said Maxwell. "I've perspired freely during the night."

"Wisha, thin, sure they say that's the best thing in the wurruld for a could or a faver. Whatever is bad inside comes out in the sweat," said the old woman, consolingly. "Wait, now, and Debbie won't be a minit bilin' the kittle; and we'll get you a good strong cup of tay with some nourishment in it."

Maxwell lay still, comfortable but dreading the slightest movement; and in a few minutes Debbie brought in the tea, which he drank eagerly. No skilled nurses in Dublin or elsewhere could equal the gentle and tender strength with which these poor women raised the pillows beneath the sufferer, when they discovered that the least shock or vibration was painful.

After some time Maxwell ventured to ask:

"Is there a physician—a doctor—near?"

"Begor there is," answered the old woman, "and as clever a man as there is from here to London. They say the head docthors in Dublin are nothin' to him; and he's the deuce an' all at the favers."

"I think it would be well if I could see him," said Maxwell.

"We wor thinkin' of that same oursel's," said the old woman. "Sure he can't do you anny harrum, if he don't do you much good. We'll send Pierry by'm bye for the red ticket: and he'll be here before night."

"The red ticket? What is the red ticket?" said Maxwell.

"The piece of paper the doctor must get before he'll go to poor people," answered his nurse.

"Oh!" said her patient. "And must ye always get that?"

"Oh! faith, no"; said the old woman. "We're rich, if ye plase, bekase we have a couple of acres of mountain and bog. He wouldn't come to wan of us undher a pound!"

Another revelation that set Maxwell thinking again.

In the evening the doctor came; and at once pronounced the malady—rheumatic fever. After feeling him all over, and examining his heart carefully, the doctor said:

"You had this before?"

"Yes, twice"; said Maxwell.

"You had medical attendance, of course?"

"Yes"; said Maxwell, mentioning the name of a leading Dublin physician.

"What?" cried the doctor. "I didn't think he kept up his hospital practice!"

"I wasn't in hospital," said Maxwell. "He attended me at my own residence."

A remark which made the doctor draw back, and stroke his chin thoughtfully, and look dubiously at his patient.

"Is there any heart-lesion as yet?"

"Any what?" said the doctor.

"Any lesion of the heart—any dangerous murmurs?" said Maxwell.

"N—no"; said the doctor, completely puzzled. "Look here, young man," he said, after a pause, "you know too much. What the devil do you know about lesions and murmurs?"

"Not much!" said Maxwell wearily, "but you cannot help hearing of those things from doctors and nurses!"

When he went into the kitchen, Maxwell heard the doctor say aloud:

"Whom have ye got here?"

"Wisha, a poor bhoy, doctor, that came around on thramp here a couple of months ago!"

"What's his name?"

"We never axed him; but we hard him say 'twas Robert Maxwell."

"I see," said the doctor, writing his prescription at the kitchen table, "I see. I'm ordering him into the Workhouse Hospital."

"Thin the faver is ketchin'?" said the old woman.

"'Tis nothin' of the kind," said the doctor. "No more

than a cough or a cold. But he can't have proper attendance here."

"Begor, thin," said the old woman, bridling up, "av all we hear is thrue, the divil much of an attindance he'll have there aither."

"That's all nonsense, my good woman," said the doctor. "Old women's talk and gossip. If I were sick myself, I'd go into the hospital."

"Begor, thin, you may," said the old woman. "But onless the poor bhoy likes it himself, he'll stop where he is!"

The doctor did not reply; but went into the room again.

"You know the nature of your malady," he said to Maxwell. "You went through it before. I want to send you into hospital where you'll have proper care and attention. These good people have old-fashioned prejudices against it; an' they want to keep you here. As your malady is not contagious, I cannot insist. Please yourself."

"What hospital do you speak of?" said Maxwell, again deeply touched by the affectionate interest of these poor people.

"There's only one—the Workhouse Hospital," replied the doctor. "But it is well managed; and you'll have every care."

"Yes; an' if he die, he'll be lef' die without priesht or minister, and be buried in the ban-field," said the old woman, coming in.

"Here, I wash my hands out of the matter," said the doctor. "Of course, I'll come to see you; but in your case, nursing is everything."

Maxwell remained silent for a long time. Then, suddenly starting up, he said:

"As these good people are kind enough to keep me, I'll remain with them. The matter is in higher hands."

"All right," said the doctor, going out. "Just let me know from time to time how things are going on. You'll get that medicine and liniment and medicated cotton at the dispensary," he said to Pierry. And going out the door, he turned back suddenly, and said in an undertone:

"He's no poor boy on tramp! Take my word for it!"

And so Robert Maxwell was now, for life or death, in the hands of these unskilled and more or less ignorant peasants. He thoroughly understood his risks; but he was content.

In the afternoon he dropped into a deep slumber, broken by some fitful dreams. When he awoke, the old man this time was his nurse. He noticed some change, he thought, about the bed; and, after a good deal of musing, he discovered that the sacred pictures, which he had watched so keenly the night before, had been removed. He made the remark to the old man.

"Wisha, they thought, I suppose," he replied, "that you mightn't like them. And sure, we wouldn't like to interfere with you at all, at all, in the way of religion."

"Would you mind asking Debbie to put them back?" said Maxwell.

"Begor, no"; said the old man. "Sure, 'tis she an' the ould woman will be glad intirely."

And the pictures were put back.

This gave them some encouragement to go further. They had never broached the subject of religion to their guest, through a sense of delicacy and reverence for his own opinion. But now, his life was somewhat in danger; and his "poor sowl" became an object of much interest and solicitude.

"Wisha, now," said Owen McAuliffe, late in the evening, when the bottles had come, and the liniments had been applied and the aching limbs of the patient had been swathed in cotton, "we do be thinkin' that perhaps, as you had the doctor, you might also want to have some one to say a word or two about your sowl?"

"Is there any minister in the neighborhood?" asked Maxwell.

"Not nearer than Thralee, I'm afeard," said Owen. "There used to be a church down there where you see the tower, or ould castle; but the place was shut up years ago, and the roof was sowld."

Maxwell remained silent again a long time. At length he asked:

"What kind of gentlemen are your priests?"

"Wisha, thin, I wouldn't have mintioned them, at all, at all, to you, av you hadn't spoken yerself. But we have as nate and dacent priests as are to be found in any parish in Ireland."

"Is any of them old—I mean, advanced in years?"

"There is, begor," said Owen. "But the quare thing in-

tirely is, that the ould man is the cojutor; and the young man is the parish priesht."

"How is that?" asked Maxwell. "I thought it was the other way!"

"And so it ought to be; an' so it ought to be. But quare things happen sometimes."

He did not like to proceed further with his revelations, in presence of a Protestant. But Maxwell persisted.

"Well, thin, to make a long shtory short, it was this way," said Owen. "The ould man, a livin' saint, if there's wan in heaven, was the parish priesht here twenty years ago, an' 'tisn't bekase I say it, there never was a betther, nor a thruer father of his flock than you, me poor Father Cosgrove. Well, wan day, somethin' turned up between him an' the bishop. What it was, we don't know. Some say one thing, some say another. Any way, the poor priesht was silenced; and was sint away. 'Twas a sad and sore day for the parish. Thin, afhter a while, he was reshthored; but he had to go as cojutor; an' he wint. But he had an ould hankerin' after the place an' the people; and he axed to be sint back to us as cojutor, where he was formerly parish priesht. To the surprise of every wan, the bishop sint him back; an' here he is, an' the people would kiss the ground undernathe his feet."

"And the parish priest—is he old?"

"Ould? Yerra, no; he's young enough to be Father Michael's grandson!"

"I'll see that man," said Maxwell, after a puuse. "Would he come?"

"You may be sure he will," said Owen McAuliffe, in a state of high delight.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE SUMMITS.

The Major sat in his armchair beside his comfortable fire one of those dead, dull, leaden days in November, whilst Maxwell was passing through his critical illness. He had given a gloomy, sad, unwilling consent to his daughter's marriage with Outram. He had under great pressure, and with great mental pain, abandoned his pet project of Mabel's marriage with Maxwell, whom he now gave up as hopelessly lost; and in this, as

indeed in most other matters, he found he had to submit to the will of his capricious, but very determined, child. He had received Outram into his house as his accepted son-in-law; but he was an honest old fellow, and found it impossible to pretend to an interest he did not feel, or an affection which he could not simulate. He was tortured by two bitter feelings, which at last neutralized each other—an aversion to Outram, which he found it hard to explain, and honest anger against Maxwell, for having disappointed him so sorely. But, as there was no great principle involved where Outram was concerned, no rupture of class distinction, no violent snapping of old and cherished traditions, he was the more readily brought to tolerate him, than to forgive one who had violated all the proprieties, broken caste, and was the possible pioneer in a movement that would revolutionize the country, and bring disaster and ruin on the dominant, ascendant class. By degrees, he began to regard Maxwell as a traitor to his own; and, being an old military man, to whom treason was the unforgivable sin, he had finally determined to abandon Maxwell, and to allow Mabel's marriage with Outram.

And yet, somehow, he could not quite reconcile himself to Outram, much less make a friend or confidant of him. There was some strong feeling of repulsion which he could not explain; and, being a man of facts, who hated analysis of any kind, he did not trouble himself very much to ascertain where the motive of dislike lay hidden. It was there, and that was enough.

"I don't like the fellow, Mab," he would say, "that's all. He's well-looking, and all that; and, of course, will catch a girl's fancy. But I don't like him, that's all about it."

Mabel quoted his position at the Castle and his C. B. The Major snorted.

"There's many a cad at a Castle ball," he said, "and many a scoundrel a C. B. No, no; I don't mean to say anything against Outram. I know nothing about the fellow, except that he flogged natives in Serampoul; and is always talking about the 'whip and the sop.' I don't like that, even if the Irish are d——d scoundrels and Hottentots."

This November evening the Major was in a particularly gloomy mood. The dull, damp weather had brought on his gout again. Outram was to dine; and he had to dine alone

with his betrothed, because the Major was on "slops" and could not get away from his armchair. He was doubly impatient during that long and tedious dinner, as he thought it; and fifty times he asked the footman when it would be over. At last, Outram appeared. He was slightly flushed; but quite cool and collected as usual, as the Major pushed a decanter of port and a box of cigars before him.

"I don't know if you feel this beastly weather—this muggy, clammy, wet blanket that hangs down over this confounded country these two months. But it drives me to despair, especially as it develops this infernal gout."

And the Major shifted carefully the uneasy foot.

"You should have gone abroad in October," said Outram. "All the civilized portion of these hyperborean regions migrates to India, or at least as far as the Mediterranean until April."

The Major glared at the word "civilized," but said nothing.

"These countries are barely tolerable in summer, that is, if you have got cricket and tennis, and good weather by the sea; but that is always problematical. But in winter, *Ugh!*"

And Outram shivered with disgust.

"You seem to find it tolerable," said the Major, with a slight attempt at sarcasm.

"Yes; just tolerable!" echoed Outram. "You see, between my duties at the Castle, and looking up military matters, which I regret to say are in a hopeless condition, and looking up my estates, which are still more hopeless, I have no time to think of the weather."

"I wish Mabel heard him," thought the Major. "A man may say too little sometimes."

"I don't know," continued Outram, "how your Government could have allowed things to drift into such a rascally mess as you have here in Ireland. Why, there's more respect for law and life in Burmah than here."

"I'm not sure about the law," said the Major. "But as for life, it is not quite so bad as you think. Every Englishman thinks he carries his life in his hands, and is walking among thugs in this country."

"And is not that so?" said Outram. "Would any gentleman walk his estate unescorted in Ireland?"

"I know he wouldn't; and I'm sure he don't," said the

Major, who at once placed himself on the defensive. "No Irish landlord ever saw the inside of a tenant's cabin as yet."

"Of course not," said Outram. "I suppose if he did, they'd wash the place with holy water, and throw out the potatoes if his evil shadow rested on them."

"I see, Outram," said the Major, "you've brought home your Indian ideas. As an old Indian myself, I'd advise every returned officer to leave behind him everything, but his gold, his liver, and his curry-powder."

"I cannot agree with you, sir," said Outram, who was a little more flushed, "I am convinced that if we governed Ireland as we govern India, you would have a settled country in twelve months."

"You govern India by the *prestige* of British arms," said the Major, whose old military pride was stirred by the allusion, "Clive and Napier, Havelock and Gough are the men that are governing India to-day by the aid of—native jealousies!"

Outram by no means liked this laudation of the past at the expense of the present. He thought he had done a fair share himself towards the maintenance of British power in the East.

"It is not the ghosts of the past," he said, "but the men of the present that hold the reins of power."

"The reins are dragged too tight sometimes," said the Major. "I saw things in India the recollection of which makes me shudder."

The Major had become meditative.

"Ha! ha!" said Outram, whose brain had become clouded under too deep potations, "an old soldier to fear. What would the Buffs say?"

"It was not the fear of death or danger I alluded to," said the Major, "although that comes down on the nerves of brave men sometimes; but, by Jove, we can't stifle our consciences altogether."

"It was fortunate for us that the founders of our Indian empire had none," said Outram. "Consciences are all right for full-dress church parade on Sunday morning here and in England, when you kneel on soft cu—cushions, and hear the children sing the Anthem and the women look so—so nice and —dainty, with their hats and gloves and pretty—pretty prayer-books. But, by Jove! when you are in the thick of battle, and dealing with rascally natives, conscience is altogether out of place."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," said the Major mildly. He was unwilling to provoke a controversy now.

"Look here, Major," said Outram somewhat thickly. "I'll listen to no d——d nonsense about conjuns. The British army would never have conquered the world if they had conjuns. Eh? 'Tis all d——d nonsense about humanity and lifting up fallen races. A Paythan is a Paythan, and an Irishman is an Irishman the world over. And 'tis the bizness of an Englishman to—squelch them. It is, by ——!"

The Major was looking at him with some disgust and growing apprehension, when the footman entered and presented a telegram on a salver. It was from a central detective agency in the city, and ran thus:

"Some traces found of missing, and are pushing inquiries rapidly. Hope definite information in a few days."

"Look here, Major," continued Outram, too stupid to notice the look of pleasure on the Major's face, "ther's no use in pretending to be what we aren't. God made men different. The lion is not the skunk; and the tiger is not the cobra. They won't sit down together nowise. What does the lion do when he meets skunk? Squelches him. What does the tiger do when he meets cobra? Squelches him. So, too, a Briton is a Briton; an' a Paythan is a Paythan; and a Paddy is a Paddy. Now, what should the Briton do to the Paythan and the Paddy? Squelch him. Look, now, at that fool, Maxwell! A good fellow, but forgot himself. He forgot he was a gen'leman. Began to read all about a d——d old fool in Russia—Tolstoi; and wanted to become an Irish Tolstoi. Probably by this time he's killed and hidden in a Kerry bog."

"No"; said the Major sententiously, holding up a telegram. "He's alive. I've just heard from him."

"Ah!" said Outram, with a maudlin laugh, "too cute. By Jove! the fellow will come out of it, an' I've lost my ring."

"What ring?" said the Major, with suddenly aroused curiosity.

"Nev' mind! nev' mind, Major!" said Outram. "Bob thinks it a big thing, he! he!—a talisman. Between you and me, 'tis only one of the seal rings every Persian wears. But Maxwell was too cute. The Maxwells always were, don'che know?"

"I never heard," said the Major, across whose mind just

now a new thought, or new temptation, had come. For it had suddenly flashed on him that now, when there was a chance of finding Bob, there was also a superb chance of getting rid of this fellow forever. He had only to touch the bell and say: "Tell Miss Willoughby we'll have some tea!" and Outram was dismissed ignominiously and forever; and perhaps Bob, poor Bob, would be reinstated in his daughter's favor. It was a great temptation; and, as the Major from his reclining chair watched the flushed face and the watery eyes, and heard the thick speech of the half-drunken Outram, the thought would obtrude itself:

"Is it not a duty to Mabel to make her see what is before her? Married to this fellow. What will her future be?"

He put his finger on the bell, and for a long time waited and watched. At last he said:

"Shall I ring for tea?"

"No' for me!" said Outram thickly. "Good old port for me!"

Then, after a stupid pause:

"I shay, Major! Don' be taken in by Bob. The Max'ls were always shly and treasurous. Wai' an' I'll tell a shtory."

He paused again in his stupor.

"Wha's it? A shtory? Oh, yes! There was once a Max'l. No; tha'sh not it. There was once a duel in Scotland. A Gordon was killed; and he fled. 'Twas fair—a fair fight between gen'lemen! No; what'm I sayin'? A Campbell was killed; an' a Gordon fled. 'Twas all over. Gordon—do you un-shtand?"

"I'm following you," said the Major, very angry, holding his finger steadily on the bell.

"Well, Gor'n fled. An' shtayed away for years. At lasht, wha's it? At lasht a Max'le found him, and sez: 'Come back, ole fel', 'tis all over and forgot.' Gor'n believed him and come back. Do you undershtan'?"

The Major nodded, his finger still on the bell. Far away could be heard the tinkle of a piano, very faint and sweet. And now and again the sound of a footfall, quiet and subdued in the hall.

Outram opened his sleepy eyes and stared stupidly at the Major.

"Wha'm I sayin'? Yesh; old shtory. Gor'n came back.

Big meetin' Sawbath on's return. All clansh asshemble. 'Shut doors,' shouted Max'le, 'murderer'sh here!'"

The Major, spite of his disgust and suspense, became interested.

"Well?"

"Well, whash? Look here, Maj', ole fell'—you'se my fazzer-in-law now. Mabel is my wifesh, ishenot? Yesh; well, I was saying whash?"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major.

"Wash I? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was sheized and hanged, an' Max'le—the coward—"

"Go on!" said the Major.

"No"; said Outram, in a sudden paroxysm of anger and pride. "No; I will not go on! Who the devil are you, you ole fool—?"

This time the Major's finger pressed the gong, and a footman appeared.

"Order Mr. Outram's carriage, and at once," he said, with ill-suppressed anger.

"Yes, sir"; said the footman.

There was no more conversation. But the tinkle of the piano came from afar off, very sweet, very tender, as it spoke the thoughts that were uppermost in Mabel Willoughby's mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT PATRICK.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

Sweet land of the Gael! O sad mother who sittest alone by thy slain!
Niobe, whose sceptre is sorrow, whose crown is the garland of pain!
Look up! for thy children, triumphant, have conquered the gloom of the grave,
And live in the love of the nations, enshrined in the hearts of the brave.

Thy White Rose of Chivalry sprung from the root of the great Geraldine,
Thy Tone and thine Emmet, immortal, in bronze and in marble are seen.
Thy Sarsfield, O'Neill, and O'Donnell; lo! these are like stars in the night
Of thy grief; but a song for the heroes who perished unknown in thy fight!

A song for the soldiers and chieftains—the noble, the knightly, the young—
Who poured the pure blood of their veins on thine altars, unharped and unsung;
Who went to the sacrifice smiling, and suffered, unnamed and unknown;
Who trod the red wine-press of sorrow and drank of its vintage alone!

A song for the patriot victims of dungeon, of ax, and of rope;
Who still through the bars of their prison beheld the bright star of thy hope;
Who flung thee their lives as a ransom, and gave thee the dreams of their youth,
Sublimed by their faith in thy God, and the ultimate triumph of Truth!

And, soft as the wind in the ivy of desolate chancel and nave,
Be murmured the dirge of thy martyrs—the virginal, holy, and brave!
White-robed round the throne of the Lamb they throng with their conquering palms,
And loud 'mid the Cherubim choiring ascendeth the sound of their psalms.

Unannalled thy women, O Wexford, who clustered in vain 'neath thy Cross!
O Drogheda, doomed to the sword of the tyrant, unnumbered thy loss!
O Limerick, who shall recall them—the hosts of thy warrior dead?
What bard from oblivion, Aughrim, hath rescued thy holocausts red?

What hand hath recorded the millions who slumber 'neath ocean's wild surge,
The tempest their requiem chanting, the wail of the wind for their dirge?
Pale victims of famine and fever, sad exiles from country and home,
They sleep with the wave for their coffin and palled in funereal foam.

Look up, O sad Queen! O Niobe, who sittest alone by thy slain!
Take comfort of Christ! His beatitudes have not been spoken in vain:
Lo! theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven, who bear persecution for me!
And blessèd are they whoso mourn, for, lo! they shall comforted be!

MR. CAMPBELL'S NEW THEOLOGY.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

WITHIN the last few weeks a considerable section of the English press has been giving prominence to the views of certain clergymen under the popular, and somewhat misleading, title of the "New Theology." This "Theology" at present consists of little more than a number of crude statements, most of them negative, none of them new in any obvious sense, and all, from the Catholic point of view, highly erroneous, not to say flatly heretical. Judging by the reports and correspondence appearing in the papers, the British public is apparently somewhat surprised and much exercised to wake up and find itself Arian. Indignant protests and heated words have been hurled at the calm prophet of the "new" creed, as he honestly enough and straightforwardly put forward the bald statement of his matured views upon vital questions of religion, eschewing controversy and refusing to be drawn into any form of polemical discussion. But as a sort of compensation for the criticism he has received, if the present state of opinion, so far as it is known, warrants a judgment, the greater part of that body, of which Mr. R. J. Campbell is an accredited minister, finds itself in substantial agreement with him. He has spoken with no faltering voice * and written † with no undecided pen. It remains for time to show in how far he has given expression to the opinion of his co-religionists, and marked the advance towards rationalism pure and simple that some forms of Protestantism seem to be so rapidly making. He has not, at any rate up to the present date, been haled before the Congregational inquisitors, deposed from his office at the City Temple, or given to the flames as a backslider or a reprobate. Indeed, the trustees of the City Temple are not so sure that the terms of their trust give them any power to indict him; and, as far as can be seen, they have neither the wish nor the intention of attempting to do so.

* Address at Newcastle.

† *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1907.

No change of front in Protestant religious belief can fail to have an interest and a significance for Catholics. But we should be on our guard against jumping too rapidly to conclusions, or reading into the patent facts of a movement of this kind an importance they do not in any way possess. There have been crises of a similar nature in Protestant bodies before now—signs of change and even of disintegration: Colenso and Gorham in the Establishment; the Free Church and United Free Church dispute in Presbyterianism; Dr. Briggs and Dr. Crapsey in American Protestantism. Sometimes the effects of such crises are widespread and lasting. At other times no one, save the unfortunate cause of the convulsion, seems "a penny the worse." For us, at any rate, any startling development or upheaval, such as those that take place from time in Protestant bodies—whether directly followed by any considerable modification of the religious tenets of that body or not—cannot fail to have an interest. It is true that Catholics are not affected by such events. But they manifest the trend and tone of Protestantism in a way that no amount of "official" and stereotyped Protestant orthodoxy can do.

In the present case we have a large representation of Congregationalism, with a nominal belief on most theological points closely approximating to that of the English Church rudely awakened from its orthodox lethargy to find—that it is not substantially in disagreement with new and nominally unorthodox views. It is an interesting situation, and one that calls for some little consideration. It would be still more interesting to know how many adherents of other forms of Protestantism find their own unexpressed views in accordance with those of Mr. Campbell. He, at least, has had the courage of his convictions and opinions. He speaks openly and frankly; and if hardly as definitely as we might perhaps wish, it is rather the fault of an indefinite system and a groping thought than his. He does his best to let us know what he thinks.

The first striking point of the "New Theology" is its name. True, Mr. Campbell, as well as the three first fruits of his movement—Mr. Anderson, of Sidcup; Mr. Pringle, of Purley; and Mr. Sadler, of Wimbleton—enter a protest against it. But the voice of popular opinion has gone forth and labeled the tenets of the school "New Theology." So, with a protest, they allow it to stand. Of course it is not new. Neither is it,

properly speaking, "theology." On the most cursory examination, the theologian would unhesitatingly pronounce the doctrines advanced by Mr. Campbell a mixture of Arianism, Pelagianism, and Origenism. These heresies are fairly old, as things go, and have been heard of more than once in the course of the Church's history.

The philosopher would recognize, without much difficulty, in the statements of the "New Theology" the varied influences that have played their part and contributed their quota to this somewhat negative "creed." As the "New Theology" is, properly speaking, a philosophy and not a theology at all, in the correct sense, I shall return to this point later on. In the meantime, it may well be noted that once revelation, in the sense of a body of definite truth being given to mankind from without, is rejected, any theology must sink at once to the position of a natural complement to philosophy, and, as a part of philosophy, can be very well confuted—or proved—by natural reason.

The man of science—science up to date and clothed in the pedantic garb of the philosopher, such as Darwin wore or his successor Haeckel affects—to whom Mr. Campbell's "Theology" is mainly addressed, will find himself on familiar ground when traversing the regions of his belief. It must be distinctly understood that I do not wish my readers to infer that, for one instant, I suppose Mr. Campbell to be insincere or possessing the slightest *arrière pensée* in giving his teaching to the world. As a matter of fact, I am firmly persuaded that quite the contrary is the case. But, since science has formulated the theory, or hypothesis, of evolution, and extended it unreservedly to all departments of natural phenomena; and since, by his very habit of mind, the man of science will be only too ready to welcome its unqualified introduction into the heretofore somewhat carefully guarded position of orthodox Protestant theology, the exceedingly strong, though tacit, assumption of the truth of the hypothesis of evolution, even as applied to the truths upon which religious systems rest, will go very far towards catching, and possibly keeping, the scientist in some sort of touch with a watered-down form of Christianity.

Mr. Campbell, the Congregational clergyman, has much in common with Sir Oliver Lodge, the man of science. He tells us that he has much in common with the Socialists, naming, in particular, Mr. Keir Hardie.

Undoubtedly, if the leaders of religion are to be reduced to the position of demagogues; if they are to constitute themselves the appointed reconciliators of religion with the changing theories with which various scientists from time to time startle the world, they have given up any claim they ever possessed to be the dispensers of the Word of God or the Ministers of the Gospel.

To what extent this conciliatory and reconciling spirit is prepared to go is evident in the published opinions of Mr. Campbell. His views embrace such topics as the Divinity of Christ, the Fall of Man, the Atonement, Free Will, Eternal Punishment, Biblical Authority, and Theism.

(I.) God is not a Supreme Being transcendently contrasted to the world of created beings. He is "the infinite reality whence all things proceed." . . . "The finite universe is one aspect for expression of that reality. . . ." "There is no real distinction between humanity aud God. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited."

(II.) Christ is the highest type of humanity—humanity understood in the terms of the foregoing statement that God and humanity have no "real distinction." "Jesus is the perfect example of what humanity ought to be." "Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the Eternal Christ, that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come forth."

(III.) There is no such thing, in fact, as the Fall. Mankind struggles upward and evolves towards an increasing perfection by turning "whole-wards" instead of "self-wards." Selfishness, therefore, is the negation of personal goodness.

(IV.) As to Free-Will: the doctrine holding us blameworthy for deeds we cannot help is false. This, at least, the Catholic reader will note, is a protest against Calvinism and, by implication at least, against Antinomianism as well, in favor of the orthodox Catholic doctrine. There are some scintillations of theological common sense even in the "New Theology."

(V.) There is no Eternal Punishment. At the end, and after successive stages of advance, the soul becomes one with its infinite source—and this fully and consciously. The implication of Pantheism is unmistakable, as is that also of *post mortem* evolution. How the infinite can partition and limit itself off, as it were, into unconscious fragments, that tend to become

consciously one with it, is a puzzle that neither Pantheism nor the "New Theology" has, as yet, undertaken to explain.

(VI.) The Bible—the one dogmatic mainstay of private judgment Protestants as against authoritatively taught Catholics—goes by the board. No longer is it the unique test or teacher of orthodoxy. It is no more than a collection of writings to be considered as a record of religious experience, unique indeed, but to be as freely criticized and, inferentially, accepted or rejected as any other book.

(VII.) As to Theism: Mr. Campbell's views on the nature of man and of Christ are sufficient grounds to go upon in pronouncing that his teaching is Pantheistic. There can be no doubt upon this point; and the prominent way in which his name is coupled with that of Sir Oliver Lodge can leave little room for opinion. The articles and speeches of the latter, who approaches the question from the point of view of modern speculative science, are frankly Pantheistic. Those of the "New Theology" do not trouble to dispute the fact, though they reach the conclusion, ostensibly at least, from a different point of departure.

Matthew Arnold once wrote that religion was no more than "morality touched with emotion." What the religion, in the Catholic sense, of this new school may be, it is difficult to say. There need be no doubt but that it is in every way earnest and, according to its lights, thoroughly honest. But it seems to be a religion, as far as we can judge at all, that has much —though not all—in common with the enlightened philosophers of paganism, and nothing with that of the Christian Church. It may be questioned whether the dubious advantage of enticing men of science, on their own terms, into touch with Christianity warrants a destructive reconstruction of Christian teaching. One may ask if such a procedure is, to put it mildly, prudent, or wise.

But there can be no hesitation, in this case at least, of judging that the "New Theologians" are themselves more preoccupied with the theories and hypotheses of science than with the teaching of Jesus Christ. Science, as interpreted by philosophy, may—and logically ought to—tend to a personal theism, a belief in the immortality of the human soul, a system of ethics based upon these truths and sanctioned by rewards and punishments, the expectation, at least, of a revelation from

God to man. The science of which the "New Theology" has taken account has apparently done nothing of the kind; and the "New Theology" itself seems to be incapable of furnishing the proper and necessary information to science. The "essential oneness" of God and man does not make, certainly, for personality on either side, or for responsibility, on the part of man, to his Creator.

If we wish to cut at once to the root of this "New Theology," brushing aside for the moment the wealth of accretion in which it is imbedded, we have but to turn to the new theory of the "immanence" of God. This theory, as it stands, is by no means confined to Mr. Campbell or the adherents of the "New Theology" in the camp of the Congregationalists. It has its exponents in the Church of England, and there are some in whom, if not its plain statement, at least its tendency is to be observed even among Catholics. The "immanence" of God is here opposed to the "transcendence" of orthodox theology, as the foundation stone upon which the new faith is built. And this "immanence," or indwelling, that the "New Theology" would substitute for transcendence, really means nothing less than an utter identification of God with his created universe. There is, says the representative of this immemorially new school, no "real" difference or distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's, although at present our consciousness of the fact is limited. Later on we shall know, when, through successive changes, we become one with our infinite source.

Such statements raise at once a cloud of philosophical questions with which, for fairly obvious reasons, we are unable to deal here. But the Pantheistic trend—not to say categoric statement—they bear is patent. Such is the "New Theology."

Let us see, for purposes of comparison, how the Catholic conception of "immanence" agrees with that to which we allude. It is—be it repeated—*the* crucial point of the new system. Catholics hold, not less upon philosophical grounds than on theological, that God is intimately present to the totality of his creation; or, better expressed, that his creation "is" in him. The act of creation is not enough to keep the universe in being. A sustaining, and a continual sustaining, power is necessary. Without it all would sink back to its original nothingness—*sui et subjecti*—whence it was created. This is mys-

terious, subtle, incomprehensible, if you will; but it is not against reason or inconceivable. The First Cause, the Prime Motor, the Personal God, is present in his creation by his preserving power, by his ubiquity, by his knowledge. All that takes place in nature, the working of the complex and wonderful operations that are known as its laws, takes place in virtue of the immanence of God. But he is not present by identity with his creatures. The distinction between the world and God is a real one; a distinction as great as, and greater than we can conceive. To define it exactly would presuppose an intimate and complete knowledge of the terms distinguished; and a complete knowledge of God is beyond human powers. To confuse the terms and deny the distinction is less fatiguing; but it is at the same time an arbitrary and false procedure.

If there is any one thing that we can learn from nature it is that it is not God. The unification of knowledge, far from being helped by a conception of the universe as a kind of self-manifestation of the deity, is in reality utterly destroyed by it. If there is any one truth that conscience asserts with positive and unfaltering accents, imperatively, perpetually, and universally, it is that *we* are not God. It is the loose and intangible form in which assertions to the contrary are made, and the uncritical way in which they are popularly accepted, that is mainly responsible for the confusion. While the Catholic theologian and philosopher, then, asserts an immanence of God in nature—a threefold presence of sustaining power, knowledge, and ubiquity*—he also very properly and necessarily proclaims the absolute and essential transcendence of the Creator.

God and his world are not the same thing, nor are the spiritual and the material but two sides or aspects of one and the same underlying reality. Readers familiar with the system of Spinoza will discover not a few affinities between the thought of the "New Theology" and that of the Jewish pantheist—atheist he has sometimes been called.

This conception of "immanence" that marks the direction of the "New Theology" has important and far-reaching consequences. Its bearing upon the theoretical nature of revelation is revolutionary. And, since it is not a conception peculiar to Mr. Campbell or his school, but one that has found

* *Cf. Summa.* 1a, Q. viii., A. iii.; Franzelin, *De Deo Uno*, Th. xxxiv. God is immanent *per essentiam, præsentiam, et potentiam.*

supporters in other, and, in some cases, in unexpected, quarters, it may be well to point out in how it cuts through the doctrine of a divine revelation to mankind. This it does by substituting for the orthodox another form of revelation and another manner in which man arrives at spiritual truth. Religion, in sum, consists of the experience of the individual. God, as in-dwelling, is intimately present to his mind; and this not only as preserving and illuminating, but as identified, in a real sense, with it. It follows that any communication, in the old and accepted meaning, is not only superfluous but impossible. There is no being, apart from nature and personally distinct from man, to make any such communication. Whatever shreds of knowledge the mind is able to pick out of the tangle of its own religious experience, whatever strands it can unravel from the gossamer webs of speculative science or philosophy, become the dogmatic truths of a revelation that finds its highest authority and sanction in the mind's own choice. They are, as they obviously must be, pale, unsubstantial, emasculated—positions laid down by a philosophy that soars too high and falls back to earth with broken pinions. Naturally enough, the Bible—that only self-sufficient guide of early Protestants—sinks to the level of ordinary literature. At most it is the record of religious experiences in the past, and presents certain types of religious experience of a very high order. But, since mind and science and criticism are progressive, it was only to be expected that, sooner or later, the Bible would be brought to book and rejected as an inspired record of God's dealings with mankind.

The whole position of the "New Theology"—Mr. Campbell calls it a "tendency"—is a luminous illustration of the working out of a principle to its logical conclusion. The principle is that of private judgment; and the "New Theology" marks a definite stage in its evolution. Having been responsible for the restlessness and change that has broken up Protestantism into so many incoherent fragments, it pulls up suddenly at a scarcely disguised rationalism. Perhaps it was not worth the trouble of disguising, in view of the fact that Protestantism has been long moving in that direction. Perhaps the "New-Theologians" did not wish to disguise it. To their credit be it said that they have not attempted to do so.

While the movement, the trend of thought, cannot fail to be

of deep interest to us Catholics as the logical fulfilment of a consummation foreseen from the beginning, we should be careful to be on our guard against the floating ideas that, at length, have taken definite shape in Mr. Campbell's teaching. The atmosphere is charged with them. They are often hazy, nebulous, impalpable, and they are apt to make an impression even before we are aware of the fact that they have come under our notice. All of us have personal religious experiences—Catholics more, rather than less, than most people. Those religious experiences, strong as they themselves may be and lasting as their effects, must never be mistaken for the rule of faith. Indeed belief, in some shape or form, whether it be the faith of the Catholic or the opinion of the Protestant, must precede experience, not follow it. It is an inversion of the logical and psychological order to suppose the contrary. We must know in order to hope or to love. The emotions cannot move unless some object be present to the consciousness.

But the last word has not yet been said. The "New Theology" has dragged the gods down from their pedestals into the dusty workshop of criticism, where human reason blunders about with hammer and cold chisel, chipping off their features and mutilating their shapeliness. It has substituted the vagaries of thought for the certainty of revelation, and exchanged a God-given truth for human speculation. For the moment its statements, although negative, are fairly definite. But the history of human speculation is too well known not to make it sure that this new departure, if it lasts, will travel on forever in an unceasing and wearying cycle, never touching finality, never reaching certainty, never achieving anything definite. Minds will be restless and perplexed, hearts anxious and craving, for a consummation that is perpetually coming but never reached; and out of the babel of the teachers and the clamor for truth of the taught, the sad voice of the old-fashioned Protestant will ring out: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The heart needs something more to love than the dry bones of a fashionable science or a refined philosophy; and reason will not rest satisfied with a rule of faith that has a source no higher than emotional religious experience. In one—and only in one—"Theology" can the demands of both be satisfied: and that is in the certain revelation of a transcendent God made to man for his complete acceptance. Its springs

must flow from deeper sources than emotion; though emotion will play its part in the religion it inspires. Its sanction must be higher than mere reason, for its content is beyond the power of reason to propound. Though this consideration cannot prove conclusively that such a "theology" exists, it can and does make use of the fact that human nature expects and needs it. The historic claim of Christianity is its complement and fulfilment.

Two points stand out clearly in the "New Theology" as opposed to the old—its metaphysical and psychological hypothesis of "immanence," and its utter abandonment to the relativity of knowledge. The religious teaching—or denial—it bases upon these foundations is of no more substance than they can bear. The first point fairly bristles with difficulties and, at best, is a form of Pantheism that is as revolting to the conscience as it is philosophically false. The second stultifies the "New Theology," in that it reduces all its teaching to approximate shots at a truth that never will and never can be attained.

Whether any considerable section of the Congregationalist, or of other bodies, will endorse Mr. Campbell's views remains, as I have said, to be seen. They will certainly be considered by many as an indication that the principle of private judgment has worked itself out to the bitter end. Catholics may well regret that the old Protestantism is breaking up before the rush of new ideas; but they cannot forget that, as far as the actual possession of faith is concerned, professors of the new opinions are in no different position from that occupied by professors of the old. And it may be that the crisis, far from proving inimical to the welfare of souls, will lead earnest Protestants to review their position and to embrace the truth of revelation with all those consequences that are so familiar and so obvious to ourselves.

THE RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE.—II.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

A MICROSCOPIC search through the great volume of protest uttered by American Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, against the recent proceedings of the French government would not discover a single remark that could be interpreted as an approval of the doctrine that Church and State ought to be united and that it is the duty of the State, in its corporate capacity, to worship God and to support a religion. Yet, turn to the Encyclical, "Vehementer Nos," addressed by the Holy Father to the French episcopate and clergy and to the French nation at large, and you find that his first and gravest charge against the government is that its action is the embodiment of "the most false and most pernicious" doctrine, that separation of Church and State is necessary. And, proceeding to expound the reasons which condemn this doctrine, he declares that the principle on which it rests, namely, that human society, as a society, owes no public worship to God, is an injury to the Almighty. Besides, he continues, the State's whole duty is not accomplished by providing merely for the temporal welfare of the citizens. It is bound, also, not merely not to hinder, but positively to promote their eternal salvation.

This doctrine Rome has proclaimed, and enforced by the direst spiritual penalties, not unfrequently by the sword, at least since the day on which Pope Leo III., more than a thousand years ago, placed the crown of the Roman Cæsars on the head of the victorious Frank. The doctrine that the State owes worship to God, and is bound to consult for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the people, is one of the two pillars on which the entire system of the public law of the Church has been reared. The other is that the Catholic Church, divinely instituted and commissioned to teach and guide all men, is a sovereign society endowed with the power to enact laws, and to enforce them with whatever penalties may be re-

quired to render them effective. Superior to the State, both in her origin and in virtue of the superiority of the end which she pursues, she has the right to exact from the political ruler whatever temporal co-operation she may deem requisite for the prosecution of her work. "The Almighty, therefore," says Leo XIII., "has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, the other over human things." The secular power is subject to the spiritual, and is bound to be guided by it in everything that involves religious interests.

In confirmation of the accuracy of the above exposition—as far as it goes—one may turn, indifferently, either to the popes and canonists of to-day, or to the popes and canonists of the Middle Ages. Everywhere we hear the same voice, though the tone and temper vary with the ages. Its thunderous reverberations made nations quake and monarchs tremble in their capitals when Hildebrand excommunicated Henry IV., and compelled the imperial culprit, suing for pardon in penitential frock, to stand for three days barefooted amid the snows of Canossa. It was to assert itself still more masterfully in the person of Innocent III. when compelling a French king to take back his injured wife, granting protection or mediation to Armenia, Poland, Hungary, Denmark, and excommunicating the Barons of Runnymede for having dared to wrest the great charter of freedom from his vassal, their worthless king. As another era was dawning, Boniface VIII. tried, in the case of another French king, to repeat the triumph of his predecessor—and failed. The imperial accent was heard for the last time when Pius V. excommunicated Elizabeth and gave his blessing to the great fleet that was expected to reduce rebellious England to a province of Spain.

From the temper and the immediate aims of those Popes it is a long way to the "Immortale Dei," in which Leo XIII., speaking in the fashion of a teacher, rather than of a potentate laying down an ultimatum to be backed up with the arms of the Church, expounds the abstract rights of the Holy See. Yet there, too, is laid down the principle that it is "a sin in the State not to have care for religion, as if it were something beyond the State's scope; or, out of many religions, to adopt that which chimes in with its fancy; for we are bound absolutely to worship God in that way which he has signified to

be his will." And the Pontiff proceeds to unfold the arguments for the divinity of the Church. He leaves to the canonists the task of providing the explication of his teaching.

They, when filling out Leo's firmly drawn sketch, keep one eye on the pages of their predecessors, and the other upon the fabric of mediæval society. The Church's exercise of authority over the civil government finds its most spacious illustration in the crusades when, at the command of the Pope, the kings of the West led their legions to attack the Mohammedan enemy; it is manifested in the truce of God, which obliged princes to lay aside, for a period, their mutual quarrels, and in the compulsion put upon the Jews to wear a distinctive dress. In case of a dispute between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers regarding their respective interests in matters where their orbits cross each other, the right of decision belongs exclusively to the Church; her ministers are to be judged by herself alone; while, on the other hand, kings themselves are subject to her jurisdiction, both as private individuals, and in their official character. Here we have the principles which were at stake in the long struggles between the papacy and, first, the German emperors, afterwards, the kings of France and England. What, according to canonists of the present day, of whom we may accept the late Cardinal Cavagnis* as the acknowledged representative, does the civil magistrate's duty of protecting and aiding the Church involve? He ought to defend the true religion by legislation, and, if necessary, by armed force. He must prevent the introduction of sects and heresies, and if any such indigenously appear, he must stamp out all public manifestations of them. The desired subordination of the civil power, in this respect, was exhibited by the working of the Roman Inquisition—the Spanish, which was as much a political as an ecclesiastical engine, sometimes exceeded its legitimate functions. Whether the Church herself has the power of inflicting the death penalty has been long a moot point among canonists. Their want of unanimity, however, did not prevent the due punishment of the heretic. His guilt or innocence, involving, as it did, a question of doctrine, was a matter for the ecclesiastical tribunal alone; and the Church jealously excluded the civil authorities from infringing on her proper territory. But once the ecclesiastical judge had pronounced the criminal guilty,

* *Institutiones Juris Publici Ecclesiæ.* Romæ. 1906.

he was handed over to the secular arm to be executed. If the civil magistrate showed himself apathetic in awarding the statutory punishments, or if he failed to assist diligently the inquisitor in his search for heresy, the Church had always the means of awakening him to a sense of his duty. Thus Lucius and Innocent II., dissatisfied with some slack Italian rulers, ordered them to swear before their bishops that they would faithfully put into execution the fierce laws of Frederic II. against the heretic; if they failed, they were to be stricken with excommunication and interdict.

Positive protection of the Church, Cardinal Cavagnis shows, calls for the prohibition of the introduction of any other religion. Liberty of worship and civil equality are not to be introduced, for such liberty is, in itself, a great evil. This, the canonist carefully observes, refers only to the case of a Catholic country in which such liberty does not already exist. When, as we shall see later, such liberty obtains, or when other religions have already gained a footing, the case assumes an entirely different aspect, and the ruler's duty, in the abstract unchanged, is modified by the actual concrete circumstances by which he is confronted.

Anybody to whom the above doctrine is new will, perhaps, find himself registering a protest which has already found expression, a thousand times, in words. "What, has the Catholic Church, then, two sets of weights and measures, one for herself, the other for the stranger? When she is weak she demands freedom of religion, when she is strong, she refuses it to others! Is not this precisely the charge of intolerance that we level against the early Puritans? Who more nobly than they, when they were persecuted in England, demanded liberty of conscience as the God-given right of every man? Who more bitterly than they refused this right to every other sect when they had established themselves in the Bay colony? There is truth, then, after all, in the sneer that Catholics are the staunch advocates of religious liberty—when they are a minority!"

That protagonist of French Catholicism in the past generation, Louis Veuillot, who had always the courage of his convictions, however extreme they might be, in reply to an opponent who taunted him in the above sense, boldly answered: "Yes; in the name of your principles, we demand of you, when you are in power, that liberty which, in the name of ours, we

refuse to you when we are in power." However admirable for its conciseness, this way of putting the case could scarcely be considered as overpowering. A more detailed apology is made by Cardinal Cavagnis, who also with a bold front faces the difficulty. To lay herself open, he argues, to the charge of self-contradiction, and of using two standards, the Church would have to claim liberty for herself in virtue of some right shared in common by her and by the heterodox. But this she does not do. She calls on the Catholic prince to favor Catholicism, not because it is his religion, but because it is the true religion; the Church knows herself to be the only true religion, therefore she excludes others from the protection and liberty to which they have no native right. If, continues the Cardinal, the Church finds herself in a country where liberty is conceded to other religions she asks that, at least, the same privilege be acceded to her. When the subjects of a Catholic ruler become heterodox, says the Cardinal, if they have done so in bad faith, they sin and deserve no protection in their wickedness. If they are in good faith, they acquire indeed an apparent title, but this cannot prejudice the Church's own genuine right to enjoy the monopoly of liberty.

II.

Hostile writers, desirous of nourishing the prejudice that the claims of the Catholic Church are a standing menace to modern liberty, studiously conceal, or unconsciously ignore, one fact which, notwithstanding the resemblance between the doctrine of the Vatican to-day and that of the mediæval pontiffs—a resemblance which we have not minimized in the preceding pages—profoundly differentiates the two positions in reference to the actual, concrete world in which we live. To produce the impression that the papal claims would be forced upon the modern countries where Catholicism is but one among many religions, as it was forced upon the Albigenses, texts of different ages are strung together, indicating the element that is continuous in doctrine—others are neglected. Selections from "Clericis Laicos" and "Unam Sanctam" are spliced to propositions from the Syllabus of Pius IX., or particular passages from the "Mirari Vos" of Gregory XVI. and the "Immortale Dei" of Leo XIII. The Middle Ages are resorted to for object lessons of the mean-

ing of the words. The moral is, then, easy to draw. It is, that the Vatican lacks only the necessary political power to commence against the Protestants of England or America a campaign of extermination under the conduct of some modern Simon de Monfort and the Dominican order, or to burn our agnostics and free-thinkers as it burned Giordano Bruno. Only a sense of the ridiculous, it would seem, restrains Pius X. from repeating the extravagances of Boniface, and to the pilgrims of some modern jubilee, exhibiting himself on the throne of Constantine, arrayed with crown, sceptre, and sword, shouting aloud: "I am Cæsar—I am Emperor!"

One requires but slight acquaintance with the mind of America to understand that there is no shorter way to keep alive distrust of Catholicism than to represent the union of Church and State as one of its unchangeable, indispensable tenets. In American eyes, this country's first title to glory and to the gratitude of mankind, "its chief contribution to the formative ideas of civilization," its most salient note of individuality is that it has fixed inextricably in its Constitution the principle of religious liberty. That principle as enunciated by a great constitutional lawyer is: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship may be conceived as one of the absolute rights of the individual, recognized by our American Constitution and secured by law." The feeling of the people at large towards any authoritative attempt at curtailing this right we may take to be expressed in the words of another legal authority: "Thus a human government interferes between the Creator and his creature, intercepts the devotion of the latter, or condescends to permit it only under political regulations. From injustice so gross and impiety so manifest multitudes sought an asylum in America, and hence she ought to be the hospitable and benign receiver of every variety of religious opinion." An apologist for the share of such persecution inflicted by Catholic rulers in past days, would observe that when they repressed liberty of worship, behind the civil authority was the authority of the Church, who alone possesses by divine appointment the right to teach mankind. However softly such an answer might be made it would be more likely to enkindle than to turn away wrath. The men who drew up the American Constitution were neither religious propagandists nor theorists, but practical statesmen. They were prompted to make

provision for religious liberty, as much, perhaps, from the pressure of expediency as from personal religious convictions. Yet there is no doubt but that the theology of Roger Williams had contributed largely to form the public opinion which inspired the Founders and sustained their work. Now, probably without any conscious reference to the language of the mediæval popes and doctors, Roger Williams had formulated his principle in sharp antithesis to the thesis of the two swords: "It is the will and command of God that, since the coming of his Son, the Lord Jesus, a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or anti-Christian consciences and worship be granted to all men, in all nations and countries; and they are to be fought against with the Sword, which only in soul matters is able to conquer, to wit, the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God."

In subsequent years, with the tide of emigration, came a great influx of Catholics, from countries where the union of Church and State had inflicted upon their ancestors persecution and spoliation, upon themselves political disability and social inferiority. These men and women gave thanks to God for the Land of Promise, not merely because it offered them a prospect of improving their fortunes, but above all, because it guaranteed to them as a legal right with which no individual, and no magistrate, might interfere, complete religious liberty. The children and grandchildren of the emigrant have grown up in this atmosphere of freedom. They have witnessed the separation of Church and State not only promote the general peace and good feeling, but also redound to the conspicuous progress of the Church. They perceived that the nation's loyalty to the principle paralyzed the occasional, isolated endeavors prompted by local bigotry to deny them fair play. The clergy, too, for the most part, confident of the Church's spiritual efficiency to fulfil her mission by persuasion, exhortation, and entreaty—to borrow a phrase from Leo XIII.—have been not unwilling to forget that her rulers elsewhere, and at other times, have required that the Kingdom of the Spirit should be maintained by the sword of Cæsar. If they consulted history for the story of that co-partnership, they were disposed to moralize not merely on the good fruit which it bore, but also upon the evils of which there was likewise a plentiful crop.

The result of all this historic travail is that the average

American Catholic lends a reluctant ear to the doctrine of the union of Church and State. Speaking of Sir Thomas More's belief in transubstantiation, Macaulay remarked that the faith which stands that test will stand any test. But the strain on the loyalty of the Church's children here, which cheerfully accepts every dogma of religion, would face its most perilous ordeal if it were called upon to include in its creed and act of faith the doctrine that Church and State are to be united. Those who have learned the theological teaching on the matter allow it, habitually, to sink into the depths of their subconsciousness. Very recently, in the city of New York, an immense meeting of Catholics took place to protest against the present persecution of the Church in France. The spirit of devotion to faith and to the Holy See which animated that vast audience could be surpassed nowhere in the world. The name of the Holy Father and every affirmation of Catholic loyalty and principles, were greeted with intense and fervent applause. And with no less enthusiasm the assembly responded to the speakers who made proud profession of the American principle, that it is the sacred right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and all political interference with religion is unjust. It is not difficult to fancy what would have been the effect, if the demon of mischief had prompted some one to rise and indignantly protest that Christianity only realizes its ideal when Church and State are united. If the foregoing pages contained the entire exposition of papal doctrine on Church and State, or, if we were obliged to find the total historical explication of it only in the doings of the Middle Ages, and the two or three centuries immediately subsequent to them, it would seem hopeless to attempt any approach to a reconciliation between Roman ideas and American convictions. Fortunately, however, such is far from being the actual case.

III.

Besides the foregoing, the public law of the Church has another, and for us much more important, chapter which will be taken into account later on. That one which has, thus far, been expounded has for its object to deal with the abstract, absolute right of the Church, without considering the conditions which must be present in order that those absolute rights

may be legitimately urged in the concrete. The one condition indispensable for this supreme claim of the Church to pass into practical vigor is, and always has been, non-existent in this country; it exists scarcely anywhere in the world at present, and the movement of the age is steadily eliminating it from the modern world. That condition did exist, at least in theory, during the Middle Ages; and, for that very reason, they exhibited an organization of society in which the absolute right and the relative, or concrete, right were, in the estimate of both popes and peoples, identical. Herein lies the unfairness of those who revert to the history of those times in order to demonstrate the bearing of the Vatican's actual claims, in the present age, in countries like our own.

In the mediæval world, Christendom was all one religious family, under the Supreme Pontiff. His authority was supported by universal sentiment; it was an essential element of the public law of Europe. The head of the Roman Catholic Church was, by universal consent, at the head of the hierarchy of sovereigns who ruled the entire Western world. It did not enter into the mind of any people to conceive another state of affairs. He was the acknowledged centre of the entire European polity. He was invoked by princes who felt themselves aggrieved by others; he was the dread court of last appeal for peoples who were oppressed by tyrannical or incapable rulers. His interference in the highest affairs of states was regarded much as we now regard his setting aside the candidates presented by a local hierarchy, in favor of one chosen by himself, or his advisers, for a vacant bishopric. Those who lost their case by his decision generally grumbled, and not infrequently rebelled. But their words or deeds of protest were directed against what they considered an abuse of power, not against the power itself. The fine indignation, leveled so frequently by our modern writers against the tyranny and insolence of Rome, betrays a lack of the historical sense. This fact is pointed out by the English historian Green, in the classic case of King John's abject submission to Rome.* "In after times," writes Green, "men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. 'He has become the pope's man,' the whole country was said to have murmured, 'he has forfeited the very name of

* *A History of the English People.* Book III. No. 191.

king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf.' But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling, which this step and its issues did more than anything to foster, made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete." The whole fabric of mediæval civilization, as Mr. Bryce repeatedly observes,* rested on the idea of a visible Church, universal in all lands, of the spiritual as superior to the temporal, while both are ordained of God. It must be remembered, too, that the heretic, as a rebel against the Church, was looked upon as, by the very fact, an enemy to the institution upon which the whole social structure rested. The civil magistrate considered him in the same light as a modern government regards an active anarchist, and treated him accordingly. When the secular authority inflicted punishment on those condemned by the ecclesiastical, it was but putting its own laws into execution.

We are not bound to believe that popes, in their juridical character, never made mistakes, never acted unworthily, never abused their great office. Nor does orthodoxy forbid any one to acknowledge the teaching of history that some of them were slow to observe those signs of the times, during periods of transition, which should have warned them that the conditions which warranted them in exercising and actively pressing their absolute claims and rights were passing away. Forgetting that the England of Elizabeth was not the England of John, Pius V., by excommunicating the queen and declaring her subjects released from their oath of allegiance, confirmed the wavering nation in Protestantism.

After the shock of the Reformation had subsided, there was a new Europe; the old constitution of society had ceased to be; in many countries the Pope's authority had been completely repudiated; other religions were in possession, and over northern Europe Catholicism was pleading for permission to exist. In some other lands it still retained predominance, and clung tenaciously, as long as possible, to the old order of things; and,

* *The Holy Roman Empire.*

chiefly through concordats, or treaties entered into with the civil power, retained, though frequently at a ruinous cost, some of its old ascendency. In Spain the State is still engaged to the Holy See to prohibit, with a very few exceptions which foreign diplomacy has imposed, all public worship by non-Catholics.

Now, it is not difficult to understand that a Pope, who, by the nature of his office, becomes the incarnation of Catholic continuity, when about to write an encyclical, or make any other public pronouncement, on the subject which, for a thousand years, has held the world's attention, must embrace the whole situation in a survey, at once retrospective and ecumenical. Then he views the separation of Church and State with one auspicious and one drooping eye. When this country arrests his attention, he beholds "the Church, from scant and slender beginnings, grown with rapidity to be great and exceedingly flourishing"; and he acknowledges that, after the episcopal zeal, thanks, for this splendid development, "are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in this well-ordered Republic." But may not this approbation of the *régime* of separation seem to slight the constant service of the antique world? Is it for the Pope to strengthen the hands of those who, in Catholic countries, are endeavoring to abolish the still surviving legacies of another dispensation, and to substitute for union a condition in which separation will mean not, as in America, liberty for the Church, but a subjection to the civil authority, such as the anti-Christian government of France has craftily planned? Evidently not. So he obviates such an interpretation of his preceding words by adding: "It would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced."

At least as long as there exists anywhere between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers an arrangement which extends special privileges and patronage to Catholicism, no doubt the Holy See will continue, when occasion arises, to commend as of old the principle of union. One of the most effective endowments of the Church, however, has been her capacity for adapting herself to changing surroundings. Her rulers have, in the main and with very rare exceptions, displayed an insight for the

practical which has won the admiration even of their enemies. If, over a sufficiently long stretch of history, we examine the course of the Holy See, if we compare pontiff with pontiff, century with century, country with country, we can perœive a movement, slow, indeed, and sometimes seemingly reluctant, but, none the less, well-defined and unremitting, towards an adjustment of the traditional policy of the Vatican to confront the new phases of social and political organization. Now over an immense area of civilization separation is an accomplished fact; and the trend of the age is towards a further extension of this arrangement. Already more than 150 millions of Catholics, including those of the entire English-speaking world, live under it Yesterday France joined the majority; and it may be remarked, as a consequence, for the first time in hundreds of years the episcopate was free to convene, and the Holy Father was able to select for vacant sees pastors after his own heart without the State having any acknowledged right to interfere. Whether men regard it as a calamity or as a blessing, as the work of the devil, or the disposition of Omnipotent Providence, the fact is that the Church is being reduced, more and more, to relying exclusively on her own spiritual forces for the prosecution of her mission, and of limiting her actual demands upon the civil power to due respect, on their part, for her independence and autonomy. It is conceivable that, as a consequence of this fact, her rulers, in their wisdom, may gradually reach, practically, the conviction that the interests of faith call upon them, only with diminishing frequency, to inculcate upon the world the scope of that absolute right which postulates for its exercise a universal religious unity of minds that now exists, if at all, only in a comparatively narrow section of the Church's field.

When the historian or the thinker undertakes to determine whether the Church's status in a given time and place is satisfactory, conformable to her character, favorable to her spiritual activity, he has at his disposal two distinct criteria. He may choose to examine and decide the question solely from consideration of the public position enjoyed by the Church, viewed as an ecclesiastical corporation, a sovereign society; or, he may seek to solve his problem by investigating how she is achieving her divine purpose among the individuals who compose her. These distinct methods will not, necessarily, or in every case,

lead to identical conclusions. If the investigator selects the former standpoint, he will consider how far the claims of the Church, as a sovereign, supreme society, are acknowledged by the civil government. Does the State maintain a first class embassy at the Vatican? Does it accord to the representative of the Holy See precedence over the ambassadors of merely secular powers? Has the hierarchy a commanding place in the councils of the executive? Are its members treated with official deference, and surrounded with the marks of honor paid to dignitaries of the realm? Does the civil law defer to and support the canonical, and safeguard the immunities of the clergy? If he finds that on these and similar points the State complies with the traditional demands of the ecclesiastical body, his verdict must be that the status of the Church is highly satisfactory. He need not enter into any minute inquiry concerning the observance of Sunday, the attendance at Mass, the frequentation of the Sacraments, or the proportion of male adults who make their Easter Communion.

Perhaps, however, the investigator, being of a philosophic turn of mind, before starting on his problem, may, rightly, reason that the Church, as a corporation, with all her hierarchical organization, is but a means to an end. The powers she possesses, the rights which she enjoys, the correlative duties of the State, have been instituted only to spread the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men. Inspired by this reflection our philosopher will trouble himself but little about court and council hall and salon, and "all the solemn plausibilities of the world." He will, instead, try to guage the strength of the influence exerted by the Gospel of Christ over the hearts of the people. If he finds that religion is strong, active, and fruitful in works, he will declare that in the region which has come under his observation the status of Catholicism is satisfactory. Should he address his report to that people, it will be couched in terms somewhat as follows: "The prosperous condition of Catholicity in your country must be ascribed, first, indeed, to the prudence of the bishops and clergy, but, in no slight measure also, to the faith and generosity of the Catholic laity. Thus the different classes exerted their best energies to erect unnumbered religious and useful institutions, sacred edifices, schools for the instruction of youth, colleges for the higher branches, homes for the poor, hospitals for the sick, convents and monasteries.

As for what more closely touches spiritual interests, which are based upon the exercise of Christian virtues, many facts have been brought to our notice, proving that the numbers of the secular and regular clergy are steadily augmenting, that pious sodalities are held in esteem, that the Catholic parochial schools, the Sunday-Schools for imparting Christian doctrine, and Summer Schools are in a flourishing condition; that, moreover, associations for mutual aid, for the relief of the indigent, and for the promotion of temperate living, are accumulated evidence of the people's piety."*

An old legend relates that St. Patrick on his death-bed was vouchsafed the privilege of obtaining for the Irish a gift from God. He was to choose one of two—temporal prosperity, or fidelity to faith. Let us imagine Peter offered a similar choice for his Church—between a full and handsome recognition of her prerogatives by the State, and a plentiful harvest from the Gospel seed planted by her in the hearts of her members. Which, think you, would he secure, who, at the Gate Beautiful, had neither silver nor gold for the paralytic to whom he said: "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk"?

* See Encyclical "Longinqua," of Leo XIII. on Catholicity in the United States.

THE POETRY OF AUBREY DE VERE.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

WHILE distinctly and delicately a tribute on the human side, it is none the less a misfortune for an author's personality to overshadow his literary reputation. Such, long ago, was the fate of the patriarchal Dr. Johnson (about whom we have all read so much); and such, at present, seems to be the case with Aubrey Thomas de Vere. His long life is richly worth the knowing; and it is known in intimate details. Indeed, De Vere's own too modest *Recollections*, and the more exhaustive *Memoir* by his friend Wilfrid Ward, are on the shelves of many a library which boasts few volumes of his prose, and none at all of his poetry. The gracious culture of his Irish home at Curragh Chase; the story of his travels and his friendships with the greatest men and women of the time; the Famine years, which woke the scholarly dreamer into a man of heroic action; the spiritual pilgrimage, which led him eventually into the Catholic communion—all this is familiar enough to need no repetition here. It is the man's poetic achievement to which no adequate recognition has been accorded; the fruit of that rare quality which drew from Sara Coleridge such memorable words: "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet, and one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with."

Aubrey de Vere's half century of poetic preoccupation was rich and varied in its fruitfulness. The *Search After Proserpine* appeared in 1843; ten years later, a volume of *Miscellaneous and Sacred Poems;* in 1857 came the first of the *May Carols* (completed in '81); in 1861 *Inisfail, The Sisters, etc.;* 1872 *Legends of St. Patrick;* 1874 *Alexander the Great;* 1876 *St. Thomas of Canterbury;* 1882 *The Foray of Queene Maeve* and *Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age;* 1887 *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire;* 1893 *Mediæval Records*

and Sonnets; and in 1897 (De Vere's eighty-third year) *St. Peter's Chains,* a series of sonnets inspired by the Italian Revolution. While incomplete, this bibliography is already formidable, containing as it does ventures in epic, lyric, and dramatic verse. De Vere's subjects were varied, although religion and patriotism inspired most of them; and it was in the narrative field that he proved himself most masterfully a poet. He could tell a story with grace and power and luminous simplicity, and his pages are tapestried with the bright or sombre pageants of past days.

As one example of his comprehensiveness, he has traced Irish history almost back to the legendary days of the Sidhe. The tragic story of recent years is told in the latter part of "Inisfail" and in numerous minor poems touching upon the Great Famine. Tender, mournful as a "dove-note" is the plaining; seldom passionate, but strong with the might of truth. The beautiful closing stanzas of "The Year of Sorrow" illustrate how much pathos, yet how little bitterness De Vere infused into his elegy of 1849:

> Fall, snow, and cease not! Flake by flake
> The decent winding-sheet compose.
> Thy task is just and pious; make
> An end of blasphemies and woes.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> On quaking moor and mountain moss,
> With eyes upstaring at the sky,
> With arms extended like a cross,
> The long-expectant sufferers lie.
>
> Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte!
> Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,
> And minister the last sad Rite,
> Where altar there is none, nor priest.
>
> Touch thou the gates of soul and sense;
> Touch darkening eyes and dying ears;
> Touch stiffening hands and feet, and thence
> Remove the trace of sin and tears.
>
> . . . . . .

This night the Absolver issues forth:
This night the Eternal Victim bleeds:
O winds and woods—O heaven and earth!
Be still this night. The Rite proceeds!

Back through the days of the Penal Laws and the Wars of Religion, through the three centuries of outlawry following the Norman Conquest, runs this "lyrical chronicle," "Inisfail": its parts bound together by a continuity of tears and by the poet's insistence upon Ireland's *spiritual* vocation among the nations of the earth. "No other poem of mine," De Vere wrote some thirty-five years later, "was written more intensely, I may say painfully, from my heart, than 'Inisfail.'" And no other of his poems has surpassed it in sweetness or pathos or in a certain fiery elemental vigor.

More cheering, however, is the earlier record of St. Patrick's mighty labors and triumphs. We watch him, crozier in hand, treading the hills and vales of Erin, preaching to the poor, baptizing those sweet sister-princesses, the "Red Rose" and "Ethna the Fair," confounding the proud and winning them to humility.

The Saint his great soul flung upon the world,
And took the people with them like a wind,

to the very feet of Christ! It is a series of splendid and noble poems, and the final Striving of St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan is not less than inspirational. De Vere's *Legends of the Saxon Saints* form an interesting companion-work of hagiology. "The English differed much from the Irish," says our poet, "even in their primitive saints. There was less of the wild and strange about them, but more dignity; less of the missionary, but more of the Christian subject and citizen." Much of the material for this volume was taken from the Venerable Bede, with a most suggestive interweaving of the Odin legends and prophecies.

De Vere's further interest in the old heroic and bardic literature was evident in his "Oiseen" poems; but it was not until 1880, when he bacame familiar with various MS. collections in the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, that it took notable form. Lady Gregory, it must be remembered, had not yet produced her epoch-making translations of the old Irish sagas; neither

Yeats nor Fiona MacLeod, nor any of the younger poets, had brought the wild sweetness of Gaelic poetry to English hearing. Aubrey de Vere was the pioneer in re-creating that epoch of primitive and barbaric glory. His *Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* told once more of the hapless Foray of Queene Maeve, of the mighty Cuchullain, whose "starry head" was destined so soon to sleep in death, of the Children of Lir, and of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach. When we recall that the poet drew his material from a few incomplete English translations of the great epics, it is amazing—not that he lacked the ingenuous and unforgettable charm of Lady Gregory's version—but that he reproduced so well the spirit of those "great-hearted and light-hearted" heroes. It would be difficult to find in De Vere's entire work a more vehemently beautiful picture than that of the young Deirdre and Naisi, singing on the causeway with the glory of red sunset wrapping them around:

> Then ceased the pair, and softly smiled, and said,
> What makes us glad is this: we two are wed!
> . . . . . .
> Perchance of us some future bard shall say,
> "Their bright, swift life went o'er them like a breath
> Of stormy southwind in the merry May;
> And brief their unfeared, undivided death":
> For unto those who love, and love aright,
> Life is Love's day, and Death his long, sweet night.

Many of the greatest stories of Christendom are included in De Vere's two volumes of *Records*. The Middle Ages (however imperfectly understood) have been an unfailing source of literary inspiration; but the period preceding them—from about 50 A. D. to the reign of Charlemagne—has to all but specialists been a sort of "outer darkness." Aubrey de Vere, adding the poet's insight to the scholar's erudition, recognized it as one of the most significant eras of human history. His *Legends of the Church and the Empire* cover this whole wondrous period; they sing the death of outworn Paganism and the triumph of that young Church whose face shone as the dawn even when her robe was crimsoned by the bloody sands of the arena; moans of an impotent and effete civilization mingle with the battle-cries of Constantine or Theodoric; and mighty as some resistless sea is

the onrushing sweep of those Northern hordes, who triumph at last in the fall of Rome. It seemed a second Deluge, even to men like St. Jerome. But succeeding legends show how the songs of a new Sion brought their message into the Stranger's Land; they tell of the peaceful conquests of Boniface and Germanus, of the sweet sanctity of St. Genevieve or Queen Clothilde —and at last of Charlemagne's coronation as first emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

Mediæval Records and Sonnets continue the history, recounting with the same earnest felicity the Cid's conquests over Moslem power, the stories of Queen Bertha and Jeanne d'Arc and Robert Bruce, of Columbus the discoverer, and Copernicus the astronomer. Occasional translations from St. Gertrude or the *Fioretti* and a poem of notable beauty and elevation ("The Higher Purgatory") partially transcribed from St. Catherine of Genoa, are further evidence of De Vere's intimate knowledge of mediæval life. "It was imaginative, not critical," writes the poet in his sympathetic and illuminating preface. "With much of a childish instability, and something of that strange and heedless cruelty sometimes to be found in children, it united a childlike simplicity. It loved to wonder and was not afraid of proving mistaken. Stormy passions swept over it, and great crimes alternated with heroic deeds; but it was comparatively free from a more insidious snare than the passions—that of self-love." Perhaps the worst charge which can be brought against the dramatic reality of the poems is that they obscure the full stress of these "stormy passions." De Vere kept his eyes upon the heights, forgetting haply that only the saints dwell thereon. There is little in his *Records* of that fierce conflict of soul and sense, that youthful passionate ardor, both in good and evil, to which the very penances of the Church bear witness.

> A bridal then, and now a death,
> A short, glad space between them! Such is life!
> That means our earthly life is but betrothal;
> The marriage is where marriage vows are none—

so declares one of De Vere's youthful knights, with a detachment and a spiritual grasp wholly natural to our gentle poet—and in no age possible, we suspect, to the generality of men and women.

Quotations from narrative poems are seldom satisfying—seldomer still when the poet's virtue lies rather in sustained and comprehensive excellence than in "purple passages." But a number of these legends or records resolve themselves, through their strongly personal quality, into the form of dramatic monologues. The chosen spokesmen are all of exalted and philosophic tendencies, and they are depicted at moments when "life's fitful fever" is well-nigh spent: but there is no dull uniformity in the setting of the sun—still less in the passing of a soul! De Vere has made the contrast of temperaments exceedingly forcible, for instance, in the final soliloquies of Constantine and St. Jerome. Each looks back upon a "life of wars," upon aspiration and failure and much hunger of the spirit; but the difference is as of storm-cloud and starlight. Grimly the frustrated Emperor reviews his gigantic efforts to rebuild the Roman structure, and his cry is *vanitas:*

> Some power there was that counter-worked my work
> With hand too swift for sight, which, crossing mine,
> Set warp 'gainst woof and ever with my dawn
> Inwove its night. What hand was that I know not:
> Perchance it was the Demon's of my House;
> Perchance a Hand Divine.

But as the great silence draws upon Jerome, his voice rings out in magnificent challenge:

> Paula, what is earth?
> A little bubble trembling ere it breaks,
> The plaything of that gray-haired infant, Time,
> Who breaks what e'er he plays with. I was strong:
> See how he played with me. Am I not broken?
> Albeit I strove with men of might; albeit
> Those two great Gregories clasped me palm to palm;
> Albeit I fought with beasts at Ephesus
> And bear their tokens still; albeit the wastes
> Knew me, and lions fled; albeit this hand,
> Wrinkled and prone, hurled to the dust God's scorners,
> Am I not broken? Lo, this hour I raise
> High o'er that ruin and wreck of life not less
> This unsubverted head that bent not ever,

And make my great confession ere I die,
Since hope I have, though earthly hope no more:
And this is my confession: God is great;
There is no other greatness: God is good;
There is no other goodness. He alone
Is true existence; all beside is dream.

Such is De Vere's high-water mark in the dramatic monologue; at times, it must be admitted, he was less happy. Browning's method in the soliloquy was to reproduce the broken sentences, the seemingly irrelevant thoughts, the passionate outbursts of a soul communing with itself: hence his dramatic truthfulness—and hence, also, a measure of ambiguity. With De Vere the tendency was rather to be too clear, too exhaustive; and, as in the "Death of Copernicus," unconvincingly replete.

Strict dramatic canons, however, are more fairly applied to De Vere's tragedies. They are but two in number (if we except that "lyrical fragment," "The Fall of Rora")—"Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury"—and both are quite impossible theatrically. Yet these two "closet dramas" contain much of the noblest poetry De Vere ever produced. None but the greatest genius could vivify a theme so remote as that of "Alexander," but our poet presents a series of splendid and moving tableaux, glowing at times with descriptive passages of surpassing beauty. The character-drawing, while slight, is often impressive: the Persian princess Arsinoe—to whom are given many of the loveliest lines of the play—being one of those tender, meditative souls De Vere knew so well how to delineate. The Conqueror himself is scarcely more than a majestic lay figure; our clearest conception of his genius comes less from any revelation of his own than from Ptolemy's brief and telling estimate:

He swifter than the morn
O'er rushed the globe. Expectant centuries
Condensed themselves into a few brief years
To work his will.

On the other hand, De Vere's characterization of Thomas à Becket is deeply convincing—probably the very best portrait

of the great primate in all English literature.* The thorny path which led the amiable young diplomat up to the heights of Christian sainthood is traced with great art and uncompromising historical truth. We hear of Thomas first when, as Chancellor, he visited the French Court in a pageant of mediæval splendor:

"Of his own household there were two hundred—clerics and knights—chanting hymns; then followed his hounds—ten couples; next came eight wagons with five horses each; ther followed twelve sumpter horses. The esquires bare the shields, and the falconers the hawks on their fists; after them came those that held the banners; and last, my lord on a milk-white horse. Thomas gave gifts to all—to the princes and the clergy and the knights, and to the poor more than to the rich. When he feasted the beggars, he bade them take with them the gilded spoons and goblets."

Becket is raised to the See of Canterbury, and thenceforth, step by step, the poet pictures his struggle for the freedom of the English Church. Single-handed he fights the pride and treachery of his king, the weakness of his bishops, the guile of tireless enemies; until, on that black December day of 1170, the blow of martyrdom is struck. It is a noble scene, even to sublimity; Vesper time draws near in the great Cathedral, and two priests are speaking brokenly of their primate:

At yonder altar of Saint Benedict
He said his Mass; then in the chapter-house
Conversed with two old monks of things divine;
Next for his confessor he sent, and made
Confession with his humble wont, but briefly;
Last, sat with us an hour, and held discourse
Full gladsomely. . . . An old monk cried:
"Thank God, my lord, you make good cheer!" He answered:
"Who goeth to his Master should be glad."

John of Salisbury: His Master! Ay, his Master! Still as such
He thought of God; he loved him; in himself
Saw nothing great or wise—simply a servant.
Ere yet his earliest troubles had begun

* For an admirable comparative study of De Vere's "St. Thomas" and Tennyson's "Becket," see *Imitators of Shakespeare*, Professor Egan's *Ghost in Hamlet and Other Essays.*

I heard him say: "A bishop should protect
That holy thing, God's Church, to him committed,
Not only from the world, but from himself,
Loving, not hers, but her, with reverent love,
A servant's love gazing, fears to touch her."
. . . . . .
Peace, peace! O God, we make our tale of him
As men that praise the dead!

Becket enters in procession from the cloister, and while in a nearby chapel the monks are chanting, those four traitor-knights steal in. There is a brief colloquy, a briefer prayer—and St. Thomas falls dead beneath their swords.

The lyrics scattered in Elizabethan manner through both dramas deserve mention. While lacking the poignant sweetness of Tennyson's songs, they are smooth and in entire sympathy with the action: perhaps the most charming of all is that little Trouvère serenade in "St. Thomas," beginning—

I make not songs, but only find
Love following still the circling sun;
His carol casts on every wind,
And other singer is there none.

It is one of the instances (conspicuous for their regrettable scarcity) in which De Vere's verse has the true lyric quality. There are charming touches of fancy throughout his *Greek Idyls*, and a noble delicacy in the phrasing of that early masque, *The Search After Proserpine*. The plaintive *Ode to an Eolian Harp* is one among many examples of the beautiful meditative quality pervading his whole work. But in that marvelous felicity of epithet, that winged lightness of thought and radiance of imagery, above all, in that supreme sense of the music of words which form the lyrist's eternal heritage, Aubrey de Vere was incurably deficient. There are melodious exceptions, but as a rule his message was too closely reasoned to be *sung*.

"The Martyrdom," and a few of the earlier devotional poems, show the influence of Southwell and Crashaw (to whose sweet memory they are dedicated); but our poet's affinities were not with these songsters of the fiery heart and rapturous voice. His later, and inevitable, model was William Words-

worth. Much of the latter's simple diction and deep sincerity and Nature brooding mark De Vere's most extensive religious work—the *May Carols*. It is infallibly tender and reverent; it is lucid, even epigrammatic at moments; its subject-matter is sublimely spiritual. But the poems—except those lovely little landscape reveries—are not carols at all: they are a prolonged meditation on Christian truths clustering about the Incarnation. The following, "Mater Christi," is one of the least theological, and illustrates the tranquil beauty of the series:

He willed to lack, he willed to bear;
  He willed by suffering to be schooled;
He willed the chains of flesh to wear:
  Yet from her arms the world he ruled.

. . . . . .

He sat beside the lowly door:
  His homeless eyes appeared to trace
In evening skies remembered lore,
  And shadows of his Father's face.
One only knew him. She alone
  Who nightly to his cradle crept,
And, lying like the mooonbeams prone,
  Worshipped her Maker as he slept.

But De Vere's persistent mingling of poetry with a kind of glorified catechetical instruction mars many of these *May Carols*, perverts an otherwise sublime revery on the Immaculate Conception, and casts its grotesque shadow across more than one sonnet. It was a tendency less toward the mystical than toward the metaphysical, and its presence in our poet's work cannot be too greatly deplored. Sadly enough, it was merely De Vere's passionate love of truth—"strained from its fair use" with the usual calamitous result. In this case its effects were a *partial ossification* of the imaginative and emotional faculties, a philosophic aloofness from life's "beauteous nothings writ in dust"—in one word, preoccupation with the theological rather than the poetic aspect of life. That De Vere contrived to put so much grace into sonnets on subjects like Church Discipline, Evidences of Religion, the Irish Constitution of 1872, *etc.*—that he so successfully linked temporary interests with the ultimate and universal in his "occasional"

poems—is strong evidence of his inherently poetic nature. But it is a relief to extricate from this mass of political and commemorative work that bearing the divine seal. De Vere's early lines to Keats have caught a gleam of the youthful lyrist's own "white fire" of beauty; "A Poet to a Painter" is one of the memorably beautiful sonnets of the last century; and "Sorrow" concentrates our poet's message with such crystal clearness that it must be quoted entire:

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

Great and grave thoughts—high and holy thoughts: such were the habitual companions of our poet. He weighed life by those spiritual valuations which were to him the only realities. And so the religious, the Catholic element permeated his work just as sunlight permeates a summer noon. But religion transfigures without changing the character; it spiritualizes without in any wise stereotyping the imagination. It may surcharge the emotions, as in Crashaw or Coventry Patmore; it may dominate the intellect in its most characteristic channel—with De Vere the channel of philosophic meditation. He looked not only "through the deeds of men," but equally through the pageant of external nature. When we read his "Autumnal Ode," for instance, we meet almost none of that mournful or exultant sensuousness with which most poets watch the death of summer. We find loving suggestions of the black-bird's last carol, of "dusk-bright cobwebs" and the glory of "sunset forests"; but the poet passes through this great symbol of au-

tumn to thoughts of the saintly dead! Precisely this same passion for *interpretation* runs through his beautiful "Ascent of the Apennines"—penetrating, in fact, both his secular and religious verse.

When such a vein of delicate and philosophic meditation is untinged by melancholy, it leads to infinite serenity of outlook —a starlike, downward gaze of compassionate admonition.

> Men are but shadows: in a futile strife
> They chase each other on a sun-bright wall,*

De Vere tells us. And again:

> Sweetly and sagely
> In order grave the Maker of all Worlds
> Still modulates the rhythm of human progress;
> His angels on whose songs the seasons float
> Keep measured cadence: all good things keep time
> Lest Good should strangle Better.†

So might the chime of far-off convent bells silence for a moment the din of battle. And our poet's work is more than peaceful, it is joyous. The St. Thecla of his "Legend" is not only beauteous "as a rose new-blown," she is the "blithesomest" and "tenderest" of hermit-missionaries; his St. Dorothea (whom so great a dramatist as Massinger succeeded in portraying only as an intolerable prig) speaks "gaily" and has room in her consecrated heart for all "lovely things and fair." "Glad man was he, our Cid," cry the companions of the great mediæval warrior; and we learn with no surprise of Erin's Apostle that

> There was ever laughter in his heart,
> And music in his laughter.

So has De Vere dwelt upon the blitheness of Christian character—upon the God-like stillness which may dwell even in the tempest's heart. It is all very tranquil and beautiful, this golden haze wrapping the world in peace! But it is not like *human life:* and the unregenerate reader is tempted at last to cry out (as John of Salisbury to Becket's holy confessor):

> You jar me with your ceaseless triumphs
> And hope 'gainst hope . . . I pray you, chafe at times!

* Legend of St. Pancratius." † "Death of Copernicus."

Aubrey De Vere was a great poet in many ways, and still a greater man; but by instinct and by conviction he was given to polemics. And it is this suspicion of didacticism which we occasionally resent. "I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing," said Wordsworth, his friend and most potential model; and we know that every artist is a teacher according to the measure of truth within him. The danger lies in forgetting—or ignoring—how much *more* than a teacher he must also be!

But the poet does all things more graciously than other men; and De Vere's keen sense of beauty transfigured his didacticism as the illuminator was wont to brighten with bird and flower the page of some ancient manuscript. We can forgive an occasional zeal in pointing morals to the man who has left us such surpassing word-portraits—all the long way from Dionysius the Areopagite gazing through his prison-bars at the "violet city" with its lengthening shadows, or musing upon that fairer vision of the Nine Angelic Choirs—to the Irish princess Keiné:

> From her eyes
> A light went forth like morning o'er the sea;
> Sweeter her voice than wind or harp; her smile
> Could stay men's breath.

And, after all, we have not much to forgive the poet who tells us in one lovely burst of fancy how

> The Siren sang from the moonlit bay,
> The Siren sang from the redd'ning lawn,
> Until in the crystal cup of day
> Lay melted the pearl of dawn.

Weakness of thought, Matthew Arnold contended, is nearly always accompanied by weakness of metrical form. Nevertheless there are poets whose habitual merit lies in the enchanting beauty of their verse effects; and others there are whose highest charm lies in the soul, not the body, of their poetry. It was thus with Aubrey De Vere's work. He has used blank verse, the ode, the sonnet, and various simpler forms with excellent effect; but he wisely avoided intricate verse-schemes, being, no doubt, conscious of the lyrical deficiencies already

noted. If a more ruthless criticism had been exercised in the final collecting of his poems—if some of the more conventional and polemical were altogether suppressed—De Vere would rank high as an artist. But he would not be quite so truly *himself*. Our poet stood with Wordsworth in his accentuation of the moral note, and in his insistence upon the intimate relation of poetry to human interests at their humblest or highest. But there is another and less recognized affinity. He stood with William Morris—not only in common fondness for the old bardic literature, and common excellence in epic composition, but also in his active social convictions, in breadth and sweetness of outlook, and in a wistful, prodigal scattering of beauty upon life.

Aubrey de Vere was one of the most sincere of poets, and one of the most consistent. "I am doing what in me lies to keep alive poetry with a little conscience in it," he once said; adding, with characteristic humility, "if I fail in that attempt I shall not fret about it; others will do it later—what I have aimed at doing—and will probably do it better."* The nobility of this aim sweeps through his pages, pure and keen as the mountain's breath. We see it in the poet's own high seriousness and self-possession, in that tenderness which is not passion, in the solid and sublime philosophy which underlies his entire poetic utterance. But the muse is imperious, and will not brook too close restraint. A little rigidity, a suspicion of coldness, a lack of that glorious spontaneity which brings the world down to a poet's feet—such is the penalty for reining in the bright spirit! May it not be, after all, that De Vere put too much "conscience" into his poetry; or that he put it too patently and insistently? There is a wisdom of fools—and, alas! a folly of the wise—not solely in the spiritual life.

* *Atlantic Monthly*. No. 89. 1902.

CONG OF SAINT FECHIN.

THE STORY OF A FAMED IRISH SANCTUARY.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

"COUNTRY of curious contrasts," thinks the visitor, as he steps off the car from Ballinrobe or the boat from Aughterard that leaves him at the quiet old village in the northern gateway of Connemara. Greenness and grayness, stony desolation and velvety verdure, decay and progress, wealth and want, all are represented in the varied surroundings. On one side of the village gleam stretches of limestone, seemingly barren as the Thebaid; on another wave woods of noble plumage, intermingled with emerald lawns, and a clear, bright stream. Here towers the stately chateau of to-day, and here clusters the venerable abbey, with the scars of eight hundred years; and yonder, humble connecting link between the ages, nestles the thatched cabin of the peasant. Westward rise the rugged brown shoulders of Benlevi, anciently Sliave Belgadain (the Firbolgs' mountain), like a sentinel guarding the purple hill country of the O'Flaherties and Joyces, and beyond the blue cone of celebrated Croagh Patrick.

The place is historic Cong, situated between two large lakes in the west of Ireland.

Truly is Cong, with claims well-based on ancient chronicle and monument, a locality of immense distances. A great plain extends hence some dozen miles southeast, towards Tuam and beyond it to Knockma hill. On this plain of Moytura was once fought a great battle for the dominion of Ireland. The contending clans were the Dananns and the Firbolgs, and the latter, after great slaughter on both sides, were defeated. The battle was fought, according to the Irish annalists, exactly 4,800 years ago! But the huge grave mounds, erected over the fallen warriors, are here to vouch for the truth of the ancient Irish war epic. Equipped with copies and translations of the latter, some learned archæologists have gone carefully and conscientiously over the ground, comparing the localities and

modern names of the mounds with the descriptions in the narrative, here and there digging and bringing to light beautifully carved urns containing incinerated human bones, thus confirming written Irish history as to the great battle of Moytura. These sepulchral urns of Danann or Firbolg may be found in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin.

Cong Abbey was founded in 624 by Prince Donal, son of King Aodh, famous for his suppression and reform of the great bardic order. Donal was an Ulster prince, and as such it is strange to find him founding an abbey in Connaught; but Ragallach, then king of the latter province, was not a very devout person. He left to others the advancement of religion. So in Partry of the Lake, as the district was called, Donal selected a beautiful site, and there installed the great abbot, St. Fechin. Donal afterwards became monarch of Ireland, and his reign of thirteen years was glorious. He delivered the country from foreign invasion, in the battle of Moira routing and annihilating both the alien and native forces of Congal, an ambitious king of Ulster. The first and last Milesian monarchs of Erin who opposed with varying results hostile invaders of their country, were closely identified with the history of Cong.

Like many other early Irish monasteries, Cong was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. St. Fechin (pronounced Feaghan or Fayhan), its first abbot, had also a celebrated monastery, with 3,000 monks, at Fore, in Westmeath; another at Ballysadare, with 300; and another in High Island, off the western coast. Nevertheless he regarded Cong with particular affection, says Colgan, as "his own monastery." The great abbot died in 665, carried off by the terrible ten years' plague that killed two-thirds of the population of Ireland. His memory is still preserved in the locality. Five miles west of Cong, where a stream flows into Lough Corrib, is his holy well, Tubber Fechin; and at Claggan, a few miles further west, was an oval flagstone, the Lec-Fechin, on which the country people used to take solemn oaths.

In 1114 the monastery of Cunga-Fechin—as it was called for centuries in honor of the patron—was burned. Again in 1131 Cong, with its abbey church, was destroyed in the war between Turlough O'Conor, king of Connaught, and the O'Rourkes; and three years later the hapless abbey experienced further plunder and ruin by an invading army from Munster.

These lurid scenes of rapine and sacrilege may be accounted for by fugitive warriors seeking the right of sanctuary in the holy house. The excited pursuers refused to grant it and fiercely attacked the abbey with fire and sword. However, such acts of barbarity and desecration, practised by Irishmen long ere Englishmen set hostile foot on Irish soil, form a startling commentary on the proverbial piety of the Isle of Saints.

But the halcyon days of Cong were at hand. The era of native Irish abbey-building set in and, within a few years, produced the magnificent Cistercian houses of Mellifont and Bective, Boyle, Shrule and Adorney. To this period the Cong Abbey, whose ruins we see to-day, belongs. It was rebuilt for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, about the year 1140, through the munificence of King Turlough O'Conor. To King Turlough's pious enterprise and generosity Ireland owes her greatest treasure of ancient native art, the famous Cross of Cong, now preserved in the gold room of the Royal Irish Academy.

It appears that in 1123, according to the Annals of Inisfallen, "a portion of the true cross came into Ireland, and was enshrined at Roscommon by Turlough O'Conor." This shrine, made at the king's order by the artificer Maelisa O'Echan, consists of a magnificent cross thirty inches high and nineteen wide. The body is of oak, covered with a shell of bronze, or what the Irish called *findruine*, washed thickly with gold and divided into symmetrical panels, through which run the minute intertwinings characteristic of ancient Irish ornamentation. In the intersection of the arms, supported by a splendid boss with central decorations of *niello*, is a magnifying glass, behind which was placed the sacred relic. At regular intervals round the shaft and arms were eighteen jewels of various kinds and colors, thirteen of which still remain. The bottom of the shaft is supported by the grotesque head of an animal. Around the edges of the cross are silver bands, marked with Latin and Irish inscriptions.

In 1183 King Roderick O'Conor, monarch of Ireland, abdicated in favor of his son, Conor, and retired to the monastery of Cong. After six years Conor was slain by some conspiring chieftains, whereupon the old king came forth from Cong, and wished to reign again. But the chieftains and clans would have none of him. He returned again to the monastery, which he had munificently endowed, and there ended his days.

Over two years after the death of Roderick his half-brother and successor, King Cathal O'Conor of the Red Hand, came to Cong with the corpulent Norman leader, Guillaume de Burgo, and there, with their forces, they spent the Easter. Cathal and De Burgo were sworn allies, but, eventually, the latter plotted against Cathal, whereupon the people of the district arose and slew 700 of the mail-clad Normans. De Burgo fled, but in 1204 he returned for vengeance, and made a trail of blood and ruins, burning Cong and several other abbeys and churches. In the midst of his atrocities, however, the burly marauder died excommunicated. Cong was restored, and twenty happy years ensued in the western province under the brave and benignant Cathal of the Red Hand.

The great abbey had now very extensive and valuable possessions throughout the province, consisting of some fifteen townlands, with various rectories and their tithes, all of which brought in rich annual revenues. From the west in Connemara, from the east in O'Conor Roe's country, from the far north along the river Moy, where Cong was entitled to every tenth salmon caught in that river or in any stream in Tirawley, and further to "the ancient custom of a bell-rope due from every ship entering the Moy either to fish or trade," came the liberal yearly supplies.

Under the reign of Queen Elizabeth the rich lands of Cong were seized and divided; a large share of them was given to Trinity College, Dublin. Aongus or Æneas MacDonnell, abbot of Cong at the time of the suppression, is said to have "voluntarily surrendered" the abbey property to the Reformers; whether "voluntarily" or not, he certainly had no choice in the matter. Local tradition says that the friars, to the number of 700, were expelled at the instance of one Richard Bourke.

The new penal laws against Catholics came into force, and the notorious priest-hunter, Shawn-na-Soggarth, was specially busy in these parts; but still a remnant of the friars remained in the neighborhood, harbored at Ballymagibbon by ancestors of Sir William Wilde. In Cong is seen the decorated tomb of the abbot James Lynch, who died in 1703. "The head of this abbey is called the Lord Abbot," says, referring to Cong, a parliamentary report on "Popery," published in 1731, showing that Cong took precedence of the six other Augustinian abbeys in Mayo. The title of Lord Abbot was borne by the last Augustinian

Canon of Cong, namely the Rev. Patrick Prendergast, who died in 1829, aged eighty-eight.

After the death of Abbot Prendergast the beautiful Cross of Cong passed into the hands of the new pastor, the Rev. Michael Waldron, who, in 1839, sold it for one hundred pounds to Professor McCullagh, who presented it in turn to the Royal Irish Academy. At length came the "hard times" of 1847, which sent many an encumbered Irish estate to the hammer; and those on the *cunga*, and for many a mile westward, were bought up by a wealthy Dublin brewer, Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness.

Sir Benjamin employed a talented local sculptor, Peter Foy, of Cong, and had the old abbey repaired as far as possible. Fallen stones were collected and replaced, and, to complete doors and windows, stones in lieu of the missing ones were carved from the native limestone so faithfully as to bear comparison with the work of the original artists. Marcus Keane, of Ennis, writing of 1867, says: "If such skilful architects as Foy had been employed to execute the reconstructions of the monastic ages throughout Ireland, modern archæologists would be sadly puzzled in endeavoring to settle questions that now present no difficulty."

The great abbey church, or church of the Canons—the Westminster of Connaught—is 140 feet long and paved with tombstones, on most of which Time's hand has wiped out the names of those who made history for the Four Masters. Archbishops, abbots, chieftains, high dames and damsels of other days lie beneath the gray slabs. The eastern window has three long lancet lights; the windows north and south of the chancel are also narrow. The north wall of the nave is gone. In the south wall is the arched tomb of some forgotten high chieftain and the mortuary chapel of the Anglo-Norman Berminghams. The adjoining graveyard, bordered by a wall, faces the ruined cloister.

The dark, glossy, melancholy Irish ivy, hangs its beautiful protecting curtains over the gray walls. It is said that Abbey Cong's best friends are the ivy and the Guinnesses.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

BY VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

—— B——, whom his friends would probably describe as an agnostic collectivist, spoke to me some weeks since of the future of religion. Perhaps it was my eager hopefulness that made me detect an unwonted overtone of simplicity, reverence, and even sadness in his clear, metallic words.

"Our children," he said, "will not give up religion as their fathers did."

His phrase fell on my ear as a fragment of autobiography.

"No"; he went on, "they will see that religion is not one of the many things the world might well lose. They will keep religion; but they will change it. To them it will no longer be the clear, dogmatic, accurately formulated creed of a simpler age. It will be a veiled, vague, unformulated, yet intense, feeling that there is beyond, yet within, the world, above, yet throughout, their soul, a Being with whom they will wish to be one in prayer. For they will keep prayer as they will keep religion. But as they will change religion, so will they change their prayer. When they pray, it will be from the heart, and with no formal words of prayer. Prayer and faith will be alike inarticulate. Our children will both believe and pray; but they will say no Credo and no Our Father."

As he spoke, into my heart came a great longing linked with sadness.

He did not speak to me, but, as it were, to the children of to-morrow yet unborn. There was a spell of silence.

I broke the silence timidly, as knowing not how to speak the deep things of God which a man stammers over as he tells them to himself by night when they flash across his mind.

"But," I said, "if—if the Infinite has become flesh and dwelt amongst men; if one who was in the form of God emptied himself and took the form of us servants; if Jesus Christ is the Absolute upon earth; is not the vital question now as ever: 'What think ye of Christ?'"

My host's wife would hardly let me bring my words to a

close. Not less known than her husband to the world of social writers and workers, she and her husband used the same world-wide experience to draw the same conclusions. As if speaking to some questioning voice within herself, she said quickly:

"Do not press us on that! Do not press us on that!"

Never before in my life had I seemed to feel as if from within the state of mind and soul now set before me. But I had never before been in the same circumstances. Across the street the Thames showed its broad silver thoroughfare, over which glided the traffic of nations unknown to the Rome of Augustus, and of a civilization more complex than that of the Athens of Pericles. On the further bank of the river Lambeth Palace reared its standard of feudalism against a background of smoking factory-stacks. Within earshot of where we sat the staiths of the London County Council elbowed the House of the Mother Parliament of the world. Behind us, and above the mansions of the West-End, soared the Saint Edward tower of Westminster Cathedral. And the two at whose board I was privileged to sit, were not only amongst the most potent social forces of the great city, but were symbolical of principles now wrecking the ruins of feudalism and swaying the world to the furthest frontiers of civilization.

Quick as thought the scene, with each singular factor of its complex whole, lay like a burden on my soul. I wanted most to pray; yet I had to speak. With a swift cry to God to make a prayer of my words, I steadied my reeling soul and answered distractedly:

"Shall we bid a child use no words or signs of love? Shall we stifle the kiss it would lay as a thank-offering on that loveliest of human shrines—a mother's lips—because, alas! even the kiss of a child is a childlike *form* of love; and a child's word and signs and forms are all awkward? Shall we not rather bid it love and beseech and pray as it can until such time as it can pray and beseech and love as it ought?

"Of a truth there is an inward, formless, inarticulate, almost unconscious, prayer, the very breath of love, whereby the soul is knit fast to the God whom it has tracked, amidst the tangled underwood of human life, to his covert on the eternal hills. That mystic clasp of love lies not on the threshold but at the end of spiritual life, and can be reached for the most part only after much spiritual exercising, many denials, self-

denials, watchings, and, it may be, the Cross of pain and disillusionment.

"So, too, the forms of thought, into which we throw our timid views of God, are but symbols of truths greater than our thoughts. Yet we may not set them aside as worthless, for they are the rungs on which we dwellers in the cave climb to the full view of the Truth, as he is.

"Our children, surely, even if they are nothing more than scientific, will learn, it may be only from the wants and weaknesses, the sorrows and sins of mankind that these forms, this Credo has some inner influence over the life of mankind which science cannot explain or rival, but may detect or destroy.

"As much as you, I look forward to a race of men, children, in great part, of your thought, whose passion will be to reach and touch their brother men, if by any means they may be able to dry their tears when they should laugh, to change their laughter into tears when they should weep, to bind their wounds, to lighten their burdens, to deepen their life, to enfranchise their mind, to save their soul. Like you, I see these men of to-morrow, so busy with the worship and service of their fellow-men as only to adore a God who is to them a necessity rather than a person.

"But, perhaps, more hopefully than you, I look forward to the moment when, in the havoc made by science without God, and in the wounds left unstaunched by social remedies without a Redeemer, they will begin to recognize that the keenest social needs can be met only by a Decalogue resting on a Credo, by the Beatitudes promulgated from a Calvary!

"One day a saint brought upon his back from the street a leper covered with sores. He laid his burden upon his own bed in the name of Jesus, and quitted his cell to fetch food and ointment for his guest. But on returning, behold! the body covered with leprosy had gone; and in its place on the saint's bed lay the radiant form of the Crucified.

"It may be, and my hopes keep saying that with God's blessing it will be, that the men of to-morrow, whilst staunching the world's wound, will see therein the marks of Christ Crucified, and will tend him on bended knee, and will lay their lips to his wound in a kiss of love, and will feel emboldened by that kiss to call him by his name JESUS, BROTHER, FRIEND, MY GOD and MY FATHER, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"

THE NUNS OF THE VISITATION AT ROUEN.*
1792–1807.

BY HON. MRS. M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

"For Martyrdom does not consist only in the shedding of blood, but also in serving God the Lord with an irreproachable and fervent spirit."—*St. Jerome.*

THE glorious records of the Martyr-Nuns of Compiégne remind us of the countless sufferings of their sisters in religion throughout France during the Great Revolution of which we know too little—and we welcome the chronicles of the Houses of the Visitation at Rouen, lately published by M. de Chauvigny, for the light they throw on the courage and constancy of the religious during years of obscure suffering, not destined, in their case, to receive the crown of martyrdom. The Mère de Belloy, Superioress of the "first" convent at Rouen was one of those valiant women who are the glory of France. The story of her life forms a link between the last days of the old *régime* and the revival—after years of anguish—of the faith in France under Napoleon—it foreshadows also, unfortunately, the crisis in her country's history which we now witness.

In his introductory notice to M. de Chauvigny's book, the late Cardinal Perraud tells us of the grief of heart with which he draws the comparison between Mère de Belloy's trials and those "*of which for four years we have been more than once the sad and powerless witness.*"

Anastasie Marie Francoise de Belloy was born on February 3, 1746, at the Chateau de Voisseaux, near Chambly. Her father, the Marquis Claude de Belloy, Lord of d'Amblaincourt de Champneuville et de Petimus, was the king's lieutenant for the Orleannais—and her mother, Marie Louise Lemessier, belonged to another old and chivalrous family. Anastasie's grandfather, the old Count Claude, and his wife lived close by in the Chateau of Petimus, the two families forming almost one household.

* *Une page d'Histoire Religieuse pendant la Revolution.* Par René de Chauvigny. *Vie de Ste. Chantal.* Bougeaud. *L'Année de la Visitation.*

The little Anastasie grew up in the pious and patriarchal atmosphere of a family which had been ever faithful to the Church—and which had already given two holy religious to God's service—Cécile and Marie Anna de Belloy. In her own time her uncle, Monseigneur Jean Baptiste de Belloy, became Archbishop of Marseilles, and after the storm of the Revolution was created, as we shall see, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. If *noblesse oblige* aided, much more must sanctity, and the traditions of piety and chivalry which surrounded the little maiden from her cradle, have helped to form her character and to impart the strength and vigor which she was to show under trial. When Anastasie was quite small her mother died, and later her father married Mademoiselle de Boullenger de Tilleul, who proved a second mother to the little girl. Sorrow often visited the family, for of ten children born to M. de Belloy seven died young, and when Anastasie grew up and was about to enter the world, her father died rather suddenly. Anastasie, who had been educated at Beaumont lez Tours, "and prepared for solid virtue" by its abbess, the Princess de Condé, was much attached to her stepmother, and devoted herself to her and her children with affection and sympathy. After her widowhood Madame de Belloy retired to her town house in Honfleur, and it was there that Anastasie finally found out her vocation.

After some years, during which time she had the offer of a good marriage, she, at the age of twenty-five, determined to leave the world. For three years the thought of her future had caused her great anxiety. "She had no taste for the married state, the idea of entering a convent had not yet occurred to her, and she floated, as it were, between heaven and earth, begging God to enlighten her as to her decision." The light came, and she recovered the interior peace she thought she had lost forever. Madame de Belloy, to whom she confided her wishes, was very averse to losing her, and considered her health too delicate for the religious life. She, therefore, tried to avert the blow, at any rate for a time, and partially succeeded. Anastasie was persuaded to reside as a boarder for a time in a Paris convent, but this means, taken to delay her vocation, produced the opposite effect, and after a few months' experience of the peace and happiness of a convent life, her family saw that she "continued to persist in her resolution."

Anastasie now turned her thoughts to the Visitation Order,

which the fact of her delicate health made specially suitable for her, and, after a short delay of six weeks to settle her worldly affairs, she set out to enter the convent of that order in Rouen.

On August 27, 1771, Mademoiselle de Belloy saw for the first time the "hundred turrets and belfries" of Rouen as she approached the city, probably by the same road by which three hundred years before the Maid of Orleans entered it as a prisoner. Although no prevision of future exceptional trial is likely to have occurred to her, the natural sorrow of leaving home and family, and the emotion incident upon beginning her new life, must have made the moment a solemn one. The "*first*" convent of the Visitation which was about to receive Anastasie as a postulant, had been founded in 1630, during the lifetime of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Up to this time the Order of the Visitation had been little known in Normandy, and when Mademoiselle de Boisguilleaume, the daughter of a member of the Parliament of Rouen, first felt drawn to becoming a member, she was alarmed by strange stories regarding it. Some said that the nuns were very poor and dying of hunger, others that the order was founded for sick persons, and that only those suffering from some complaint were admitted. The young girl destined to be instrumental in bringing the first house of the order to her native town was greatly discouraged by such rumors, but Almighty God consoled her by a dream, in which she thought she was kneeling in a chapel of the Visitation surrounded by a crowd of religious, and whilst they were removing her worldly dress, she heard a voice which said to her: "Look, they live like the angels." Touched by these words, which continued to ring in her ears long after she woke, Mademoiselle de Boisguilleaume hastened to Paris, and finding the religious of the Visitation very different to what she had been told, she, though still "quite young, beautiful, sought-after, and inclined to the things of the world, broke all her chains, trod under foot all worldly hopes," and with great fervor entered the religious life. Her relations who assisted at her clothing returned to Rouen much impressed, and related, with enthusiasm, all they had witnessed. By degrees the wish arose for a convent at Rouen—money was collected, and the archbishop was consulted. After reading the Constitutions, which delighted him, the latter determined to judge for himself, and

made a journey to Paris, where his first interview with Mère Favre, charmingly recorded in *St. Jane Frances' Life*,* satisfied him of the holiness and humility of the nuns, and won his approval for the project.

The Parliament was harder to deal with, but this difficulty was overcome by the methods *un peu Normande* of some of the legal friends of the de Boisguilleaumes, and in 1630 the first sisters arrived from Paris under the charge of their future Superioress, Sister Anne Marguerite Guérin. As they approached the town they felt inspired with a special devotion to St. Joseph, and chose him as protector of the new foundation, imploring him to obtain for all the subjects they should receive, a great spirit of simplicity, for they had heard it said that "the people of that place were very prudent." As no convent was yet ready for them, the nuns took a temporary house near the Church of the Minims, but four years later Mère Guérin began to build the "first" convent in the Rue Beauvoisine, not far from the old Castle of Rouen. This fine building still survives. It is here that Mademoiselle de Belloy began her religious life.

The Mother Superioress, Mère Delehaye, and her community received Anastasie with joy. The former soon perceived in her the interior spirit of a true daughter of the Visitation, and admitted her to the exercises of the community that she might test her vocation. Anastasie's piety, we are told, was not "*mignarde*," but "gentle, sincere, and courageous." She saw well that religious life was "the Hill of Calvary where, with Jesus Christ, his chaste spouse must be crucified spiritually here, in order to be glorified with him hereafter." While she waited humbly for her clothing, Anastasie wrote often to her relatives, telling them of her happiness in her vocation, and among them to her uncle, the Archbishop of Marseilles, for whom she had a special veneration. His gentle spirit and the wisdom of his counsels, together with the paternal interest he took in every member of his family, endeared Monseigneur de Belloy to all and evoked memories of St. Francis of Sales' tender charity. Anastasie had confided in him regarding her vocation, and in one of his letters to Madame de Belloy he speaks of it in

* There is a pretty allusion to the Rouen Visitation in *St. Chantal's Life*. On one occasion the novices there had collected together all their jewels and watches and had sold them for the benefit of the poor. "Voyez vous," said St. Jane Frances on hearing of this, "cette invention me fonds le coeur de reconnaissance envers ces bonnes filles."

these terms: "I think her vocation so good and so decided that I cannot but applaud so pious a design."

By the 14th of December Anastasie was admitted to her clothing, and received the additional name of Madeleine; she was known henceforth as Sister Marie Madeleine Anastasie. We have not time to linger over the next year, during which she entered still more into the gentle and holy spirit of her vocation, and during which "God showered extraordinary graces upon her and inspired her with an ardent desire to be united to him." She was professed on her birthday, February 3, 1773—and in the *Livres des Voeux* of the Convent can still be read, in her delicate writing: "Je Marie Madeleine Anastasie de Belloy, ay par la grace de Dieu, ce jour d'hui trois fevrier mil sept cent soixante-treize célèbre mes veux pour vivre et mourir en la congrégation de Notre Dame de la Visitation veuille Monseigneur benir cette journée et me la rendre profitable pour l'éternité."

We have no record for some years of the life of Soeur de Belloy, but the fact that she was chosen to be Novice Mistress shows the light in which she was regarded by the community. By that time her health, always delicate, had become worse, but her constant sufferings never affected her charming character. Two young novices under her charge, Sister Marie Benoite and Sister Marie Joseph Hasembourg, deserve special mention as being cousins of Blessed Benedict Labre. These sisters entered on the same day, but ten days afterwards the youngest was called to her heavenly reward at the age of twenty-five. From the time of his death "Blessed Benedict seemed," says a convent circular, "to become one of the special protectors of our community, which had for him the greatest veneration and confidence." The devotion to the saint, which was beginning to spread, found, therefore, one of its first centres in the chapel of the Rue de Beauvoisine. In the spring of 1787 the Superioress, Mère Delehaye, having concluded her second triennial, the community chose Sister de Belloy as her successor. With weak health she had now to face great responsibilities and hard work, but by the assistance of the late Superior and of her predecessor in office, Mère de Goderville, who, with herself, formed "but one heart and soul for the sanctification and edification" of their sisters, she was enabled to do much for the welfare of the house; and when her term

of office expired, in 1790, she was at once re-elected. Mère de Belloy possessed, in a high degree, the gift which St. Vincent of Paul calls that of a "zealous organizer," as well as the characteristics of a true superior. "There was pleasure in being reproved by her," say her nuns; "kindness was written on her face and the gift of pleasing without effort, the easy authority without harshness, as without weakness—which the Rule makes obligatory in the Superior—was natural in this mother —a family heritage which she shared with her great uncle, the gentle Bishop of Marseilles."

The joy of the community at Mère de Belloy's re-election was great, as the circular sent to the other nuns of the order testifies; but a note of sadness and alarm is also to be perceived, a foreshadowing of the tempest about to fall upon the convent. "Join yourselves to us, dear sisters," it says, "to obtain from the Divine Mercy the grace that she may be preserved to us. The weight of Superiorship becomes more and more painful. After God, we find in her courage, her virtue, and the prudence of her counsels, our strength and hope." The burden of responsibility thus returned to Mère de Belloy at a moment when the clouds of revolution were fast gathering over France. On the 13th of February of this year the National Assembly had decreed "that the law no longer recognized solemn monastic vows," and that, consequently, all orders and congregations in which they were in use would and should in future be suppressed. The religious were invited to leave their convents and monasteries by making a declaration before the Municipality of the place, and suitable pensions were to be given them. The Rouen authorities did not wait long to execute this order—on September 2 three officials presented themselves at the Visitation in the Rue de Beauvoisine, and were received by Mère de Belloy, who could not prevent their entrance. After taking an inventory of the house furniture, they entered the chapter-room to receive the declarations of the sisters. The document containing the answer of each nun has been preserved, and although the whole community replied in the same spirit, the words used vary and show in several cases a pathetic individuality.

Mère de Belloy was, of course, the first to be questioned. "Mademoiselle Madeleine Anastasie de Belloy, Superioress, age forty-six years and professed seventeen, presented herself

and declared she only wished to profit by the liberty accorded to her to devote herself more particularly to the religious life she had embraced and in which she desired to live and die. And this declaration she signed."

Then follows the long list of thirty-three sisters. Among them none, perhaps, made a more striking protest than Sister Marie Felicitè Satis, aged forty-three and twenty-two years professed. "I entered into this engagement," she says, "after five years delay in the world and two of noviceship. I did it then with full knowledge and in all the joy of my heart. Now that I have had proof far beyond my hopes and wishes of the fidelity, the love, the magnificence even, of my Spouse Jesus, I should like to have ten thousand lives, to sacrifice them anew, and to consecrate them to his service, and as I received all these graces as a member of the Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman, I have also every feeling of gratitude and veneration for her, and I wish to love her to my last breath, and this I sign."

We find one English name among the community, that of Sister Anne Dominique Wollaston, and her protest is characteristically short and fervent, she "wishes to persist in her state till her last breath." One sister alone was absent from this scene, an aged nun who was ill, and who expired two days later.

The approach of November 21, the usual day for the Solemn Renewal of Religious Vows, caused fresh alarm to the Revolutionary authorities as a ceremony likely to "alarm consciences and as contrary to the spirit of the constitution," and the ceremony was therefore prohibited; Mère de Belloy and her community, however, renewed their vows privately and with more than usual fervor.

Material want was now added to spiritual trial, the convent revenues having been seized, and the promised government allowance not being yet paid, Mère de Belloy was obliged to appeal to the authorities, being "in extreme want." In reply, two Municipals arrived at the convent and again interrogated the sisters as to their wish to leave or to remain in community, to which they all replied as before.

After many *pour parlers*, the sum of about 2,887 livres was allotted to the nuns and paid, probably till the worst moment of the Terror, an act which speaks well for the humanity of the Rouen Municipality. But in 1791, owing to the application

of the law and the Civil Constitution of the day, another and far greater difficulty assailed the nuns. Although the clergy of Rouen and its people remained heroically faithful, and flocked to the convents when the churches were no longer open to them, a Constitutional Archbishop * was appointed to the diocese, who, acting apparently in good faith, addressed a pastoral letter to the convents, urging union and peace. Mère de Belloy, however, was able to understand and escape this subtle danger. She had very soon to make another strong protest against the next iniquitous law, by which the convent chapels were to be closed to the public. Some communities thought it right and prudent to submit, but Mère de Belloy, fearing that a voluntary submission might be interpreted as a tacit acquiescence in the Civil Constitution, refused to obey the order, and the authorities were forced to chain and nail up the door of the chapel themselves. Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, hearing of this new decree, sent leave to the religious communities to admit the public to their chapels through the convents.

At the close of the seventeenth century the convents of the Visitation at Rouen had been among the first to honor the Sacred Heart of our Lord. Mère Gréfiè, Blessed Margaret Mary's friend and former Superioress at Paray-le-Monial, had governed, for a time, the "second" convent, and had done much to propagate the devotion in both houses. It was she who in later years petitioned Pope Clement XI. to institute the Feast of the Sacred Heart throughout the whole order. The Chapel of the Rue de Beauvoisine became the centre of an association in honor of our Lord's Divine Heart, while the religious had also been instrumental in publishing a book on the devotion which had a widespread circulation.

In 1724 two holy nuns of this same house, Mother Marie Agnes Gréard and her sister, obtained that the Sacred Heart should be publicly honored in the cathedral, where a chapel was richly decorated and became a centre of the devotion.

When trouble came, Mère de Belloy, following the holy tradition of her house, placed all her confidence in that Divine Heart, the refuge of all who suffer. The Feast of the Sacred Heart, in 1791, fell on Friday, July 1, eve of the Visitation.

* Abbe Louis Chanier de le Roche, Constituted Bishop of the Seine-Inferieure, only remained in the see for a few months. He had erred in good faith and was later created Bishop of Versailles, when he published a pastoral in which he acknowledged and deplored his former error.

"This coincidence came as a flash of light, a ray from heaven to Mère de Belloy," and, with the consent of her superiors, she resolved to make an Act of Reparation, by fixing this day for the Solemn Renewal of Vows, which had been prevented by order of the authorities in the previous year. The nuns, accordingly, assembled on this day at the first Mass, between five and six o'clock, and when, says one of the sisters, "we renewed all our vows" in a loud voice before the Blessed Sacrament, we implored the Lord "to hearken to the pleading of his Adorable Son, from whom we expect everything—for the Church, for the State, for the King, and for myself in particular, Amen, Amen, Amen." These words were added to the *Book of Vows* after the ceremony, together with notes by the other religious. In hers Mère de Belloy declares that she has renewed her vows "privately several times during the year, and has now done so in the Heart of Jesus this 1st of July, 1791."

Sister Jeanne Leseur writes: "May this Divine Heart serve us as refuge and defence for time and eternity"; and another sister adds: "My tears supplied the place of my voice." In the following year, 1792, Mère de Belloy, wishing again to honor the Sacred Heart in some special way, and to help souls to suffer in union with it, republished the little book before mentioned. It came out on the very eve of the Terror, and by a coincidence exactly a hundred years after its first appearance.

The total destruction of the religious houses was now imminent. After decreeing that no persons should receive government grants who did not "swear to maintain liberty and equality," the Convention proclaimed that all orders and congregations were "extinguished and suppressed." This law, together with that prescribing that the sacred vessels of the churches should be removed to the mint, enabled the Municipalities to seize the treasures of the convent chapels also—and on the morning of September 28 the order was carried into effect at the Rue de Beauvoisine. The long *Proces Verbal* describing a visit of the Municipal officers is preserved with all its details of pillage.

By an act of special grace, for which we can but be thankful, the library was spared and sealed up, after the nuns had been permitted to take out some books for their own use, and in this way the precious MSS. and papers of the convent were saved. On the next day the faithful religious were turned out

of their home, "September 29: *Sortie des Religeuses; on les a contraint.*" * They left in tears, Mother Delehaye as Procurator remaining to the last. It was ten o'clock at night before she crossed the threshold for the last time, and overcome by emotion she fainted and had to be supported to a conveyance.

More than a century has passed since this pathetic scene. The chapel has disappeared, and the convent itself is now the Antiquarian Museum of Rouen, but before entering the inner courtyard, which has kept its ancient aspect, the visitor may yet see, in the outer wall, a square stone which commemorates the foundation of the nun's choir, in the year of grace 1641.

> "Alas for Zion, 'tis a waste: the fair
> The holy place—where once our sires
> Kindled the sacrifice of praise and prayer."
>
> —*Newman.*

The religious, now obliged to wear secular dress, sought shelter in different parts of Rouen. A few returned to their families, but the greater number lived in groups in lodgings. Mère de Belloy and seven sisters seem to have taken refuge in the centre of the town, from whence they watched with anguish the desecration of their convent home. There was one treasure which Mère de Belloy determined to save if possible, and which has a special interest also for us. This was the body of St. Clare, Martyr, which had been given to Queen Mary of Modena by Pope Innocent XII,, and which she had presented to the Chapel of the Visitation as a token of her love for Mère Marie Louise Croiset, whom she had known at Chaillot. Mère de Belloy seems to have hazarded an appeal to the authorities, for it was decreed that the costly shrine should be put up for sale, and the holy body given over to the bishop to be buried. The then (Constitutional) Bishop of Rouen, Monseigneur Gratien, however, returned it to the care of the religious, and later Mère de Belloy was able to recover another precious reliquary and some of the pictures and other treasures belonging to the convent and its chapel. Meanwhile the Sisters strove to keep their Rule in the world as far as possible; and their ecclesiastical superiors, seeing the difficulties of the times, drew up a set of instructions, of which a MS. copy bears the title "To the Religious newly dispersed in the world, 1792."

* MS. Journal de Horcholle.

The nuns were soon to experience fresh dangers. As the Terror reached Rouen, and domiciliary visits became frequent, one of these deserves special mention. Sister Arsène de Lezeau had retired to her mother's house, where the well-known piety and the wealth of the family drew upon them the attention of the Revolutionists. One morning very early some officials were seen approaching the house. Sister de Lezeau's first thought was for the Blessed Sacrament, which was concealed in a room in which Mass was offered. She ran to the spot, and, after adoring our Lord, she placed the ciborium on her breast, and, gathering her shawl round her to conceal it, went to open the door. The Commissionaries searched the house in vain, and finding no priest withdrew. Sister Lezeau, ever trembling for her Divine Treasure, had, out of respect, eaten nothing, and when dusk came she sought out the priest who served the house, and, as she was still fasting, she was rewarded by his giving her Holy Communion. As the danger increased, Mère de Belloy was forced to move outside the city to a farm at Surville belonging to the family of one of the lay sisters—Sister Madeleine Naase. She took with her the precious relics and convent treasures. Here one day she was pursued by the Revolutionists, and sought refuge in a field where the high corn concealed her from view. When the men had left, her friends went to the spot and found the mother on her knees praying as calmly as if she had been in her own cell. She was never to be called to face imprisonment in her own person, but her sufferings, obscure and wearing, were heightened by continual anxiety for her daughters, many of whom shared all the horrors of the time. Our countrywoman, Sister Anne Wollaston, seems to have been the first victim. She was seized on the twenty-fourth of October, 1793, and other names soon followed. Five religious were found in their lodgings in the Rue Eau de Robec, who, together with two lay sisters, were shut up in the former convent of the *Gravelines* (the English Poor Clares).

Six of their sisters soon joined them, headed by the venerable Mère Delehaye, who, with her fervent spirit, encouraged them all to suffer. "These men cannot hurt our souls, they belong to God," she would say; "let us be entirely his, my dear sisters, and fear nothing," and "however dark my dungeon, if only I can see heaven through a little hole, I shall be happy." At last the number of Visitation nuns assigned to

the prison amounted to eighteen, and when the *Gravelines* were unable to contain the victims, they were moved by a curious coincidence to the "second" convent of their order, now also a prison.

Here the religious were under the charge of a female gaoler, Françoise Sercieuse, who was a great character; she is described as "half-woman, half-soldier—with an iron temperament and a heart of gold." She is supposed to have solicited her arduous post in order to be able to save, or at least to alleviate, the miseries of the prisoners, and she proved a true friend to the religious, although obliged, outwardly, to threaten and abuse her *nonnes*, as she called them. She was seconded in her work of mercy by an Ursuline lay sister and a good widow woman, who managed to enter the prison as tradespeople. It was owing to them, no doubt, that a priest was found to come every Sunday, at the risk of his life, to offer Mass in a room high up in the old Capuchin monastery just opposite the convent. A white handkerchief placed at the window warned the prisoners of the moment of the Elevation.

Our space does not permit us to follow in detail the course of events till the prison doors opened and the nuns were reunited to their beloved mother. "Never, no never, my sisters," exclaimed those who had not shared their imprisonment, "will you know what we have suffered." On her side, Mère de Belloy had endured cold and hunger besides her habitual ill-health, and now the joy of reunion was soon overcast for her by the loss of Mère Delehaye, who died like a saint in March, 1796.

For twelve years the nuns led a life of poverty and uncertainty, supporting themselves by the making of syrups, and other little industries, until the moment came when they were able once more to open a school for young girls. During these years Mère de Belloy kept up an affectionate correspondence with her stepmother, confiding to her all her trials. In spite of the difficulties of the time, Madame de Belloy sent her whatever help she could, which the venerable Monseigneur de Belloy supplemented by a generous gift. His appointment to the see of Paris was a gleam of joy in these dark days that must have rejoiced his niece.

On Palm Sunday, 1802, the venerable prelate was solemnly installed at Notre Dame. When he gave his blessing to the

crowd outside, "his countenance was so noble and beautiful," we are told, that it touched the people and all bowed respectfully. Mère de Belloy, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, lived just long enough to see the restoration of the religious houses. On November 21, 1806, after fourteen years, the Sisters of the Visitation resumed their habits, and solemnly renewed their vows in presence of the Archbishop of Rouen, Cardinal de Cambacerès. Of the original community sixteen choir nuns, six sisters of the white veil, and two novices survived to witness this happy day, and to contrast it with the same touching ceremony on the eve of the Terror.

In virtue of a dispensation necessary in the stormy days of the Revolution, Mère de Belloy had remained Superioress all these years, but in May, 1807, the cardinal judging that the moment for an election had come, it was conducted with all the usual formalities. Mère de Belloy was deposed, and, according to the custom of the order, "made the acknowledgment of her faults with touching humility." A few days later the venerable religious was re-elected, "to the great joy of all the community who had had the happy experience of the rare talent for government of this excellent mother." Mère de Belloy, however, was nearing her reward. On December 9 she was taken ill in the convent chapel, and, thinking she was dying, begged not to be removed. "She preferred to die before the Blessed Sacrament, rather than to be alone at that supreme moment." She lingered, however, for ten days, tenderly watched by her daughters. Even in her delirium her words, like those uttered by her saintly foundress, showed her love of the Rule: "*Marie-Exactitude—Fidélité a l'observance,*" were some of the words heard and treasured by the nuns who nursed her. When Extreme Unction was proposed, she thought the time had not yet come, but when Holy Viaticum was brought to her, the presence of the Blessed Sacrament roused her to perfect consciousness.

This "very worthy daughter of St. Jane Frances" had now reached the term of her earthly pilgrimage, and on December 19 she peacefully expired, leaving to us the memory of a holy and valiant woman.

New Books.

PEDAGOGY.

Pedagogy is making vigorous efforts towards becoming an exact science; and it is rapidly progressing towards its goal, though it is not yet within sight of it. Some of its promoters are tempted to devise short cuts to facilitate the march. One of these devices is to assume that the evolution theory is a complexus of scientifically verified fact; and that, consequently, the obscure realm of infant and child psychology is a counterpart of the development of the race from a state of bestial savagery. The infant represents the troglodyte—and if you study first the habits of animals, and next that distinguished personage, you have the key to the problem of how to treat the child in the kindergarten. This is the basic postulate of the point of view presented in a series of lectures addressed to mothers by a high school principal of Detroit.* This lady seems to accept the Spencerian philosophy of man as incontrovertible knowledge. It is, then, somewhat surprising to find that, rather inconsistently with her confidence in that great man's powers of speculation, her ideal of education is so to train the child that he shall in manhood be a devout worshipper of God, and a worthy Christian—we should have expected that an enlightened agnostic, relegating God to the Unknowable, would have been the finished ideal to be desired from such a beginning. Apart from this feature, there is much sound advice and instruction in these pages, which will repay the study of a teacher. We cannot say whether the philosophy of the origin of man laid down, without reserve, by this lady, prevails among those who are directing and molding the pedagogics of our public schools. If it does, the fact indicates that the atmosphere of our normal schools is not favorable to Catholic faith, and that young Catholics exposed to it need to possess a solid, thorough, and enlightened knowledge of Catholic doctrine.

Another work,† coming from what, academically, is a higher

* *The Point of View of Modern Education.* By Harriet B. Marsh, LL.B. Bloomington, Ill.: Public School Publishing Company.

† *The Making of a Teacher.* A Contribution to Some Phases of the Problem of Religious Education. By Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: The Sunday-School Times Company.

source, encourages the hope that views hostile to fundamental dogma are not universally accepted by pedagogists in non-Catholic circles. The work we refer to is *The Making of a Teacher*, by a professor of the University of Pennsylvania. The volume, which is a fairly large one, is intended to aid Sunday-School teachers to a thorough understanding of the task before them. It discusses the ways in which knowledge is acquired, the methods of developing the pupil's faculties, enlisting his attention, and stimulating his desire for knowledge. Several chapters are devoted to the consideration of the special demands of the Sunday-School. These are the most interesting and suggestive ones in the volume. Probably it will be said: What has the Catholic Church to learn from outsiders relative to the conducting of a Sunday-School? This question is not very relevant, and might be displaced for one that is: Can Catholic teachers learn anything from outsiders? The Church thought that they could, when she set her doctors to appropriate the philosophy of Aristotle. It is not rash to say that a great number of our Sunday-School teachers would gratefully welcome any assistance that would equip them to better discharge the noble work to which they so gladly give their time, and for which they, very frequently, have enjoyed no proper preparation—*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

PASTORAL MEDICINE. By O'Malley and Walsh.

All professors of moral science and all priests on the mission ought to provide themselves with the *Essays in Pastoral Medicine*,* by Dr. O'Malley and Dr. Walsh, and published by Longmans. In a magazine like THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it is impossible to go into the details of a book like this; and so we will confine ourselves to saying that this volume is the best and most complete in its subject-matter that we have ever seen. All the moral questions that arise in connection with the origin of life, with human co-operation with the creative purpose of God; the questions regarding responsibility that are suggested by inebriety, hysteria, neurasthenia, epilepsy, suicide, and hereditary criminality, are discussed here with scientific competence in a high degree, and in an English style of admirable clarity and

* *Essays in Pastoral Medicine.* By Austin O'Malley, M.D., and James J. Walsh, M.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

power. There are, besides, chapters on the signs of approaching death, on the precautions that a priest should take in infectious cases, on school hygiene, and on certain responsibilities which should rest upon the conscience of those about to marry. The last essay is, appropriately, in Latin. "De Impedimento Dirimente Impotentiæ." We think that the chapter on ectopic gestation would be modified somewhat if the authors took account of the Inquisition's negative reply to the question: "Utrum aliquando liceat e sinu matris extrahere foetus ectopicos adhuc immaturos, nondum exacto sexto mense post conceptionem?" This response, given in 1902, makes much stricter the previous ruling of 1898 which our authors quote.

LES SAINTS. SAINTE COLETTE.

Born in Burgundy, in 1381, of poor parentage, Colette Boëllet entered, at an early age, the order of Poor Clares. Socially and religiously the times were unsettled; and the external disturbance had penetrated even into the cloister. Colette early began a movement for the reform of those convents of the order which had renounced their early charity. Like all reformers, she met with much opposition. Even after her death, party spirit so far influenced the judgments passed on her that she was reproached with having fallen into schism by her adhesion to Peter de Luny, who claimed the tiara under the title of Benedict XIII. But it was a difficult matter, even for learned men, to say who was the true Pope just at that moment—even the Council of Constance was not able to decide the question—and the simple Franciscan nun was justified in following the obedience which France at large supported. The present biography* is not a mere transcript. The author has had access to documents that were unknown to preceding biographers.

HISTORY AND CHRISTIAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

M. Jean Giraud, professor at Besançon, who took an honorable place among living historians by his *L'Église Romaine et les Origines de la Renaissance* three years ago, has just given us a very interesting and valuable volume† comprising eight histori-

* *Sainte Colette.* Par André Pidoux. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

† *Questions d'Histoire et d'Archéologiè Chrétienne.* Par Jean Giraud. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

cal essays, chiefly on mediæval subjects. The first chapter discusses the perpetually important topic of religious persecutions; two others deal with the moral doctrine of the Albigenses and the Cathari; another investigates the relations between St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi; this is followed by a tribute to the archæologist de Rossi; and the last three are on St. Peter in Rome, Roman relics in the ninth century, and the spirit of the Catholic liturgy. All these topics are approached in a spirit of sound scholarship, tempered with an ardent attachment to the Church, and a desire to bespeak an apologetic word for her.

That the Church dealt severely with the heretics of the Middle Ages, M. Giraud freely acknowledges. He quotes popes, councils, canonists, and theologians to illustrate the received mediæval principle that heresy was a crime deserving confiscation, imprisonment, and death. Two considerations, however, he bids us keep in mind in passing judgment in this matter: first, the men of that time did not have and could not have our modern notions of religious liberty. To statesmen as well as to churchmen, in those ages, heresy was an execrable offence. And the second consideration is that many of the heresies proceeded against with fire and sword, were really monstrously immoral, and threatened the integrity of family and national life. The Albigenses, for example, taught and practised suicide, libertinism, and contempt for marriage. They held that oath-taking and the destruction of human life were always and absolutely wrong. And as for the *Consolamentum*, or initiation into the Cathari, it was a sacrilegious travesty on Christian mysteries.

The essay on St. Peter's presence in Rome ends with the well-justified assertions that St. Peter's Roman apostolate is based upon a constant tradition which we can trace to the second century, that no other Apostolic Church ever contested this claim of the Roman Christians, and that only a handful of modern students venture to call it any longer in question.

The treatment of Roman relics is very interesting. From a very early period of Christian history pilgrimages poured into the city on the Tiber, as to a new Jerusalem, a "holy city," in literal truth. Naturally the pilgrims wished to take back with them some souvenirs of their visit, and what souvenirs so precious as the relics of martyr and apostle! The Roman clerics did all in their power to meet this pious wish, and so

industrious were they in collecting the holy memorials that no pilgrim went away unsatisfied. An unpleasant feature of the matter was, unfortunately, that the spirit of traffic entered into the transaction, and this, of course, cast a shadow upon the devotional side of this naïve exhibition of faith. But in this, as in the other subject that we referred to, we must not judge that age by ours.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By Fullerton.

Judging from this volume,* the students of Columbia are to be congratulated upon enjoying the advantage of possessing a professor of philosophy whose characteristics are general soundness of view, depth of thought, lucidity, and rare powers of exposition. We know of no other book in English that can compare with this one as a manual to help the beginner over the difficulties which beset him in his first adventure into the unfamiliar world of metaphysical abstractions. As to the views entertained by the author on the pivotal questions of philosophy, it will suffice to say that a single essential modification, and some not essential, would suffice to bring them into complete harmony with the principles of scholasticism. The professor is a realist who holds that "the plain man's belief in the activity of his mind, and his notion of the significance of purposes and ends, are not without justification." As may be inferred from his position on this subject, he is also a theist; and he delivers a straight and rapid thrust into the gaping seam in the armor of Spencerian agnosticism. Similarily he puts far from him the lately fashionable method of treating ethics as a mere descriptive science —a method very convenient for those who, by relegating God to the region of the Unknowable, render it impossible for themselves to give any reasonable account of the basis of duty and the value of righteousness. A surprise of the book is to be found in its treatment of the doctrine of free-will, where the position of all who hold that doctrine is mistaken to mean that the defender of free-will must maintain that free actions are motiveless and causeless. The gratuitousness of this charge is sufficiently demonstrated—not to pass beyond the catalogue of students' elementary text-books—in Maher's *Psychology*.

* *An Introduction to Philosophy.* By George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The spirit of the work is that of moderation, sobriety, and fairness toward those opinions from which the author dissents. The latter quality is particularly conspicuous in the exposition given of idealism. It may be remarked that this exposition is one of the best instances of the professor's skill in helping the beginner over a difficulty; for, probably, the young student finds no greater crux in his path than to get himself, provisionally, into the idealist's point of view. The author's fairness may be estimated by comparing with the contemptuous language of many writers, his appreciation of formal logic: "He who studies logic in the proper way is not filling his mind with useless facts; he is simply turning the light upon his own thinking mind, and realizing more clearly what he has always done rather blindly and blunderingly. He may completely forget the *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Feriique prioris;* and he may be quite unable to give an account of the moods and figures of the syllogism; but he cannot lose the critical habit if he has once acquired it." For sober good sense the following passage deserves to be pondered on by many writers who too complacently accept at their face value the flattering encomiums passed on their works by friends whose loyalty gets the better of their discrimination. After pointing out the fact that those who uncritically embrace the views of some "school" are prone to ignore the benefits that they might derive from an examination of their position from an outside standpoint, the author says: "What intensifies our danger, if we belong to a school which happens to be dominant, and to have active representatives, is that we get very little real criticism. The books that we write are usually criticized by those who view our positions sympathetically, and who are more inclined to praise than to blame. He who looks back upon the past is struck with the fact that books which have been lauded to the skies in one age have often been subjected to searching criticism and to a good deal of condemnation in the next."

After noting with satisfaction Professor Fullerton's stand against scepticism and agnosticism, in the outline of his position on ethics and religion, we expected to find him insist that the immortality of the soul is a fundamental question which cannot be ignored in philosophy—but we were disappointed.

DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY.
By Abbe Blanc.

The indefatigable author of this extensive volume* has given us already too many substantial proofs of his erudition and industry for the present work to excite the surprise which it would create if it bore on the title page any other name than that of M. Élie Blanc. It consists of over twelve hundred large, closely-printed pages. The body of the work contains over four thousand articles, alphabetically arranged, giving short biographies of philosophers, brief outlines of philosophic systems, explanation of philosophic terms, and covering the entire field of philosophic thought. Naturally, extreme concision is here the rule. And when the immense scope of the work is considered, one is surprised to find so few shortcomings in it. Its most perfect feature is, as might be expected, scholasticism; the student will seldom consult it in vain, and the information he will get is accurate. The list of French writers is very full; the Germans, too, cannot complain. For the names of the English world it leaves a good deal to be desired. There are many omissions in the lists of the works given for some authors; and frequently the orthography stands in need of correction; the biographical notes, too, are sometimes misleading, even where Catholic writers of note are concerned. The haphazard character of the American part of the dictionary is evident from the fact that the list for the entire nineteenth century contains only the following names: Emerson, Draper, Henry James, William James, Carus, Fiske, Baldwin, Stanley Hall, Zahm. If Draper is included why not White? Royce and Ladd are not less distinguished than Fiske and Baldwin. Where is Brownson? And Henry James among the philosophers is like Saul among the prophets.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND.
By Herbert Paul.

The generous space of five volumes† has allowed Mr. Paul to relate, with satisfying fullness of detail, the course of English public life from the close of Sir Robert Peel's official career in 1846 till the formation of the Unionist

* *Dictionnaire de Philosophie Ancienne, Moderne, et Contemporaine.* Par L'Abbé Élie Blanc. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *A History of Modern England.* By Herbert Paul. In Five Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

government of 1896. His reason for selecting 1846 as a starting point is that Peel's retirement "marks a turning point in English history." "It broke up political parties, and disorganized public life. Toryism disappeared for a generation, and for some years the Whigs held the field as the only possible government." The admiration which Mr. Paul expresses for the minister who "put the Lord's Prayer into an Act of Parliament," by the repeal of the corn laws, would suffice to indicate among which political party, just now, we might look for Mr. Paul himself. Though he does not quite conceal his liberal colors, which peep out in many a place, as, for example, when recording the triumphs of Gladstone, passing judgment on some episodes in the career of Salisbury, or recording the tergiversations of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain towards Home Rule, Mr. Paul holds the scales of history with a fairly impartial hand.

In his conception of the task of the historian he follows Acton, rather than Seely who laid down the principle that the historian is concerned with man only as a citizen, or, in other words, that history should be purely political. Accordingly Mr. Paul, though, necessarily, political events occupy the greater part of his time, gives his attention to religion, literature, and, though in a very limited measure, to purely sociologic and economic affairs. As one would expect from so eminent a literary critic, his record of the chief authors and works of the period are well worth their room; and the reader is disappointed, when he comes to the last decade of Mr. Paul's period, to find that this feature is absent.

In his estimate of men, Mr. Paul shows a genial tolerance for the weakness of human nature and, usually, "considers men from their own point of view, before passing judgment upon them." In some rare cases he permits us to see that, though he sets high store by religious and moral ideals, he is infected with the widespread indifference to dogmatic religion, which has grown so rapidly in England since the appearance of *The Descent of Man* and of *Essays and Reviews*. When he touches upon American affairs, he gives no grounds for hostile criticism from this side of the water; and his treatment of the Irish question, in its long gamut of change during this entire period, evinces his willingness to admit that Ireland is a standing reproach to the wisdom and capacity of England's statesmen. His narrative is wonderfully full; one might safely say that no

event or name of sufficient public importance to have received any repeated notice from the newspapers of the day is passed over here without, at least, the notice of an allusion. Often, indeed, the indication is rather a reminder to those who know than information for those who do not. Allusions of this kind are frequently conveyed in a phrase, sometimes in a word. For example, how much suggestion is contained, along with a little sly humor, in the parenthesis of the following sentence: "If there was one thing which Carlyle disdained more than practical politics (apart from literary copyright), it was ecclesiastical controversy." An examiner setting a paper to test the general information of candidates might bring out copious answers from Macaulay's "schoolboy," by calling for annotations on the italicised words in the following sentences, which are samples of hundreds that appear in the work: "Louis Napoleon did not relish the sight of a battlefield, *even after a victory.*" "Henry Thomas Buckle was a very clever man with a prodigious memory, who read every kind of books, *including dictionaries.*" "An office which the Duke (of Wellington) would certainly have declined *with even more than his accustomed emphasis.*" "He was a type of the Whig country gentleman tempered by Downing Street, *which has seldom been a fertile combination.*"

Mr. Paul's comments on public men and parties are keen and incisive; his narrative vivid, terse, and clear. The general style is midway between the severe classic stateliness of Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, and the easy, gossipy flow of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times.* With very little dissertation, no rhetoric, a good sprinkling of wit, recorded and first hand, this history may be read for enjoyment as well as for information.

THE HUMANIZING OF THE BRUTE.
By H. Muckermann, S.J.

This excellent little volume* contains an able defence of the Catholic philosophical doctrine that the difference between the human and the animal soul is, contrary to the evolutionist theory, qualitative and irreducible. Father Muckermann defends his thesis by a comparison of the specific activities of man with that of the lower animals. His method is one

* *The Humanizing of the Brute.* By H. Muckermann, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

that could, with great advantage, be applied to many other philosophical questions. For, instead of remaining within the charmed circle of scholastic proof, he boldly steps out and, with a competent equipment in the science of biology, meets the adversary on his own ground. Familiar with the results obtained by many investigators of animal instinct, and drawing extensively from the accurate knowledge acquired on the subject by Father Wassman, S.J., who was, we believe, his teacher, he arrays a convincing mass of cumulative proof to show that brute animals never display any grasp of finality, nor ability to make use of favorable circumstances to obtain a definitely conceived end. When all our philosophy is revivified by being brought into touch with science, as Father Muckermann has done here, it will have a chance of getting a respectful hearing, which will be refused to it as long as it is content to rest on the physics and biology of Aristotle and his disciples.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.
By I. A. Taylor.

The omission from this title* of the designation martyr, indicates that we owe to a stranger's pen this truthful and forcible sketch of the most widely known and most interesting of the heroic band that gave their lives for the faith under Elizabeth. For this very reason it is all the more valuable as a testimony to the holiness and heroism of a love that was stronger than death. How far removed the writer is from any sympathy with the motives which impelled Southwell and his companions to court certain, cruel deaths out of love for their faith, may be judged from the following passage: "If to declare implacable war against existing institutions, whether spiritual or temporal, and to set himself in open opposition to the law of the realm, renders a man a legitimate subject for chastisement, it can scarcely be denied that Southwell, no less than others of the band of Jesuits who visited England during Elizabeth's reign, fully deserved it. For the explicit aim of their mission was the overthrow of the religion by law established, and not improbably included, in many cases, a secret hope that the Protestant Queen might be implicated in its fall." The answer made to to this view by the martyrs themselves, in words often, and more eloquently in their life and death, was that Christ alone

* *Robert Southwell, S.J., Priest and Poet.* By I. A. Taylor. St. Louis: B. Herder.

had the authority to establish a religion, and that we must obey God rather than man.

It would be amusing, were it not pathetic, to observe the unconcealed perplexity of the writer at the spectacle of any one looking forward, as did Southwell, to death as the crown of his ambition—to death, "which is generally regarded as the crowning calamity that can befall mankind."

Notwithstanding its aloofness from sympathy with Southwell's cause, this short biography does full justice to the holiness of the man, to his remarkable and winning character; and does not slur over the baseness of the creatures who hunted him to his death. The simple style of the narrative sets forth, more adequately than would florid periods, the grandeur of the man and his deeds. Nothing could be added to the unaffected pathos of the words which describe the close of the glorious tragedy: "The halter had been placed about his neck, when a minister standing by interposed" (Southwell had just made his profession of faith). "'Mr. Southwell,' he said, 'you must explain yourself. For, if your meaning be according to the Council of Trent, it is damnable.' But the time of controversy was over for Southwell. 'Good Mr. Minister,' he replied, courteous to the last, 'give me leave. Good sir, trouble me not. For God's sake, let me alone'; adding only another simple declaration of his faith. . . . A few more English prayers—humble petitions that, even now, he might not fail in the conflict—and turning to the more familiar Latin, he forgot, we may believe, those who stood by, and addressed himself to God alone. Then making the sign of the Cross, he said again: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum'; and the cart was drawn away."

MOON FACE.
By Jack London.

This is a collection of the popular short stories* of the author. Of varying interest and merit they seem, by the natural limitations of the short story, to hinder the powers of the author from coming into full play. We had just read *White Fang* for entertainment when to read this collection became a duty. While still under the spell of London's fine sustained story of wolf life we failed to experience any impression from these short ones. Probably the best of the lot is the "Minions of Midas,"

* *Moon Face.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

a weird account of the appalling persecutions of a wealthy man, by invisible representatives of the wage slaves. Here there was considerable room for the expression of Mr. London's socialistic leanings. In the "Shadow and the Flash" we have two rivals, one of whom made himself invisible by a chemical treatment which rendered him absolutely black, while the other accomplished the same result by having himself made perfectly transparent. "The Planchette" runs into the realm of spiritism, where there are tables that possess the power of prophecy. The other contents are "Moon Face," "The Leopard Man's Story," "Local Color," "Amateur Night," and "All Gold Canyon."

STUDIES IN SOCIALISM.

The introduction to this translation* is quite as interesting as are the essays of Jaures, the active leader in French Socialism. The merit of the whole volume is not in any new matter, so much as in the calm, direct way that things are stated. It is one of the most satisfying presentations of the fiery subject that one can find.

It may displease the ultra-radical, for the volume lacks anything on such foreign accessories as free love, atheism, and irreligion. But the honest enemies of Socialism will be glad to see Socialism stated in its strongest form. Only when Socialism throws off everything foreign to its economic kernel, will it be able to compel its opponents to discriminate in their attacks on it. These present studies are proof that, in some ways, Socialists are beginning to recognize the fact that it will pay best to educate the public on Socialism alone, and not on ethics, theology, and religion.

When we read, for instance, that Socialism aims to assure "to every citizen, without exception, the right to life by means of work; that is, the right to labor and to the full product of his labor"; "to make every citizen a part owner in the capital of the community," as a step toward social justice; when we read again that "Socialists do not hope to distribute wealth equally among all the workers"; that "some hierarchical grouping of the workers seems almost inevitable"; that "natural differences in comforts and pleasure" would result from natural differences between man and man; that "some scale in material rewards there must be in order to mark degrees of excellence";

**Studies in Socialism.* By M. Jaures. Translation and Introduction by Mildred Minturn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

when we read such lines in a Socialist work, we realize that Socialism is working into a newer form of expression.

This volume of Jaures' essays, now given in English, is bound to attract much attention.

THE TRAINING OF SILAS. By Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J.

This novel* has appeared as a serial in the *Ecclesiastical Review*. It has a strongly didactic purpose, which is gracefully draped in a thin suit of fiction. In a small town, where there are some Catholics of importance, the public library committee has resolved to extend the library by adding a quantity of religious denominational books. Father Sinclair sees the danger, and proposes to establish a Catholic library. How he convinces some lukewarm persons of the need for the step, how the funds are raised, and how two of his staunchest helpers fall into matrimony—for the demure, deliberate gravitation of the one towards the other could hardly be called love—is related with enough plausibility to hold the attention of tastes that do not demand the stimulation of the dramatic or sensational. The writer's recompense for his work is his opportunity to explain the value of the Index, and to offer some sound advice on the choice of books.

MIRIAM OF MAGDALA. By Mullany.

Borrowing her groundwork from the Gospel, and using the novelist's privilege of revealing the inmost thoughts of her characters, this writer† gives us an amplified history of Mary Magdalen, into which are introduced many of the chief scenes of the Savior's life—The Cleansing of the Temple; the Raising of Lazarus; the Trial of Christ; the Crucifixion; and the Resurrection. Tender sentiment, poetical imagination, more remarkable for its power over detail than for dramatic force, are the writer's strong points. The style is strengthened by the apt introduction, as often as possible, of the language of the Gospels. There is no attempt at archæological accuracy; and the writer seems to believe still in the exploded legend that connects Mary Magdalen with the church of Marseilles. With her inventiveness and easy flow of elegant English the author is capable of achieving greater things than the present.

* *The Training of Silas.* By Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Miriam of Magdala.* A Study. By Katherine F. Mullany. New York: The Magdala Company.

TOLSTOI ON SHAKESPEARE.

The orthodox must consign this book* to perdition, and anathematize its author as a literary iconoclast steeped in guilt inexpressible. His sin is to overthrow the statue of Shakespeare and smash it into pieces. His disagreement with the established opinion about Shakespeare is not the result of an accidental frame of mind, nor of a light-minded attitude towards the matter, "but is the outcome of many years' repeated and insistent endeavors to harmonize (his) own views of Shakespeare with those established amongst all the civilized men of the Christian world." The outcome of his endeavor has been a "firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of a great genius which Shakespeare enjoys, and which compels writers of our time to imitate him, and readers and spectators to discover in him non-existent merits—thereby distorting their æsthetic and ethical understanding—is a great evil, as is every untruth." Proceeding to give reasons for his belief, Tolstoi analyzes, at some length, "King Lear," and the judgments which he draws from this play he supports by subsequent references to many of the others. He finds grounds for condemning Shakespeare as coarse, incoherent, inconsequent, unnatural, and devoid of any fine artistic sense. He next attacks the estimate made by Gervinus of Shakespeare's philosophy of life; and he argues that it is debasing because it corresponds to the irreligious and immoral frame of mind of the upper classes of Shakespeare's time. The false worship of Shakespeare, Tolstoi holds, has had a pernicious influence on life and literature, especially on the drama. When men have freed themselves from this idolatry they "will come to understand that the drama which has no religious element at its foundation is not only not an important and good thing, as it is now supposed to be, but the most trivial and despicable of things. Having understood this, they will have to search for, and work out, a new form of modern drama, a drama which will serve as the development and confirmation of the highest stage of the religious consciousness in man." If this reformation could be achieved, even at the sacrifice of our boundless faith in the almost superhuman genius of Shakespeare, "'twere a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The occasion which prompted the Russian philanthropist to set his lance in rest against the Shakespearian idolatry was the

* *Tolstoi on Shakespeare.* A Critical Essay on Shakespeare by Leo Tolstoi. Translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

appearance of Mr. Crosby's article on the attitude of Shakespeare towards the working classes. This essay is added here as an appendix, together with a letter of similar tenor from Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Crosby charges the great dramatist with being a courtier and, pretty nearly, a flunkey, with little but contempt for the toilers in the humbler walks of life; and in support of his charge he arrays a formidable body of quotations from the plays. Characteristically, Mr. Shaw would disrate Shakespeare and place him in the second rank; for he would reserve the first order of literature for those works "in which the author, instead of accepting the current morality and religion ready-made without any question as to their validity, writes from an original moral standpoint of his own, thereby making his book an original contribution to morals, religion, and sociology, as well as to *belles lettres*."

Rebellion against the sovereignty of Shakespeare is bad enough. But this wicked Russian anarchist in the depths of iniquity finds one deeper still. He actually talks as if some of us would be greatly embarrassed if called upon to show some reasons for the judicious, enlightened, independent conviction that we all piously profess concerning Shakespeare's eminence as moral philosopher and teacher of mankind, as well as the king of poets.

OFF TO JERUSALEM.
By Marie Agnes Benziger.

Here a young tourist, or, rather, pilgrim, takes us into her confidence and allows us to read a diary* which she kept of her visit to the Holy Land in 1903. She started from Trieste, with a party of Austrian pilgrims, on the *Tyrolia*, September 2, touched at Corfu September 4, and landed at Jaffa September 8. American pilgrims who make the voyage under less happy circumstances will envy the party of the *Tyrolia*, who were able to assist every day at Mass celebrated on deck, where a statue of the Blessed Virgin could be seen attached to the main mast. The diary notes, with the fidelity of a Baedecker, every point and spot of interest from the start till the return to Einsideln September 23. The life on shipboard, the scenes at the holy places, the feelings of the writer, are related with a winning *naïveté*, which confirms her assurance that the papers were not originally intended for publication. Though she modestly refuses to enter into competition with other pens, which have

* *Off to Jerusalem.* By Marie Agnes Benziger. New York: Benziger Brothers.

described the scenes through which she has passed, she evinces good capacity for observation and for describing whatever came under her notice. There are many more pretentious books on the same topic which, though they may be more learned and critical than this one, fall short of it in the power of making a stay-at-home reader realize what a journey to the Holy Land is.

THE COURT OF PILATE. By Hobbs.

This is a novel* of the melodramatic type, woven around the sacred history of the Gospels. We fear that the author did not consult his qualifications for the task. He lacks the depth of religious feeling which guided safely Lew Wallace over this dangerous ground. He has not been at much pains to saturate himself with the historical knowledge of Jew and Roman which is indispensable to any one who would write anything that a person of taste could read with enjoyment on this subject.

FRIENDS ON THE SHELF. By Bradford Torrey.

A series of essays† on literary men and literary topics—Hazlitt; Edward Fitzgerald; Thoreau; Stevenson; Keats; Anatole France; Verbal Magic; Quotability; The Grace of Obscurity; In Defense of a Traveler's Note Book; Concerning the Lack of an American Literature. Mr. Torrey is not biographical, nor does he undertake any systematic criticism of the authors' work. Endowed with sound taste, and a fine literary touch, he pronounces, in a desultory review of the man's life or work, much sound common-sense judgment upon his methods or his productions. These essays, or lectures, are somewhat in the manner of Mr. Birrell, in his *Men, Women, and Books*, though there is none of Mr. Birrell's obvious pursuit of epigram and wit. Occasionally there is a touch of humor, usually at the expense of some omniscient or dogmatic critic, or at the affectation of connoisseurship by people who talk a good deal about literature. An example: "Over his (Stevenson's) grave, almost before his body could be lowered into it, there rose the inevitable buzz of critical surmise and questioning. Human nature is impatient. It believes in ranks and orders, and must have the labels on at once. Were Stevenson's books really great, it de-

* *The Court of Pilate.* A Story of Jerusalem in the Days of Christ. By Rae E. Hobbs. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

† *Friends on the Shelf.* By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sired to know—as great as those of such and such another man's? Or were his admirers—whose regrets and acclamations, it must be owned, made at that minute a pretty busy chorus—setting him on too lofty a pedestal, and stirring about him too dense a 'dust of praise'? A few disinterested souls seemed surely to believe it, and were in great perturbation accordingly. To listen to them one might have supposed that the very foundations were being destroyed. And then what should the righteous do? They need not have troubled themselves. The world will last a long time yet, and our little breath of praise or blame will blow itself out and speedily be forgotten." Perhaps Mr. Torrey's *rôle* could not be better described than in his own words: "I am writing simply as a lover of poetry, 'uninstructed but sensitive,' not as a critic, having no semblance of claim to that exalted title—among the very highest, to my thinking, as the men who wear it worthily are the rarest; great critics, to this date, having been fewer even than great poets; but I believe, or think I believe, in the saying of one of the brightest of Frenchmen"—and he quotes the saying of, we believe, Anatole France, that the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among *chefs-d'œuvre*.

BY THE ROYAL ROAD. By "Marie Haultmont."

A good English novel* of the old Miss Austen family sitting-room type, written by a woman who understands women, and does not strive to carry her analysis of the masculine soul much below the surface. She introduces us to a circle of well-bred people, but not to the frivolously fashionable. The heroine and her stepsister are the daughters of an Oxford scientist who, we are given to understand, had not been kind to his first wife, and is not a model of uxorious tenderness to his second wife, a Frenchwoman. Three or four girl acquaintances, one of whom is not honorably scrupulous in her ways, two eligible bachelors, one English, the other French, whose aspirations, though they do not clash, are, by the persons most interested, interpreted to do so—these, with their cousins and their brothers and their aunts, are the chief personages of the drama. There is no psychologising, no character problem, and the action is free from sensationalism. There is remarkably little reference to national scenery, or any life not strictly essential to

* *By the Royal Road.* By "Marie Haultmont." St. Louis: B. Herder.

the filling out of the plot—and not the faintest provocation to a smile from the first page to the last. Yet the book is by no means a solemn one. It will hold the attention of the reader who enjoys good story-telling in a subdued key. There is a religious motive, but it is not obtruded; and, therefore, all the more likely to make a favorable impression.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. This admirable series of little treatises on questions of apologetics, history, ethics, etc., has been enriched by the addition of several new numbers.* Like all the others, each one is a masterly dissertation written by a scholar who thoroughly possesses his subject, and usually treats it so as to draw from it light upon some of the vexed topics of the day, or to meet some present needs. The volume last named below is an admirable example of methodic exposition and criticism.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN. This useful little manual† for mothers and nurses has reached its fourth edition. Like the previous editions, the present one evidences clearness, conciseness, and simplicity. The scope of this volume, however, is somewhat wider; the question of food, up to the tenth year of the child, is dwelt upon; the subject of digestion and infant feeding claim more attention; and helpful weight charts have been added.

The book is well proportioned, about two-thirds being given to the subject of feeding—by far the most vital matter in the life of the child.

Some of the subjects dealt with in the remainder of the book are bathing, treatment of eyes, mouth, and skin, growth, dentition, sleep, ailments, and simple diseases; also toys and the nursery.

The unread mother will find this work a useful guide; the trained nurse and the trained mother will be grateful for the methodical and intelligent presentation of the problems which they must meet.

* *Science et Religión Series. La Divinité de Jesus-Christ et l'Enseignment de St. Paul.* Par H. Couget. *La Divinité de Jesus-Christ—La Catachèse Apostolique.* Par H. Couget. *Le Clergé Rural sous l'Ancien Régime.* Par A. Georges. *Comment Rénover L'Art Chrétien.* Par Alphonse Germaine. *Le Concile de Trent et la Réforme du Clergé Catholique au XVIe. Siècle.* Par P. Deslandres. *Le Christianisme en Hongrie.* Par E. Horn *Épicure et l'Épicurisme.* Par H. Legrand. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

† *The Care and Feeding of Children.* A Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmet Holt, M.D., LL.D. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co,

Current Events.

Russia.

The day for the assembling of the new *Duma* is drawing near, and good hopes may be entertained that the large portion of the earth's surface taken up by the Russian Empire will soon be delivered from the evils involved in autocratic government. Strange to say, so contrary is it to the ways of the possessors of power, it is the Tsar's iron and unshakable will, M. Stolypin testifies, to abolish the bureaucratic system. The reason for this is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that, as so often happens, the system is his master and he its subject. However that may be, the result will be to deliver the millions of Russia from an intolerable system—a system which, after having destroyed in life all that makes it worth living, is proving itself inadequate to maintain even bare physical existence. Vast districts of Russia are being devastated by famine. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children are in danger of dying from starvation. In the province of Samara alone, out of a population of 3,000,000, 2,000,000 are absolutely destitute, and will require support for seven months. Six or seven other provinces are in the same condition. The government is taking steps to relieve the distress, but the heartlessness of its officials renders it doubtful whether the funds applied for this purpose will not be confiscated on their way. The revelations made by General Kouropatkin, as to the conduct during the Russo-Japanese War, render it impossible to entertain much hope. It is only in the re-organization which seems to be at hand that a prospect of amelioration can be found. The task of the government is, in fact, an impossible one. As M. Stolypin asked: "Do my accusers imagine it is easy to administer an Empire embracing one-sixth of the globe, and at the same time to make laws for it?" Such being the task, he went on to declare that it was not unnatural to suppose that he and his colleagues were anxious to disburden themselves upon the *Duma*, and he declared it to be an abominable falsehood that the government intended to abolish the next *Duma*. Nor would it exercise any pressure upon the electors; they would make their choice with perfect freedom. No alliance had been formed with any reactionary party.

At the present stage of the elections it is scarcely worth while to analyze the results so far attained. The elected have to pass through a four-fold sieve, so anxious is the Tsar to attain the best of advisers. It seems, however, so far as an opinion can be formed, that these best will not be supporters of the present ministry. It is to be hoped that they will be more prudent and far-sighted than were their predecessors, and not expect to secure in a day what happier countries have only secured by centuries of toil and struggle. If the newly-elected members will confine themselves to the part assigned to them for the time being, and discuss and amend, to the best of their ability, the bills which have been prepared during the past six months for improving the condition of the peasantry, the workmen, the Jews, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and of the other agrarian elements of the population, no excuse will be given to the selfish exploiters of the people to interfere.

Is it too much to hope that those who have suffered this long degradation will be wise enough to take the right course, to deliver themselves from its continuance? As things are now, the laws which guarantee personal freedom, as that freedom is understood in Russia, have been suspended in order to check assassination, pillage, and incendiarism. At the will of a governor any individual may be arrested and sent out of the province. And yet murders are committed in broad daylight without let or hindrance. Nothing can save the person who is condemned by the Terrorists. General Pavloff, recently murdered by them, knowing that he had been condemned to death, took the utmost possible precautions, lived in a government house, surrounded by specially chosen attendants, never walked in the streets, and took exercise in a back garden. It was, however, all in vain. Moreover, the worst of these crimes meet with general approbation. Such are the conditions under which the new elections are taking place. Something better is wanted for a remedy than a merely representative assembly. Russia, says a writer in the *Novoye Vremye* for January 1, 1907, "is the poorest and most ignorant of countries. Mighty masses of the people are on a level of a barbarism which is scarcely higher than that of the epoch of the Vandals." What is to be expected of the most faithful representatives of such a people? The more faithful they are, the less fitted for service will they be. But as of individuals, so also of nations,

the destinies are in the hands of the Most High; and as his providence is, at last, providing these down-trodden masses an organ of self-expression and self-assertion, we may hope that he will guide them in the use they are about to make of it.

It may very well be that the masses are not so barbarous as the writer in the *Novoye Vremye* declares them to be. They certainly are not educated—and whose fault is that? But, as will appear from the instructions (a copy of which we give below) sent by peasant constituents to their representatives, they are not destitute of good Christian sentiments. "We peasants, believing in Christ, desire to express our great pity towards all prisoners, and know well how and why our Savior Christ was crucified and his disciples persecuted. We see, too, in our time how fighters for the people's freedom suffer for us. Eternal glory to them."

Contrary to all expectations, the revenue of Russia has proved so large that no external loan will be required; and this will give the government an unlooked-for independence; we hope it will not lead to undue exaltation. No change has taken place in the relations with Foreign Powers, the artificial cloud concocted by newspaper writers as to trouble with Japan having been dissipated. In fact, the unwonted backward step involved in the evacuation of Manchuria has been taken before the appointed time, although a much larger army has been left in Eastern Siberia than was ever there before.

Germany.

The elections for the new Reichstag have taken place. The following list of its manifold parties, and of their strength, shows what a difficult task it is either to manage it, or for itself to manage itself. The Catholic Centre, the numbers of which the government hoped to diminish, has returned with increased strength, having 105 members instead of 104, and remains the strongest party in the Reichstag. The two Conservative parties come next, returning 83 members instead of 74; then the National Liberals, with 55 instead of 51 members; then the three Radical sections, numbering, with the Independent Liberals, 51 instead of 36. The Social Democrats follow and they have only 43 members instead of 79. Their defeat has been the most striking feature of the election.

The Anti-Semites include 23 deputies belonging to the Economic League and the Agrarian League, together with six belonging to the Reform Party, and number 30 instead of 21. In the last Reichstag there was one Dane, and the same is true of the present Reichstag, while one Lorrainer appears for the first time. There are 20 Poles instead of 16, 7 Alsatians instead of 1, while the Guelphs, on the contrary, have fallen from 5 to 1. So that in a house of 397 members, there are no less than 18 parties and sub-parties, while 17 deputies profess themselves to be unattached. It will be seen that there is room for endless permutations and combinations. As the Poles and the Alsatians usually act with the Centre, the combined Catholic voting power will be about 134.

The Catholic party has come out of the contest victorious over all the efforts of the government to overthrow it. In order to defeat it, the lower class of politicians declared that it was subservient to Rome, and tried to bring into action the same national feeling which has worked so disastrously in France. Nothing, however, but the blindest prejudice can fail to see that the Catholic party is the best supporter of the things which make for the well-being of the nation. Nobly independent of the government, it is yet willing to support it in questions of religious education and in its economic policy, but to extravagant schemes of *Weltpolitik*, of naval or military expenditure and increase of taxation, and above all to all attempts to increase the irresponsible personal power of the Emperor or to limit that of the Reichstag or to restrict the suffrage, it offers a resolute resistance. Deeply grieving at the attitude of the candidates put forward by the party in these latter powers, certain Catholics, enamored of power and privilege, brought forward opponents in ten constituencies. Their opposition, however, produced no result. The Centre stands as the representative of the mass of working class people who form the backbone of every nation.

The position of the Catholic party in the new Reichstag is clearly shown by the following statement of the balance of parties which appeared in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*. There will be four possible combinations. (1) Centre and Conservatives; (2) Centre and Liberals of all shades; (3) Centre, Radicals, and Social Democrats; (4) Conservatives and Liberals. In the first combination the Centre continues to be indispensable

for maintaining the economic policy of the last Reichstag. In the second coalition it can help to carry out a comprehensive programme of social reform. It will sympathize with the anti-Semitic group in promoting the interests of the handicraftsman and the small shopman, and it will champion the cause of the working classes and will compel the reluctant National Liberals to come into line in regard to factory and workshop legislation. The third majority, composed of the Centre, the Radicals, and the Socialists, will form a bulwark against any attempt to encroach upon popular rights, to alter the Constitution, or to tamper with universal suffrage. From the fourth combination, that of the Conservatives and the Liberals, the Centre stands aloof. This combination could only be brought into action in order to support extravagant schemes of *Weltpolitik* and consequent fresh taxation. The Centre will be glad to be outside a coalition of that sort.

Although the Centre remains undiminished in number, the defeat of the Social Democrats has enabled the government to triumph on the question which led to the dissolution of the late Reichstag. If the Colonial vote were to be proposed again, the government would succeed, and this accounts for the rejoicings which have taken place, and forms the justification for the Kaiser's declaration that his people have proved that they know how to ride. Whether the government will prove able to ride the discordant teams of Conservatives on the Right and Liberals and Radicals on the Left, the one wishing to maintain and even to increase the power of the Sovereign, and the other wishing to restrict it still further, is left to the future to reveal.

The defeat of the Social Democrats was, of course, the most striking feature of the elections. What was the cause and what will be the result are questions of supreme interest. It was quite unexpected, for the party had been growing in strength. The divisions which had developed within its own ranks, due to the claim of autocratic power by its leaders, the contempt shown by it for all who offered opposition to its proposals, its exultation in the success heretofore attained, the rudeness of the manners of its members, and the endless speeches they were in the habit of making, together with their dominating pessimism, contributed to its downfall. One immediate result of the election will be to leave the government free to

act as it pleases in Colonial affairs. Great efforts have been made by the new Colonial official in charge, Herr Dernburg, to show both that the Colonies are necessary and that they have cost very little. The elections seem to show that the country endorses this view.

By a treaty recently concluded between Prussia and Denmark certain results, involving considerable hardship to children who have been born in the frontier districts of Schleswig, which were annexed by Prussia after the war of 1864, have been removed. In consequence of arrangements too technical to explain here those children were not regarded as Prussian subjects, and in Denmark they were not allowed to count as Danes. By the new Treaty the Prussian government will allow all children born of Danish "optants" before 1898 to acquire Prussian nationality on the usual conditions and on their own application, so that they need no longer remain in the condition of the man without a country.

The Emperor has personally intervened to check the luxurious habits of army officers. His own menu is very simple, consisting only of soup, fish, joint, vegetables, and cheese, with a plain red or white table wine, and a glass of German champagne with the joint. At a mess dinner which his Majesty recently attended he was very much annoyed by the delicacies and the French champagne and other expensive wines that were served at the table, and has accordingly taken stringent measures to make the officers of the army conform to the example of the simple life set by their commander-in-chief.

Lèse-majesté is a very serious offence in Germany, and many persons have to suffer for what we should look upon as no offence at all. The Emperor has recognized that certain hardships have been due to the administration of the law, and has issued an ordinance which, while it leaves to their fate those who insult members of the Royal House with premeditation, malice, and evil intent, exempts from the penalty of the law those who break it in ignorance, thoughtlessly, or hastily. The question has arisen whether the comic pictures will now be allowed to caricature his majesty.

In contrast with this more liberal ordinance, in the speech from the Throne, on the opening of the Prussian Diet, it was intimated that measures were in contemplation for reinforcing the policy of the government in the Polish provinces of Prussia

The serious state of affairs in those regions has shown clearly that German influence as at present exercised, cannot support itself without having recourse to further oppressive legislation, backed by force. "The sight of my flock," Mgr. Stablewski, the late Archbishop of Posen, declares in his will just published, "being systematically driven from their rural possessions by the Prussian colonization Committee, has torn my heart to its innermost depths, and affliction and sorrow may perhaps have been the cause of my heart disease." The maintenance of the Polish national life in due subjection to the State, which the Archbishop believed to be his duty and his right to defend, the Prussian State seems determined not to permit.

The need for more liberal methods of government in Prussia is becoming more keenly felt, and the Catholic members of the Diet are acting along with the Radicals in an effort to reform the existing three-class system of election pronounced by Bismarck to be the worst in the world. Universal secret and direct suffrage will, if the proposals of the united Catholics and Radicals are adopted, take the place of the amazing methods which exist at present. And for the Reichstag itself, among the ranks even of the *doctrinaires* the voice of Professor Jastrow has been raised urging the adoption of the system of responsible government and the formation of two parties instead of the bewildering array which now exists.

Austria-Hungary.

Every difficulty which stood in the way of universal suffrage in the Austrian half of the Dual monarchy has been removed. The ideas which Metternich gave his life to combat throughout Europe have proved triumphant in his own country. Democracy is now in power, and has been actively aided to acquire this power by the Emperor himself. The Parliament has been dissolved and the new one shortly to be elected will be the first really to represent the voice of the people. It is worthy of note that among the opponents have been the Liberal Germans, while among its supporters have been large numbers of Catholics. A considerable accession of strength to the latter is expected as a result. In fact the German Liberals fear that they, who have hitherto treated their

opponents with contempt, will be crushed by the combined German and Slav Catholics, and are trying to set their house in order. What adds to their difficulties is that they have often made it all too clear that they have very little patriotic feeling towards the Austrian Empire, and that their heart is with the Germans who are under the German Kaiser.

The measure for universal suffrage, for the carrying of which the present Hungarian government exists, has not yet been brought even before Parliament, but the way is now cleared for it, and its introduction will not long be delayed. Certain accusations brought against the Minister of Justice, long a prominent politician of the Independence Party, caused, in part, the delay. Indeed, it was at one time thought that the Cabinet would have been shattered. The Minister, however, has resigned in order to clear himself in the Courts of Law. The other difficulty about the recruits has also been overcome. The way, therefore, for the measure of reform is now open.

France. At the present moment the prospect is good for securing a *modus vivendi* between the State and the Church. There is a more extreme party prepared to treat the Church more harshly than even the present possessors of power. The good which always comes out of evil has given the Church liberty, a liberty which, Cardinal Oreglia is reported to have said, the Holy Father values more than the four hundred millions of francs worth of property which has been sacrificed.

The supplementary Separation Law, passed in December, broke every bond between the Church and the State. Even the 2,000 churches built out of private funds since the Revolution have been confiscated, and the pensions for the aged clergy have been stopped. The position of thousands of the clergy has become truly pitiable. The Holy Father has issued an Encyclical in which he defends the action of the Holy See, pointing out that the aim of the government is to dechristianize France, and that the means adopted to secure this end are wholesale robbery. The Bishops of France have held a third Assembly, of which the chief practical outcome has been a proposal made by them that the clergy should lease the churches

for a term of years. Before the publication of this proposal the government had made a step towards a working arrangement by introducing a bill abrogating the notification of public meetings, thus rendering it possible for the clergy to use the churches without that notice which was disapproved by the Pope. If a notification should, however, be given by two persons in each parish, it would give the priest a legal right to use the church, and raise him above the position of a mere occupant. This bill has passed and is now law. To the proposals of the Bishops for leases of the churches M. Briand was on the whole favorable, although not in every particular. He has issued a Circular to the prefects, instructing them that leases may be granted upon certain conditions, and as the hierarchy is to be recognized in these documents, one great obstacle has been removed to the making of an agreement. Rumors have been current that the action of M. Briand is not looked upon with approval by the Premier, and that the Cabinet might break up, but either there was no foundation for these rumors, or M. Briand has won over his chief. Negotiations are going on with the Bishops, but the matter has not yet come to a conclusion. As one result of the Separation Law, France has lost the cherished right of protection of the Church in the Turkish dominions. Many Italian convents have passed under the wing of the Italian Government. German convents and settlements have for some years been under the protection of Germany.

Church matters have not occupied all the attention of the government. The workmen of Paris, who wished to demonstrate, have found in M. Clemenceau as unbending a master as ever Napoleon was. An income tax bill has been introduced, and this is no delightful prospect to a people who already pay twenty per cent of their income by way of taxation. The social measures to which the government is pledged have not yet made their appearance. Many supporters of the *entente cordiale* wish it to take the definite shape of linking England and France by means of a tunnel; thereby destroying Great Britain's insularity. So much, however, do most of them love this insularity that it is very doubtful whether the tunnel will be made. The *entente cordiale* must not be too cordial.

Spain.

The attachment of the people of Spain to the Church has manifested itself so clearly that Liberals of every shade, and there seem to be many, have abandoned the attempt to govern. A Cabinet willing to face the representatives of the people could not be formed. Power has now been transferred to the Conservative party. A ministry has been formed by Señor Maura. It consists of members of the Centre and Left wings of the party, to the exclusion of the Right. It proposes to devote itself to domestic questions as they demand serious attention, questions of administration, of taxation, of finance, and in Church affairs to show respect to the *status quo* and the Concordat of 1857. No change will be made in foreign policy. There will be an election of a new Cortes in the spring. One of the first acts of the new ministry has been to issue a decree suspending trial by jury in the provinces of Barcelona and Gerona. The reason given for this step is that crimes committed with explosives have been so frequent of late that it has become impossible for the citizens to judge impartially.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (19 Jan): The text of the third Encyclical to the French Bishops and people, is described by the Roman correspondent as a crushing indictment of tyranny and injustice against the French Government. The anti-clerical press has found but two points open to criticism—first what is called the vivacity of the Letter, and second the fact that no practical directions have been given to the French hierarchy.——The Catholics of Huron County, Ontario, Canada, have decided to buy no more French manufactured goods, until the wrongs that are now inflicted upon the Church in France, have been fully redressed.

(26 Jan.): A preliminary consideration of the "New Theology" of Rev. R. J. Campbell, a distinguished leader in the True Church Ministry.——An important decree of the Sacred Council has been published by which it becomes lawful for sick persons who have been in bed for a month, and whose quick recovery is not certain, to receive Holy Communion even when they have broken their fast. This permission is granted twice a week to those who live in religious houses, and in houses where there is a private oratory for the celebration of Mass; and twice a month for others.

(2 Feb.): The bodies of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning have been removed from the cemetery at Kensal Green, London, and re-interred in the Crypt of Westminster Cathedral.——Commenting upon Fr. Cuthbert's *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*, the writer of Literary Notes says that it is surely not only a truer art, but a more faithful presentment of the facts of nature and the workings of grace, to show the good that still remains in the life of the sinner, and to recognize that, even after conversion, the saint is yet compassed with human infirmity. To Father Cuthbert the simple facts are amply sufficient.

The Month (Feb.): Rev. Sydney F. Smith returns to the subject of the French persecution. He exposes the aims and methods of M. Briand, summarizes M. Combes' criticism of the present ministry's legislation, and quotes

from the Encyclical of January 6 the Pope's refutation of the sophism by which M. Briand has tried to justify his ruthless act of confiscation.——The Editor questions the scientific acumen of Messrs. Arago, Draper, White, and others, as displayed in their versions of an old story related concerning Calixtus III.——Eleanor Macdermot presents a study of Titian's paintings.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): The real YELLOW PERIL is not China but *heathen* China. The danger that threatens is to be averted through a Christian *Chinese* church.—— Writing on "Some Modern French Literature," six authors and six of their chief works are dealt with. M. Paul Bourget is placed at the head of the novelists.—— The "Authorship of the Pastoral Epistles" is examined from the point of view of language and style.——The Assuan Papyri: its discovery, publication, and contents, form an interesting article. The position of Assuan, philological questions, events, and persons contemporary with these papyri, and the social and religious conditions of the Jews in Egypt in the fifth century B. C., as seen in the papyri, are all clearly set forth.——Writing on "A University for Cork" the writer maintains that the Church has a right to have the opportunity of building up its own members in their religious belief, and of training its own clergy for its ministry in a university.

Études (5 Jan.): The leading article of this number is an appreciation of the life and work of Ferdinand Brunetière. (20 Jan.): Fl. Jubaru contributes an historical study of St. Agnes. First he points out the widespread devotion that arose so rapidly in honor of this virgin martyr, and then gives a general account of Christian devotion in the fourth century in and around Rome.

La Quinzaine (1 Jan.): In this and the following number George Fonsegrive pays fitting tribute to the memory of the late Ferdinand Brunetière. The two articles comprehend a short sketch of his life and work, together with an appreciation of his influence in modern thought. The writer finds place to dwell at length on the master ideas in Brunetière's life, which finally led him from his hostile liberal position to his deep Catholic faith. He was a *fidéiste*, but not in the sense in which *fidéism* has

been condemned. "He thought that he had reasons for his belief, not scientific, but still true and solid reasons. The undeniable moral fact seemed to him to demand the religious fact, and he found the religious fact realized only in the Christian fact, in the fact of the existence of the Catholic Church."——Prince Tyan tells of the former influence of France in the East, especially in Syria and Egypt.

(16 Jan.): Eight letters of Maine de Biran to Baron de Gerando open this number.——L. Preisoni sketches the social, religious, political, and industrial condition of Siam.——After making a passing mention of the French troubles, Louis le Barbier, gives a summary account of the religious conflicts in Spain, Germany, and Russia. His parting word is that "even the least pessimistic have reason to look into the future with legitimate unrest." ——Christian Marcial cites history against the statement of Luther that St. Thomas was the first to use the word "Transubstantiation." The earliest reference to the idea of transubstantiation is found in the works of Pope Damasus (366–384), and this is followed by clearer instances up to the Lateran Council, when the term was practically canonized. St. Thomas was not born till ten years after the date of this council.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Jan.): Extracts which are taken from the discourse of Mgr. Delamaire, at Roubaix, show the policy of this enlightened prelate on present social problems. In a recent tour through his diocese of Cambrai, he has made it his object to bring himself into touch with the principal Catholic workingmen's associations, and with the persons who are directing these—— Verax discusses at some length, the "Law of July 13, 1906," which makes binding the observation of Sunday as a day of rest. His remarks concerning the dispositions which prompted the enactment of the law, and the consequences which will follow its enforcement, make the article worth a careful reading.——M. Louis Marnay concludes his paper of last month on the question of "Legislation regarding Labor." He here summarizes, for purposes of contrast with France, the labor regulations of other nations of Europe.——Two Belgian bish-

ops, Mgr. Walravens, of Tournai, and Mgr. Mercier, of Malines, are quoted as favoring strongly the organization of Catholic workingmen's associations.

Revue du Clerge Français (1 Jan.): In a comprehensive paper on the social movement, M. Calippe discusses the necessity of social reform, the history of social development in Belgium, and the French labor law of 1906.—— This number contains two other articles of special interest: one on the life and character of Maurice Barrès, by M. Lecigne, and the other on moral arguments for the existence of God, by M. Bernies.

(15 Jan.): G. Michelet, reviewing William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, confesses that the religious psychology of American thinkers wears a look of freedom; one can discern that it is the product of a country where every man has a very keen sense of his dignity and liberty, and is accustomed to think for himself. But the empirical method which Mr. James introduces into religious research misses the inestimable value of transcendental and absolute principles.——R. P. Hugueny studies the eschatological discourses in the Synoptic Gospels, and comes to the conclusion that they offer no difficulty at all.——Ch. Bujon advises French priests to introduce a radical change into their methods of Lenten preaching.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): The Collective Labor Contract of July, 1906, has for its purpose the regulation and determination of the general conditions of contracts between employers and employees who are members of labor unions. Albert Gigot maintains that the imposition on the workingman of the law as it stands is perilous. It will tend to render more acute the troubles between capital and labor, and to widen the already broad chasm separating employer and employee.——Fenna de Meyier, a native of Java, but now of La Haye, contributes three sketches of Javanese life. The principal merit of these sketches, we are told, lies in the fact that they are unique, for nothing has ever been written on Javanese customs. (25 Jan.): The Russian student, with his long hair and ill-fitting military uniform, his mode of life, his hopes, and his accomplishments, is described by E. Blanc in the

second of a series of articles dealing with "The Russian Crisis." Highly intelligent and active students of social conditions, they have been the centre of the anarchistic movement since 1861. M. Blanc tells us that they are not patriotic. During the late war, it was not an unusual sight to see large numbers of them rejoicing in the defeat of Russian arms in Manchuria.——Maurice Barrès, in his two works *Sous l'Oeil des Barbares* and *Jardin de Bérénice*, places the principles of conduct in the suggestions of instinct, in the results of natural sciences, or in the indications of history. In a lengthy article M. Cazals criticizes such opinions and shows the emptiness of their claims to be the principles of all social and individual life.——In an article entitled "The Twilight of Lutheranism," the religion of Germany is severely criticised. There we are told that the hatred of the Savior is invading the sanctuary, and the belief of the people is waning. Scepticism is taught from the pulpit, and also the non-existence of moral obligation. The Lutheran clergy have lost their faith. "How," the author demands, "is it possible to teach belief without believing? Without Christianity how can these ministers preach it? How can they preach the Gospel without Christ? Yet the government closes its eyes to all this hypocrisy and permits the pastors to keep their positions, although they have deserted their faith.

The Hibbert Journal (January): Arthur Lovejoy, professor of Philosophy in the Washington University of St. Louis, protests against the entangling alliance of religion and history, and thinks that religion should not make the belief in the occurrence or non-occurrence of specific local and temporal events any part of its essence. What the time really calls for is the general proclamation of the dissolution of the ancient and entangling alliance between Christianity and detailed history.——An article in French by Paul Sabatier gives his views upon the present religious crisis in France and Italy. He says that there is a crisis in the Catholic Church caused by the opposition between two different conceptions of authority. Those who hold to the new view are not rebels, he says, but sons who, having ceased to be little children, are now

vexing their mother with questions hard to answer. He rejects the notion of those who think that the actual condition of things is due to an infiltration of Protestantism into the Catholic Church, and says that the "young Catholic School" is doing good work in apologetics; and that M. Fogazzaro and M. Loisy, Padre Semeria and Père Laberthonnière, the Archbishop of Albi and M. Klein are the most redoubtable adversaries that Protestantism has ever encountered.——Professor R. S. Conway, of the University of Manchester, writes on the Messianic idea in Vergil, and believes that the following ideas must be attributed to him: 1. That mankind was guilty and in need of regeneration; 2. That the establishment of the Roman Empire was intended by Providence to introduce an ethical movement; 3. That it was part of the duty of Rome to attempt the task; 4. That one special deliverer would be sent by Providence to begin the work; 5. That the work would involve suffering and disappointment; and that its essence lay in a new spirit, a new and more humane ideal. It was an accident that gave to the author of the Fourth Eclogue such authority among Christians that his teaching was studied as almost an integral part of the Christian revelation; but it was not an accident that his teaching was so profound, so pure, so merciful. Understood in the only way possible to the mind of the early centuries, that Eclogue made him a direct prophet, and therefore an interpreter of Christ; and it is not the deepest students of Vergil who have thought him unworthy of that divine ministry.——The Rev. Hastings Rashdall discusses the peril to the liberty of churchmen arising from the report made by the Committee on Ecclesiastical Discipline. He approves of the report, inasfar as it enables the authorities to repress such Ritualistic vagaries and innovations as they think should be condemned; but he does not wish the Church to be made narrower by the suppression of any of the recognized types of theological opinion within the pale, least of all of the most liberal and progressive type of opinion. His suggestion is that the weapons which the Commission have devised for the putting down of Ritualism are not in the least likely in the present state of opinion to be

used in a way which will bear hardly upon the great body of High Churchmen, but they are very likely, indeed, to be used to enable the narrower High Churchmen and others to turn out of the Church the more outspoken representatives of broad-church opinion.——Hugh MacColl says the central fallacy of all atheistical explanations of the phenomena of our universe is the tacit assumption that chance and design are antagonistic terms; that the presence of either factor in the evolutionary development of mind or matter necessarily implies the absence of the other. Without this assumption the reasoning of the modern atheist falls to pieces. Yet the assumption is absolutely false.

Studi Religiosi (Nov.–Dec.): F. Mari, writing on Babylonian and early Hebrew ideas of the future life, remarks the close resemblance between the Arallu of the former and the Scheol of the latter as the abode of departed spirits.——D. Battaini describes the Catholic revival in England in the nineteenth century.——S. Minnocchi, reviewing Father Tyrrell's *Much-Abused Letter*, admits that Father Tyrrell had considerable justification for publishing the volume, but sees in it a contradiction to the received theology of the Church.——An anonymous article calls attention to some mischievous superstitions which have recently come under his notice. He mentions a French brochure entitled: *Favors Obtained by the Protection and the Medal of St. Benedict*, which is filled with puerile and repulsive quasi-miracles. In the second place is a begging scheme under the patronage of St. Expedit. Thirdly, we have a "Pious Union of Prayer to St. Anthony of Padua for Success in Studies," to belong to which primary pupils pay 10 centimes, grammar school children 25, and college students, 50. Help in examinations and recitations will be vouchsafed by St. Anthony to such as pay these divers tariffs and carry on their person a medal or image of the thaumaturge. Fourthly, the author says that the swallowing of holy pills by sick people—said pills consisting of tissue paper with this or that sacred writing imprinted thereon —is spreading widely, to the detriment of true piety. A hundred pills of the Holy Name at 35 centimes is

the present price. Fifthly, we find an Italian pious paper inculcating devotion to the virtue of *santa stupidità*, "holy stupidity." Finally, there is not to be passed over a work for the souls in Purgatory, carried on by a French priest in Italy, one of the features of which is a collection of various fiery imprints of hands, fingers, etc., upon pieces of cloth, the walls of houses, and other places, which are alleged to have been produced by departed spirits. This collection is called by the reverend father, the Christian Museum of Beyond the Tomb.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (Nov.–Dec.): M. Loisy, reviewing Jensen's book, which attempts to discover elements of the Babylonian Gilgamesh epic all through the Old Testament and even in the life of Christ, admires the wonderful learning of the author, but dismisses his thesis as hopelessly untenable.——The same reviewer defends himself against what he calls a stupid charge of P. Pesch, who said that Loisy maintains that a thing can be false in history and true in dogma. M. Loisy acquits himself of ever having held such a position, and says distinctly that whatever is false in history is false everywhere.——M. Loisy also notices Father Gigot's recent book, and calls it the best teaching-manual in its province that has thus far been composed for Catholic students.——P. de Labriolle studies Tertullian's use of the argument of prescription.——A. Dupin investigates the modalist interpreters of the Trinity up to the fourth century, and the controversies in which they were engaged.——M. Masson begins a series of articles on the correspondence between Fenelon and Madame Guyon.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

BEFORE a large and representative audience assembled in the Rideau Street Convent, at Ottawa, Canada, Seumas MacManus, the famous Irish writer, known for his stories of life in Donegal, made his appearance as a lecturer, on his first visit to Ottawa. A selection from Moore's Melodies, charmingly rendered by Miss Beatrice Borbridge, opened the programme.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, who presided, introduced Mr. MacManus, remarking that as a man and a writer he was characteristic of the best in the Irish people—a people of which they all had a right to be proud. Then the lecturer stepped forward. He speaks with a strong North of Ireland accent. One of his accomplishments is a mastery of Gaelic, a mastery so complete that he writes plays and other compositions in that language as fluently as in English. His knowledge of Irish showed itself in a marked manner throughout his lecture.

From the start he had won his audience. "Irish Fairy Lore" was the subject, and he illustrated it with selections from his own works. Besides the fascination of his literary fame, he has rare qualities of delivery and power over the imagination of an audience not often so effectively combined in a public speaker.

He commenced by describing the probable origin of the Irish belief in fairies—the transformation by the popular imagination of the Tuathade Danaan, prehistoric settlers, into gods, thence, in the course of centuries, into fairies—tiny in stature and gifted with supernatural power. The most popular explanation among the peasantry was that they were angels who in the great rebellion of Lucifer against the Most High took no sides, hence, exiled from heaven, spared hell, yet doomed to abide on the earth till the day of judgment.

Mr. MacManus divided them into their different classes: the leprechaun, or fairy shoemaker, whom to find and hold without removing the eye assures one of hidden gold; the banshee, or family spirit, attached to the old Irish families, whose wail forewarns of death; the love talker, appearing to maids in the form of a lover, whose suit, if accepted, means death. Here the lecturer quoted a weird ballad, "The Love Talker," by his dead wife, "Ethna Carberry," the most gifted poetess that the Gaelic revival has so far produced.

He then dealt with the popular bird myths—the corncrake "that holds up the sky" (in its own estimation); the blackbird, of deceitful fame; the robin that saved Christ from the soldiers; the wren, king of all birds, though a cheat, that betrayed him, and is hunted therefore by the boys of the countryside on St. Stephen's day. He closed with a grand old legend from the Ossianic cycle of the Irish sagas—how Ossian, the warrior bard of the Fianna, returning from a sojourn of three hundred years in the enchanted land of Tir-na-n-og, finds Ireland Christian, and, after conversion by St. Patrick, is

shown by the saint his old comrades of the Fianna in hell, close pressed by the devils; how the tide of battle turned now to the one side, now to the other, according as the leather tug binding the flail wielded by Goll MacMorna, the Fian champion, held or broke; how Ossian watched the fight with the old soldier-spirit surging up within him, and, granted any wish he desired by the saint, beseeched him to "give Goll MacMorna an iron tug to his flail."

Mr. MacManus' selections illustrating his lecture were taken from his novel, *A Lad of the O'Friels*, different short stories, and his book of poems, *Ballads of a Country Boy*. At the close Mr. J. J. McGee voiced the audience's sincere appreciation, with a good word for the Gaelic League, of which Mr. MacManus is a leading figure.

* * *

The d'Youville Reading Circle, of Ottawa, had an interesting meeting recently, when the regular subject of study was Allessan Filipepi, known as Botticelli. The spirit of his art, rather than a biographical sketch, was the aim of the study. It was shown from the analysis of his most famous works that he is a profound psychologist, a master of portraiture; a mere look at his pictures makes one sure he had a vivid imagination, a careful study of them shows that he could be classical in his composition and yet retain what was best of the mediæval traditions, that he was a poet and scholar as well as an artist.

The strong distinctive features that mark his Madonna, Melograna, and the Madonna of the Magnificat were pointed out. His Venus misses the Hellenic spirit. It was found easy to show how these works of art dwell on the same sore problem formulated in the opera of Tannhauser. These two pictures are the expression of the chief problems of Humanistic philosophy; the irreconcilability of the Hellenic and Christian ideals of life.

While all the work of Botticelli illustrates the principle of: Art for life's sake, not for art's sake, the Nativity must forever be placed among the grandest creations in the world of religious art, though not perfect in technique. It was painted after that memorable Shrove Tuesday sermon, in 1490, when a spiritual tempest burst upon gay Florence and many artists threw their pagan pictures into the fire that was kindled by Savonarola. This picture of the Nativity is the only one Botticelli wanted to be judged by, it is the only one he ever signed. The signature runs thus: "This picture I, Allessandro, painted at the end of the year 1500, during the troubles of Italy, in the half-time after the time of the fulfilment of chapter xi. of Saint John, in the second woe of the Apocalypse, when Satan was loosed upon the earth for three and a half years. Afterwards he shall be chained and we shall see him trodden under as in this picture."

Botticelli died ten years after this. He was busy in those years with his illustrations for the *Divina Commedia*. On a pleasant May day he died and was buried in his father's vault in the Church of All Saints, at Florence. He was sixty-three years of age.

Some books were mentioned for further study about this artist, who is so well known and loved through his work, but so little known in his life.

M. C. M.

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The Catholic world

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